

DRUMMER⁴⁹⁵

ISSUE 128

**Wes
Decker**

Tall
Texas
TopMan

Tripod

by Michael Agreve

Elevator Shaft

by Jay Shaffer

Maduro Beef

by Stephen Murphy

**Scott Answer &
Gerard Gunner**
by Zeus

Hard X 3
A classic from
the Drummer archives

Property of Jake Ranes
Part 1 of a new series by Matt Sierra

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DRUMMER

ISSUE 128



Photo by JIM MOSS

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photo by Droux Photo

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OFF *Tony DeBlase* THE TOP

20 x 200

Drummer 125 featured a "20 Questions" form inviting readers to give us their opinions. To date over 200 of you have responded and your answers are most interesting. Many of you have not only taken the time to answer the questions fully but also attached letters expounding on your answers. This is greatly appreciated. Over the next several issues we will be sharing the data gathered with you. And we expect to run another set of questions soon. But it is still not too late for you to put in your two cents. If you still haven't submitted your "20 Questions" form from issue 125, DO IT! Your opinions are valued.

The overwhelming general feel from your responses is that you primarily are interested in "real" people, and "real" happenings. Reader contributed items such as Tough Customers, Male Call, Leather Bulletin Board and Dear Sir are consistently among the most popular parts of the magazine. The overall comments on fiction leaned heavily for more "realism" and particularly less science fiction. And even in your comments on models there were many calling for, or congratulating us for presenting, "real" looking men. We will go more into details of these responses in the future.

Tough Customers is obviously one of the, if not the, most popular feature in *Drummer*. Many of you called for more. But we can't publish more unless YOU send more. See yourself, your Master, your slave, your Daddy, your son, your lover, your best buddy, in *Drummer's* TC pages. Send in your photo and convince them to send in theirs too!

We are also initiating a series of Tough Customer parties. The first will be held in Mr. *Drummer* 1989's home town, Columbus Ohio. Others will follow elsewhere in the country. Bars, clubs, and other leather

organizations must obtain permission to host a *Drummer* Tough Customer Party. Photos taken at the party will then appear in a special TC section of *Drummer*. If your organization is interested in hosting such a party as a part of a run or other special celebration, or as an event in its own right, write or phone for information.

The question "what would you like to see more of in *Drummer*?" generated the greatest number of interesting responses. We'll give you some tallies and some quotes in future issues. But there are two things that were frequently asked for that we ARE already giving you.

Many of you asked for more fiction. You can find this in *MACH*. Each *Drummer* is limited to three pieces of fiction but each *MACH* has at least six. And *MACH* fiction is often longer and frequently heavier. Of the first 200 of you responding 95 said they read *MACH*. If you like hot and heavy fiction, from a wide variety of perspectives and including a diversity of kinks, the other 105 of you should join in. A number of you also asked for more how-to articles. We did run a number of these in *Drummer* when we first took it over but the response to them was virtual silence so there have not been many lately. If you liked what we did before, or want more, write and let us know about it. For those of you who still crave more how-to's I refer you to *DungeonMaster*. Each issue is crammed with just this sort of material. *DM* is not a fiction magazine. It is by "real people" writing about the REAL things that they do. Eighty seven of the first 200 men answering the *Drummer* questionnaire say they also read *DungeonMaster*. I urge the other 113 to give it a try.

DungeonMaster and *MACH* are not available on most newsstands. See the ad on page 39 in this issue of *Drummer*.

CAUTION: Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers.

While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertain-

ment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recognized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



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PUBLISHER: **Anthony F. DeBlase**

EDITOR: **Fiedermaus**

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS: **Ken Lackey**
Paul Marlin

ART DIRECTOR: **Jameo Saunders**

ASSISTANT ART DIRECTOR: **John Wood**

TYPOGRAPHY: **Sal Vittore**

CLASSIFIED AD SERVICES: **Ken Lackey**

FEATURED CONTRIBUTORS:

Guy Baldwin **Jack Fritscher**
Larry Townsend **Bill Ward**

FREQUENT CONTRIBUTORS:

Writers:
Michael Agre **Geoff Mains**
Hoddy Allan **David May**
Fiedermaus **Jay Shaffer**
Rick Jackson **Aaron Travis**
Kevin Wolf **Richard A. White**

Photographers:
Adam & Co. **Scott O'Hara**
Altomar **Old Reliable**
Droux Photo **Palm Drive**
Sahyr **Zeus Studios**
Jim Wigler

Artists:
Boes **P. Daley**
Cavalo **The Hun**
Cirby **Leon**
B. Clarke **Mad Dog**
Howard Cruise **R.A.W.**
Rex **Tom of Finland**
Tallwing

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MALE CALL

LUCKY

I had to stop reading *Drummer* 126 and write to you.

I have just pulled myself together after reading "A Hero's Welcome." It moved me like nothing else I have read lately. I sat on the couch and cried after I read this story.

I learned how to cry a couple of months ago when I tested positive. I'm lucky in the fact that I have someone who loves me and lots of friends at church. I'm scared. I've been lucky, I haven't gotten sick, but there are times I feel like I have a time bomb inside me waiting for something to set it off.

Anyway, the story was one of the best you have ever run. Even if it was depressing. As a writer I hope that someday I can write something that will move the reader as much as this moved me.

MW / Oak Park, MI

We at *Drummer* feel very lucky that Huddy Allan sent us "A Hero's Welcome," and proud to have published it. As for the "time-bomb" feeling, you're wise to realize the importance of friends and loved ones in placing such fears in perspective. Good luck.

—KJL

BREAKING THE SOUND BARRIER

I subscribe to both *Drummer* and *Mach* and enjoy both. The erotic articles in *Mach* are especially appealing and a real turn-on.

In *Mach* 16 "Castration Doc" was especially well written and thoroughly researched, making it believable and realistic. I would like to see more articles like this—especially if they deal with the use of catheters and sounds.

—LJ / Myrtle Beach, SC

See "Examination and Treatment," by Earnest Bumbury in *Mach* 17 now on sale.

—AFD

JOYOUS NOEL

I would like to thank you for this generous gift. It is the greatest honor in my life to represent the Mid-Atlantic in this year's contest in Chicago. . . My thanks to the Centaurs and to my Club Brothers in C.O.M.M.A.N.D., as well as all my Brothers in Leather. They will always be in my thoughts and prayers.

I sincerely believe God gives us many opportunities in life, and I'm sure this is the greatest opportunity to represent a Society whose goals and aspirations are those of

the most sincere and loving kind.

Once again, thank you very much, GOD BLESS!

—Daniel Noel

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather 1989

HEART OF DARKNESS

I've just finished reading the final installment of Aaron Travis' "Beirut" in issue 124. My dick is still throbbing. My wrist is tired. My mind is totally blown.

Travis is without a doubt the finest erotic author *Drummer* has ever presented. Two of his previous stories especially haunt me, "Kudzu" and the long story called "Crown of Thorns," plus of course his Roman novel *Slaves of the Empire*. What's especially impressive about "Beirut" is the way he goes straight for the heart of darkness. A lot of SM writers would have given us a hearts-and-roses finale with Sergeant Richter carrying off David like Scarlett O'Hara. Instead, Travis just tightens the screw another notch. The man is truly a literary Master.

Please, punish us with more of his stories.

—DA

TAPED CRUSADERS

As a regular contributor of photography to *Drummer* for a lot of years, Zeus is very proud of our association with your publication. Zeus is also an avid reader and fan of *Drummer*, but has never taken time out to compliment the present Powers-That-Be for turning *Drummer* into the thinking Leatherman's Encyclopedia of entertainment and information. It was *Drummer's* excellent issue #125 (with Marathon Films' heart-stopping Christian Breesen as coverman,) that prompted us to sit down and thank *Drummer* for going out on limbs, taking risks, blazing new trails, and having Guy Baldwin put Leather relationships into understandable perspectives for all of us. Please understand how important *Drummer* is to our community! And thanks for letting Zeus be a part of your crusade.

—Mikal Bales

Zeus Studios & Publications

Dear Mike,

We kinda like you too.

—KJL

A PASSAGE ON INDIANS

Thank-you for including me in the cigar issue of *Drummer* 122. Cigars have become my trademark, pleasure and chief

S/M toy.

Ran across this interesting observation of Washington Irving as he studied a group of Indians in Arkansas. Witnessing the MASTER/slave relationships he wrote:

"In these establishments the world is turned upside down—the slave the master, the master the slave. The master has the idea of property, the latter the reality. The former owns, the latter enjoys it. The former has to plan and scheme and guard and economize—the latter. . . cares nothing how it comes or how it goes."

—CP / Plainfield, IL

GOOD JACK CHRONICLES

I've been enjoying Jack Fritscher's contributions to *Drummer*—the article in issue 123 on solosex/fetish video was about as comprehensive as one could wish for. . . and without a hint of self-congratulation for being about the best of the bunch!

As a fellow Loyola U. (Los Angeles, though,) graduate, let me express the wish that he'll be able to continue his work without the interference of the new neo-fascists and their rapidly assembling storm-troopers, the new American (!!!) Neo-Nazis.

—GC / Portland, OR

I'll bet Jack could lick ten neo-fascists with one hand tied behind his back!

—KJL

GIVE US THIS DAY OUR DALEY

When will we get to see a LOT more of P. Daley/Tasso? Like, a collection, a book. Can you put me in touch with the author? Get me more of those pictures/comix, somehow.

Aaron Travis is always incredibly hot - *Blue Light*, the trucker series (I forget the name,) and now *Beirut*—what a writer. All the right fantasies.

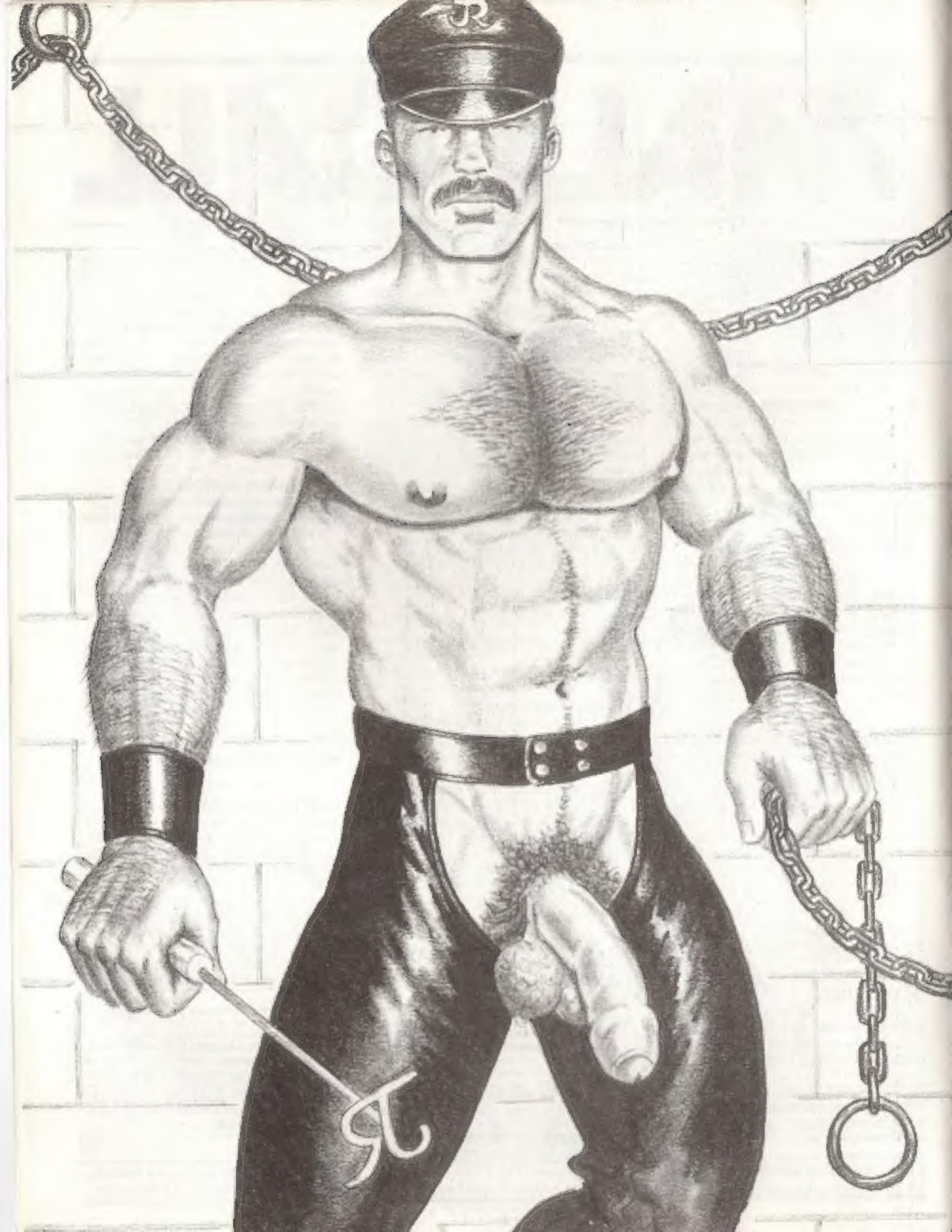
Since Desmodus took over the magazine, it's improved a hell of a lot. . . congratulations.

—PA / Los Angeles, CA

We are always happy to forward fan letters to *Drummer* contributors. Address fan letters to your favorites, c/o Desmodus, Inc., P.O. Box 11314 San Francisco CA 94101-1314. But, of course, we can't guarantee they will reply.

—AFD

SEND YOUR LETTERS to *Drummer MaleCall*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314





Property of

by
**Matt
Sierra**

Art
by
The Hun

Jake Ranes

I hadn't seen Tim in four years; not since right after he graduated high school and we'd had that bit of trouble with the law back home. It was just a three-county joyride in old man Conner's new pick-up, but the judge felt that since I was a few years older and had had some problems before, I should get a couple of years locked up, while Tim should get another chance. That was always the way it was. Because he was a little guy—only about five and a half feet tall and maybe 135 pounds—and I packed 185 solid pounds on my six-foot frame, I got most of the blame for the shit we used to pull. If the truth were told, though, Tim was the one who always started these things. He walked and talked like he thought he was about seven feet tall: like the cockiest rooster in the barnyard. He was always picking fights for us. I admit I kind of liked it, though—all the fights and shit. I liked feeling like kind of a big-brother-

Property of Jake Ranes

bodyguard-stud. Don't get me wrong, he could handle himself. He had a lot of spunk in those 135 pounds. He could even give me all that I could handle.

And seeing him now, four years later, he looked like he could give me MORE than I could handle. He'd grown a little, to about five-nine or so, and filled out a lot—20 or 30 pounds worth, I'd guess, mostly in the chest, shoulders, and arms. He was wearing an oversized tank-top tucked into undersized Levi's which showed off a tight little waist and strong muscular thighs.

I tried not to notice the large bulge at his crotch, but couldn't help but notice the effect that he had on MY crotch, as I remembered back to a warm July day when I was working on his Dad's ranch. I was 29 and had been the hired hand ever since returning from 'Nam as a 22-year-old seasoned vet. Tim was an only child, and I'd become sort of a big brother to him. We'd become buddies despite the 13-year difference in our ages.

This particular July day the summer before Tim's senior year, I'm cleaning out the stables when out of the loft the little fucker jumps on my back and starts whaling on me. Well, I go down when he falls on me, but then I get up and toss him into a hayrack and laugh at him. That only gets him riled up, so he charges me and catches me at the knees, and the next thing I know, the little bastard's tripped me up and is trying to pin me!

Well, I can't let him get away with that, so after some wrestling around, I get him off me and roll him over on his belly and ask him if he's going to be a good boy and leave me to do my chores, and all he says is he's going to kick my ass! Do you believe it? And I knew he meant to keep trying, too, and that if I was going to get any work done, I'd have to deal with him first.

So, holding him down, I grabbed some rope hanging on the wall and hogtied him. I stood over him a minute or two, straddling, enjoying the power I had over him, while he kicked and jerked in his ropes and called me a few bad names.

But when I stepped away from him, the feeling of triumph was quickly demolished when his curses turned to laughter.

"Hal! Looks like you threw yourself a boner, Matt! You like rolling around in the hay with dudes? Hah!"

I was wearing baggy coveralls, nothing else, and sure enough, I'd sprung a hard-on without even realizing. You couldn't miss it: it pushed out against my pantleg for what seemed like halfway to my knee.

The little hogtied squirt, helpless as he was, kept mocking me.

"Hey, fag farmer! You look like you need a fucking fag sheep to screw! Why

**I could
see him
staring up
at me,
wide-eyed,
helpless,
but still
defiant,
struggling
against
his bonds.
That had the
effect of
making my cock
all the harder.
The harder
and bigger it got,
the harder
Tim stared,
and the more
embarrassed
and angry
I became.
The hornier, too.**

don't you shove that fag prick of yours up some pig's butt and mm-mf-mf-mf . . ."

I shoved my bandanna into his wiseass mouth to shut him up and left him there gagged and hogtied. I went back to finish my work, but it wasn't easy. I could see him staring up at me, wide-eyed, helpless but still defiant, struggling against his bonds. That had the effect of making my cock all the harder. The harder and bigger it got, the harder Tim stared, and the more embarrassed and angry I became. The hornier, too.

Finally I gave up trying to work, threw the shovel aside, and walked over and stood above him. I reached into my overalls and pulled my dick up from my pantleg to where it stood against my belly, still trapped inside my overalls, and stroked it slowly. Tim's eyes stared up at me and he strained a little more in his ropes.

I bent over and set him up so that, still tied and gagged, he was sitting back on his heels, leaning back and supporting himself with his arms. Straw and dirt stuck to his naked, sweaty chest and belly. In that position, he clearly showed a hardon himself, laid out on the left side of his lap under his Levis.

"Looks like you're a bit worked up yourself there, boy," I said as I jabbed at it with the toe of my boot. "The way you keep staring at me, you'd think you'd never seen a fullgrown man before. You want to see it, Runt?"

He didn't answer, so I gave him a slap across the head.

"I said, do you want to see it!" I demanded, and he nodded his head rather than get hit again.

I stepped back and leaned against the wall, my crotch pushed forward. I reached inside my overalls and started slowly stroking my cock while staring hard at my bound and gagged little tormentor. With my left hand, I undid the snaps holding the overalls up, and let the bib droop so that my chest was bare and just the head of my cock was showing. I played a little with a tit, and rubbed my pecs. My fingers moved along the line of hair down my front to my navel, where they found the head of my swollen, throbbing dick. My overalls slid down to below my balls and clung to my thighs.

Tim's stare had sort of a glazed-over look, and his hips writhed slowly as his hard cock strained to break out of his Levis. I pretended not to notice as I glared at him while stroking my meat with both hands. Then I pulled on my balls and fondled them, slowly jacking off as Tim strained harder and harder against the ropes.

In not too long a time, I felt the hot cum swell in my cock, but I kept the strokes steady and slow until, in a huge boiling rush, it all came shooting out. I was

standing a good four feet or so away from where I'd propped Tim up, but my cum spurt him square in the face, and the following squirts slopped down onto his bare chest and stomach. I came all over him—about a milk-bucket's worth—and when I was finally drained, I just stood there a while, looking down at him as he stared back up, panting.

Holding onto my pants, I stepped up to him and took the bandanna out of his mouth. It was wet with his spit. I used it to first clean off my cock, and then to wipe my cum off his face and chest. I noticed a large sticky spot on the left side lap of his Levi's, which had obviously come from the inside. I pressed the sole of my boot against that spot with the heel planted firmly into his crotch.

"Looks like you sprung a leak, boy," I sneered with satisfaction, as I tied the spit- and cum-covered bandanna around his neck.

"Now, before I let you up, are you going to promise to be a good boy and let the man do his work?"

He stared down at the floor and didn't answer, so I let him have it hard with a backhand across the side of his head.

"Well, are ya?" I growled, and raised my hand back threateningly. He nodded his head fast and furious.

"And another thing," I went on. "If you ever breathe a word of this to anybody, it'll be YOUR little butt, not the sheep's, that I shove this big prick up. You understand, boy?"

"Yes, sir!" he answered smartly, so I gave him a couple pats on the head as reward.

Then I untied him and lifted him to his feet. And wouldn't you know, the little fuck started shuffling around and jobbing at me like he wanted to fight! He boxed a couple of light punches into my midsection, and I started to get pissed off again until I caught the gleam in his eye. That just made me laugh, and he beamed his big ear-to-ear grin, picked up a shovel, and helped me finish cleaning out the stables.

Nothing like that ever happened again, and like I say, we were separated about a year later. But here he was again, and now, if I hadn't been wearing a jock, my dick would've been probably ALL the way to my knee this time, just thinking about that day in the barn and seeing him here.

I lit up a cigarette and strutted over to where he was standing.

"Hey, shit-head! Long time no see!"

He jerked around to see who was calling him a shit-head, gave a blank stare for about a half second, and then broke into that little boy ear-to-ear grin of his and yelled, "Matt! I don't believe it! Where'd you come from?!"

He looked great: real healthy. His

**... My cum
spurt him
square
in the face,
and the
following
squirts
slopped down
onto his
bare chest
and stomach.
I came
all over him
—about a milk
bucket's worth—
and when I
was finally
drained, I just
stood there
a while,
looking down
at him as he
stared back up,
panting.**

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strawberry blond hair was cut very short, like a military cut. His dark brown eyes shone clear and bright, and his smooth skin had a rich tan that made the heavy metal chain padlocked around his neck seem all the shinier.

He shook my hand firmly and said, "It's really great to see you, Matt. I'm sorry I didn't keep in touch; I was a worthless punk in those days. When did you get out? Where you living?"

He was sincerely glad to see me, and had obviously grown up in more ways than just physically.

I told him about my parole two years ago, and how I'd worked my way West, and that I lived here in town now; how I'd lost my third job in the last nine months not too long ago and had been kicked out of my room in a cheap hotel a couple of days back and was sleeping in the park; how I spent my days pan-handling for drinking money.

"Sounds like things aren't goin' too good for you right now," he said, and then sort of laughed a little, embarrassed at his understatement.

"No big deal," I assured him. "I'll get it together. No problem. Wanna go have a beer someplace?"

He said he was waiting for his ride home; said he lived a few miles out of town with some other guys on a ranch.

I offered him a cigarette, and he at first shook his head quickly "no," then, looking nervously up the street, said, "I shouldn't, but I guess just one won't hurt. Thanks." And I lit him up.

After a couple of hits, he says, "I'd really like to spend some time catching up with you. I'd invite you over right now, only I can't bring anyone home without getting prior approval. But look. See that building going up across the street? I'm a worker on it!"

He said it with a lot of pride, and put on a hard-hat that I hadn't even noticed he was holding, as if to prove it to me. He grinned his grin again, and went on.

"We get lunch at 11:00, and if you're not busy, why don't you meet me here tomorrow and eat with me, O.K.?"

I said sure.

Just then, this 4-wheeler—a Bronco, with oversized tires—slams to a stop, and Tim jumps a foot and quickly throws the cigarette away. He looked like a puppy that had just been caught pissing on the rug and knew what would happen next. The door opened from inside and I got a glimpse of the driver. He looked to be a few years older than Tim, with black, very short hair, very clean-cut looking.

Tim leapt into the truck, and called back that he'd see me tomorrow, and they drove off.

I had even more trouble than usual sleeping that night, thinking about Tim, amazed at how much he'd grown up. I

"That was almost three years ago," beamed Tim. "And that was Jake. Jake Ranes. I've learned a lot since then. He's trained me physically and mentally, and, well, just look!" "What about those marks on your back? Bruises?" It looked as though a belt had been applied vigorously and repeatedly.

Property of Jake Ranes

wondered about the guy in the Bronco, what Tim's living situation was, whose approval he needed before he could have visitors over, and about a hundred other questions. And just the anticipation of seeing him again the next day got me so wound up that I had to jack off three or four times before I finally got relaxed enough to sleep.

The next day I was there early, waiting for him, and as he joined me, I noticed that he walked and sat kind of gingerly, like he hurt. His spirits were as high and enthusiastic as the day before, and he smiled a lot as he told me about the last few years of his life.

After graduation, he had enlisted in the Navy, but after only seven months he had been discharged dishonorably—a hopeless fuckup that the military didn't have time for. He'd wandered around and gotten into minor trouble, in and out of jail, unable or unwilling to work.

One day, partly from a need to eat, and partly from a desire to be "bad," he'd decided to rob a convenience store. He entered the store, heart pounding, oblivious to the surroundings. He marched to the counter, pulled out his unloaded Saturday Night Special, and was about to demand money from the clerk—who had his back turned—when a large arm grabbed him around the chest from behind. Another hand quickly disarmed him.

A deep, quiet voice said, "Not a word." He felt himself lifted bodily off the floor and carried out of the store. The clerk never knew he'd even been there.

Once outside, the arm released him, and he turned to see a tall, dark man with a very imposing physique studying his gun.

"Not even loaded. You trying to get yourself killed or what?" the man scolded. Then he ordered, "Follow me."

Not knowing exactly why, but feeling compelled to act, Tim obeyed, and was led to a bus-stop bench where they sat and talked for two or three hours. The man interrogated him thoroughly, wanting to know all about Tim's past, his goals, if any, his beliefs, everything. Tim answered all the questions openly and honestly, still not knowing why he should, but again feeling he had to.

Finally the man said, "I'd say you've led a worthless life up to now, but you seem to have some potential. I think you could be trained to be of some use. How would you like that? How would you like to have some value?"

Now knowing exactly what the man meant by that, but thinking it sounded good to him, Tim answered, "Sure! Who wouldn't?" Nobody had ever been so upfront with him before. It hadn't been done judgmentally, either: just as a statement of fact.

The man let out a little snort in response to Tim's enthusiastic response, and said, "You'll learn. I got a feeling about you." He got up and strode over to a big Harley parked at the curb and mounted it. Tim hesitated for half a second, then jumped to his feet and ran over and climbed on the bike behind him. The man grabbed hold of his forearms and pulled them around his waist, and before Tim could react he felt cold steel clamp around one wrist and then the other, and he was handcuffed to the big man, his face pressed against the back of his leather jacket.

"Can't be losing you before we even get started, can we?" the man said, and off they roared on the bike, not stopping until they reached his ranch.

"That was almost three years ago," beamed Tim, "And that was Jake. Jake Ranes. I've learned a lot since then. I have a purpose and a commitment. I take pride in myself and I feel worthwhile. He's trained me physically and mentally, and, well, just look!"

He stood up, smiling, for me to admire. I did. He even stripped off his tee-shirt so I could see all his new muscles. I couldn't argue with the results, but I did have a question.

"What about those marks on your back—bruises?" It looked as though a belt had been applied vigorously and repeatedly.

"I broke a rule—the 'no smoking' rule. Yesterday. With you."

"You get a beating like this for a couple of hits off a cigarette?" I asked, amazed, pissed off at this Jake person.

"I disobeyed," Tim replied calmly. "I violated his trust. I deserved the punishment." He pulled his shirt back on, covering the marks, though it was obvious he wasn't embarrassed or ashamed to show them to me, or to the fucking world, for that matter.

"So that was this Jake guy in the Bronco yesterday," I surmised.

"No. No," Tim corrected. "That was Gray. He's another one of Jake's boys. He's been with Jake for about five years. He told Jake about me smoking. It was his duty."

"Another one of his boys . . . ? How many does he have?"

"Only three of us right now: Gray, me, and Jeff. Jeff was brought in just a few months ago. They're just like the brothers I always wanted: sort of like when I was a kid and pretended like you were my big brother," he added with an embarrassed grin. I felt a little tug of pride. He went on.

"Gray met Jeff and brought him home for Jake—kind of a birthday present. His training has hardly begun. There have been others come and go, but they couldn't take it—Jake doesn't put up with

any bullshit. He expects the best. But the satisfaction you get from performing up to his expectations is really worth the hard work and discipline, believe me."

Like I said, I couldn't argue with the results, but still, I didn't like the idea of Tim—my "kid brother"—being used and abused like some dumb plow horse. I felt protective of him, as always, and jealous. And angry towards this man who had assumed control over him.

As though Tim read my mind, he said, "I chose this. I chose to commit myself. I'm real lucky to be one of the ones that he's kept."

I didn't say anything, just kind of grumbled into the sandwich Tim had brought me as I took a bite. After a while he broke the uneasy silence.

"I told Jake all about you last night, and he said it'd be O.K. if I brought you out to the ranch tonight so you can see for yourself. Want to?"

I pretended not to care one way or the other for a while, but then finally grunted and said, "I guess. Why not?"

Damn right I wanted to see this place, and check out this prick that was treating Tim like sh t!

"Great!" said Tim, "Meet me here at four!" And he put on his hardhat and ran back to work. I watched him go, admiring the broad V-shaped back (bruised, but beautiful,) and his hard round butt, which flexed through the denim with every step.

I spent the afternoon panhandling enough money to buy a cheap bottle of bourbon, and by the time Gray came to pick us up in the Bronco, I'd already had a snort or two. I offered the bottle to Tim and his "brother," but I guess they weren't thirsty. Gray nodded when Tim introduced us, but didn't say a word during the entire hour or so it took to reach the ranch. He had very thick short coal-black hair, close-set black eyes, a square chin, and a strong Roman nose: "ruggedly handsome," I guess you'd say. He looked to be about my height—six feet, give or take—and even through the dress shirt he wore, I could see that he was built.

"Gray's a legal assistant," Tim said proudly. "He's going to be a lawyer someday."

Not much else was said by anybody the rest of the trip.

Finally, we pulled into a gravel driveway and up to a large gate. Gray keyed some numbers into a box, the gate swung open, we drove through, and the gate closed behind us. A high cyclone fence ran either direction along the highway as far as I could see; we drove a good ten minutes away from the highway before we came to the house, clearly miles from any neighbor.

I saw a barn off to the right, and next to it the top one or two feet of what had to

be some sort of a large underground building.

Tim saw me staring at it and said, "That's the bunker," which answered my question without explaining the answer.

The Bronco stopped in front of the house, and Gray ran inside, while Tim climbed down and said to me, "Come on. You can keep me company while I do my chores."

I followed him to the barn and helped him tend to a varied assortment of animals. Gray soon joined us, having changed to work clothes which strained to cover his bulging muscles. I could see a third person out in the orchard, shovelling in an irrigation ditch.

Working together, it didn't take long to finish the evening chores. As we headed back to the house, the person I'd seen working in the orchard joined us. Tim introduced him as Jeff; he was a young black man, about 19 or 20 with the most beautiful face I'd ever seen on a man. His most prominent features were his high cheek bones, square jaw, and large almond-shaped blue-gray eyes, made to seem even bigger by his extremely close-cropped thick black hair. He was very polite, and seemed very shy. He stood about five-eleven.

We went inside, and to a large long bedroom. Five single beds lined up against one wall, made up neatly enough to pass the most cynical drill sergeant's inspection. The room itself was spotless, and absolutely in order.

They stripped for a shower, and between them it was hard to tell who had the leanest, best-defined abs, the broadest shoulders, the best-etched chest, and the most muscular arms and legs—maybe Gray. He was a little older, and his body had matured more than the others, with a little more bulk. Any of them could have posed for a statue, though.

They had something else in common, too: each wore a heavy metal chain padlocked around his neck, and each had a scar burned into the flesh of his right buttock. It was a brand, clear and simple, like they use to define ownership of cattle. It was the letters "J" and "R", with a common vertical as in, "Property of Jake Ranes." Jeff's brand looked to be much redder than the others, as though it were fresher and still healing.

They bathed together in a large, open gym-type shower with several heads, the two younger guys playing like kids, while Gray looked on indifferently. Tim and Jeff soaped each other's backs and rinsed off. Then Jeff gave very careful attention to Gray, washing him all over, head to toe, front and back, as Gray stood passively accepting the pampering. I couldn't help notice that giving Gray this kind of service made Jeff's cock swell appreciably, and for the first time, I realized that he

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I heard heavy
steps on the
wooden porch;
Jeff opened the
door and in
swaggered
a fucking tree
—a redwood—
dressed in
black leather
from top to
bottom.
He wasn't
really all
that tall
—six-two maybe—
but the
confidence
in his walk
and his
general manner
made him seem
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more imposing.

PROPERTY OF JAKE RANES

didn't have one single hair anywhere below his head! His rich light-chocolate skin was shaved totally clean! Having no pubic hair made his already large cock seem all the larger as it pointed straight out in front of him.

Tim also had a hard-on. He waved for me to join them, but I stalled until they had finished. While I showered, they dried off, the younger two again playing—snapping towels and like that—and Jeff again paying special attention to Gray. All three of them had erections now, but they seemed to be going out of their way not to do anything about it, and they stayed hard even as they pulled on clean, tight Levis.

As I got out of the shower, Tim handed me some clean clothes.

"Here, these are Gray's. They should fit you O.K. We're washing yours, they were pretty raunchy."

He was right. It had been a while since I'd taken care of myself very well. I put on Gray's old, faded, torn, and very comfortable—Levis and tee-shirt. Then I followed Tim to the living room and settled into a chair in front of a large fireplace with my bottle of bourbon while the three of them kept busy straightening up the place and fixing dinner in anticipation, obviously, of the arrival of "Mr. Wonderful." I hated him already.

I'd just about finished off the entire fifth when I heard a motorcycle coming up and stopping out front. The guys all reacted. Gray went back to the kitchen to finish cooking, and Tim and Jeff policed the area one last time, and put another log on the fire.

I heard heavy steps on the wooden porch; Jeff opened the door and in swaggered a fucking tree—a redwood—dressed in black leather from top to bottom. He wasn't really all that tall—six-two maybe—but the confidence in his walk and his general manner made him seem much bigger and more imposing.

He was wearing black leather pants tucked into motorcycle boots that buckled almost up to his knees. The pantlegs looked as though they could barely hold together over the strain of his bulging muscular thighs. The pants fit his waist and hips precisely, neatly—not too tight, but with no extra material, either—though I noticed in the crotch, where there was a sizable bulge, there was also room to accommodate more.

As he came through the door, he removed his gloves, jacket and cap and handed them to Tim who had been anxiously waiting for them, and said, in a rich, deep voice, "How's it going, men? Everything under control?"

"Yes, Sir!" came the immediate reply, in unison.

"Great," he said, with a little lop-sided

grin, and he gave Tim a light cuff on the ear before moving toward me with his hand extended.

"You must be Matt. My name is Jake. Jake Ranes."

"Good to meet you, man," I muttered, and shook his huge, strong hand with my firmest grip. I felt obliged to get up out of my chair out of respect for his commanding presence, but I fought that uncommon impulse and acted unimpressed. I felt competitive toward him, like there was some struggle over who was the better man. His attitude, though, made it seem like the struggle was one-sided; like the matter was already settled, and there was no reason to fight.

"Tim tells me you two go back a ways," he said.

"Yeah, man. That's right," I answered. I remembered the belt marks I'd seen across Tim's back, and felt hostile toward this bastard who'd done it. Jake seemed to pick up on my anger, and seemed further not to care about it in the least.

He sat down in a big, overstuffed chair, and immediately Tim and Jeff came and sat at his feet, waited for his signal, and then set to removing his boots. Jake gave each of them a light slap across the face, and they both smiled broadly at the attention, and placed the boots on the hearth.

"Before you two get too settled in, I've got an errand for you," he said. "Take the Bronco out to the old mine shaft up Rado Canyon and bring back a package I left stashed there this afternoon." They started double-timing it to the door.

"Better put a tarp down in the back; it's pretty muddy up there."

"Yes, Sir," they responded, and grabbed their jackets and ran out the door, just as Gray came in from the kitchen.

"Dinner's ready, Sir, any time you want it. Will we be eating together tonight?"

Jake said they wouldn't, but that he should serve the two of us now, in the living room, and eat with "the kids" when they returned from their errand. Then he should help them in the bunker with the package they'd be bringing back.

"Yes, Sir," Gray answered, not trying to hide his disappointment.

He brought us our meal, and we ate there in front of the fire. Over dinner, I learned a lot about him; it seemed he already knew everything about me.

He told me he was 33—two years younger than I was. He'd been an army brat, with a very strict lieutenant colonel for a father. As an adolescent, he had rebelled, and raised as much hell as possible before getting straightened out in the service by a Marine sergeant. He'd liked the Marines, and had volunteered for two tours in Viet Nam. That, he said, was where he first came face to face with

**By now
he had removed
his shirt to
reveal an
incredible,
massive chest
and lean,
rippled stomach.
He looked
to be easily
200 pounds-plus
of rock-hard
muscle.
A thin line
of hair split his
torso in two,
running down to
his navel and
apparently
beyond.
His skin
glistered warmly
in the
dreadlight.**

the tragedy of a wasted life: seeing all that hatred and killing and drug-abuse and aimless, directionless existence destroyed his beliefs about any noble qualities being inherent in the human animal. Like any animal, he said, man needs training; the more intense the training, the greater possibility of producing a useful human being.

He left the Marines at twenty-two and soon met a man he considered "highly superior" in all ways, who understood the importance of a disciplined life and who, after much pleading from Jake, had become his teacher, or, as Jake put it, his Master.

Among other disciplines, Jake had taken a degree in engineering and computer-sciences, and had soon started his own company. In addition to his education and business successes, his Master had demanded excellence in the martial arts and spiritual awareness. He had been a strict and punishing instructor, and Jake had had great incentive to do his best, always.

As he told me his story, he talked slowly and deliberately. He got up from his chair and went to stoke the fire, which cast the only light in the darkening room. He moved with the natural power and grace of a big cat; his snug, pliable leather pants clung like his own skin so that the soft reflected glow from the fire highlighted the etched muscles of his legs and butt, and further exaggerated his large basket.

He stood leaning a shoulder against the mantle, and after the fire's heat had soaked into him for a while, he slowly unbuttoned his shirt. He turned to me and finished his story.

"Then about five years ago, I came home one day and the Master told me he was leaving. My gut ached like I'd been kicked by a mule. I felt ashamed, that I'd somehow failed. I got on my knees and promised to work harder and do better."

But he said that his leaving was in no way caused by my failure, but rather by my success. He told me it was time to begin my last lesson: the student must become the teacher. The boy must become the man, and the man must become the Master over other men, or the hard work and training would have served no purpose. He said I must do it on my own, and he lifted me to my feet by my shoulders and turned and walked out the door. I haven't seen him since."

By now, he had removed his shirt to reveal an incredible, massive chest and lean rippled stomach. He looked to be easily 200 pounds-plus of rock-hard muscle. Short dark straight hair spread across his pecs and made a diamond shape on his chest. A thin line of hair split his torso in two, running down to his navel and apparently beyond. His skin glis-

tened warmly in the firelight.

And his pants—where before the ample crotch had had some slack in it, now the leather swelled out and pulsed tightly in a huge bulge. I was drunk enough by now to snicker and make some comment about how the effect that even the memory of his "Master" had on him. I started to do just that, but was interrupted by Gray entering the room and standing at attention. Jake nodded his consent to speak, and Gray did.

"Excuse me, Sir. We've got your package in the bunker."

"Fine," Jake answered. "I'll be out in a little while, and we'll work on it together."

Gray looked pleased and excited as he gave an enthusiastic "Yes, Sir!" and left. I wondered what this package could be, and started to ask, but before I could, Jake turned to me and continued his story.

"I sold the company—for a bundle—invested well, and started this training facility. Gray was the first one I took on. He's a handful; lots of problems. But he wants to get it together, and he can take the regimen, so I keep trying to shape him up. Now Timmy, he's a natural. I'll mold him into a really exceptional man someday, with some work."

I felt the anger swell up inside again, and was about to confront him when he suddenly shifted gears.

"So, how about you?" he asked.

"Huh? What do you mean?" I mumbled as I sucked the last drop of bourbon from my bottle.

"I mean what do you plan to do with the rest of your life?"

"I'm doin' O.K.," I grumbled. I hadn't liked this guy from the minute I'd seen Tim's back. Then I'd had to sit and listen to his life story. Now he was going to try to rub my nose in my own shit. He was getting on my nerves.

"Don't be defensive," he went on calmly. "I'm only asking because Tim seems to care about you. He told me a lot about you."

"Yeah?" I growled. "He SHOWED me a lot about you—all across his back!"

Jake ignored my comment and my emotion and went on.

"I respect Tim's opinion. He's a bright young man. He says some things about when you two hung out together that would indicate you might have some good qualities."

"Umph. Like what?"

"Like you were fair with him, and helped him. Like you took the heat for him more than once. Like you were a good worker, good with animals. And like you protected him from others as well as himself. Obviously, you still feel protective of him."

"Damn right! And I'm going to take him

Property of Jake Ranes

away from here the first chance I get. I don't much care for the idea of you beatin' on him!"

Again, Jake ignored me and went on quietly.

"He said you were pretty tough and strong. You seem to have kept your body in reasonably good condition, despite your bad habits," and he looked me up and down.

"What? Where the fuck do you get off, 'Mister Perfect'? There's nothin' wrong with me. I'm doin' fine!"

He grinned a little lopsided grin and said, "Sure you are. You're an ex-con and an alcoholic who can't hold a job; you've got no friends and no home. You're doing just great."

That did it. I'd heard enough, and was now mad enough and drunk enough to do something about it. I hated this prick. I was jealous of his looks, his success, and his power over Tim. His arrogance and bluntness, and most of all that mocking grin, were the last straws.

I lumbered up out of my chair and threw myself the few feet to where he stood. I tried to catch him around the waist with my left arm and slam my right fist into his balls, figuring that was my best chance. But his quickness and superior fighting prowess made very short work of that plan, and before I knew what had happened, I was flat on my back, his left hand pinning my wrists to the floor over my head, his knee on my chest, and his foot pressing against my crotch. I twisted and squirmed, trying to escape, but it was pointless.

"What's more," he said with that same smirk, "You've got a bad temper."

He might have added that I had the brains of a pinecone, because, helpless as I was, I still reacted by spitting at his face. I missed, but even the intention earned me a hard slap across the face and a quick kick in the nuts.

I gasped as the pain shot through my groin, and he said, "You need to learn some manners."

He slid his body up my chest until his knees rested on either side of my head. Keeping my wrists above me, he slowly sat down so that the underside of the bulge in his pants covered my nose and his ass rested heavily on my gaping mouth. My eyes bugged out as I tried desperately to suck in some air, but all I got was a mouthful of the smooth, sweet-tasting leather.

Just as I thought I might pass out, he raised up on his knees a little and let me gasp and pant some air into my lungs. But not for long.

With his free hand, he took a grip on my hair and pulled my face up to what was now an enormous bulge. He pushed and rubbed my nose into it. Even through

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the leather I could feel his hard cock throbbing against my face.

"No! I won't!" I managed to blurt out between gasps, figuring he was about to take that thing out and ram it down my throat.

He laughed contemptuously and said, "What makes you think I'd even let you? Why should I let scum like you suck my cock? Why should I waste my time on a loser who can't even spit straight?" He sneered at me, and as if to show me how to do it right, he sprayed a mouthful of spit in my face.

He slammed the back of my head into the floor, got up and slowly strutted backward, staring at me, until he reached the fireplace and turned his back on me to bend over and pick up his boots. The humiliation, the liquor, and the pain shooting through my body induced me to do what I did next. I'm not proud of it. It just happened.

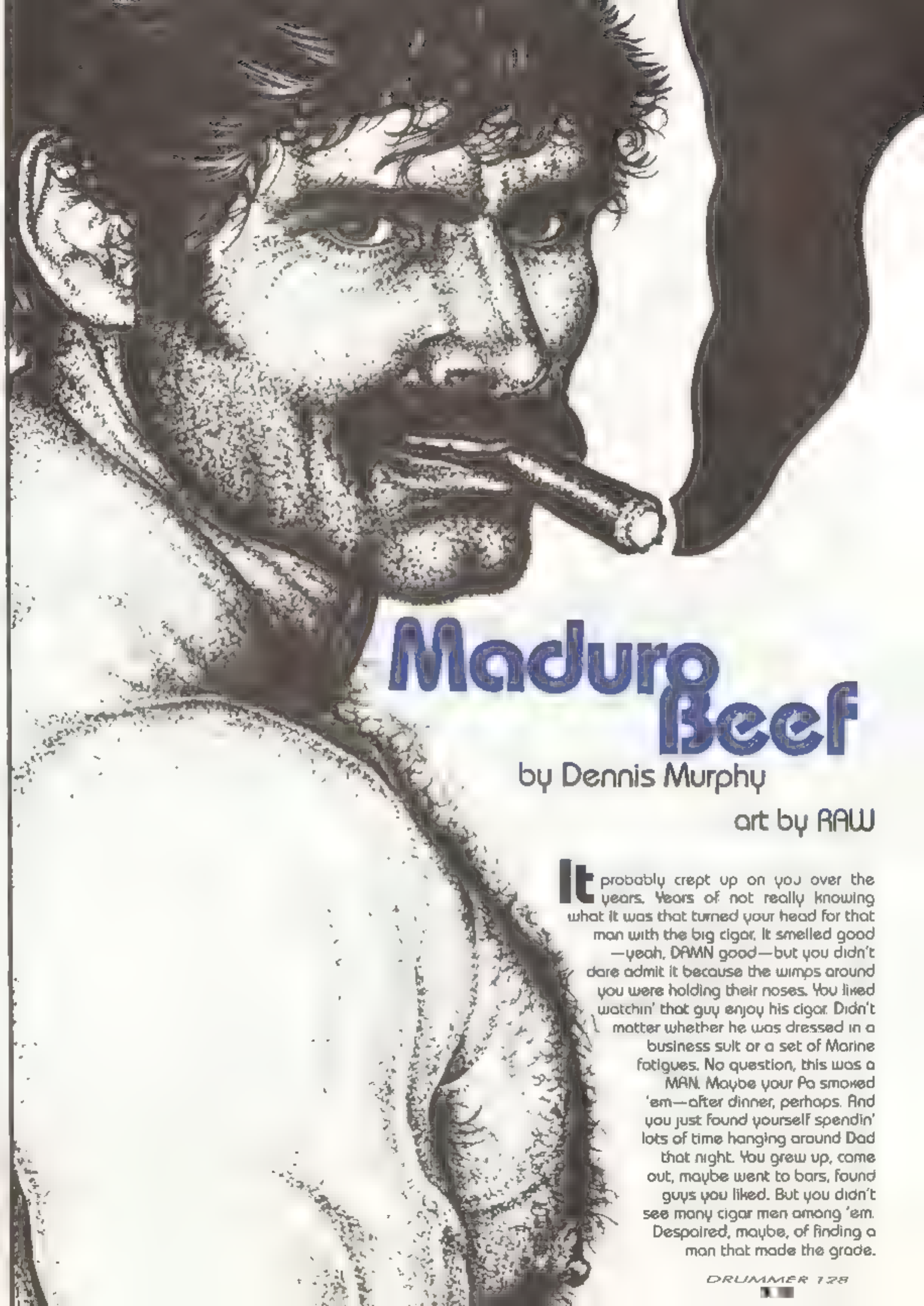
I got to my knees and crawled to the hearth, grabbed the fireplace poker from its stand, stood, and swung it as hard as I could at the back of Jake's head. He must have had eyes back there, because faster than I could see it coming, his left leg whirled around and up at my arm, knocking the poker away. And as quickly as that leg finished its roundhouse swing and came back to the floor, the other shot out from its tight, cocked position. The last thing I remember seeing was a split second view of his heel as it came smashing into my face.

I was on the floor again, barely conscious, but somehow able to have a fuzzy idea of my surroundings. Jake was putting on his boots in a blurred slow motion, forcing in his feet by stepping each boot's sole against my shoulder. He stooped down and draped my limp body over his shoulder and carried me outside. I could still only barely tell what was happening, and was totally powerless to do anything about it. But I was aware of going down some steps and into what I intuitively reckoned to be the bunker. I heard a heavy metal door shut behind us, and then felt a hard concrete floor come up to greet me as I was unceremoniously dropped like a sack of feed. I felt leather straps tightened around my wrists, and then my shoulders almost yanked out of their sockets as I was hoisted to my feet by ropes attached to the straps.

I was still pretty much out of it, but heard Jake's voice say, "Strip him and douse him." I felt my tee-shirt torn off, and my Levi's yanked down and off, then a bucket of cold water hit me like iced electricity.

I shook my head and blinked my eyes and forced them to focus; I didn't like what they saw.

End of Part One



Maduro Beef

by Dennis Murphy

art by RAW

It probably crept up on you over the years. Years of not really knowing what it was that turned your head for that man with the big cigar. It smelled good—yeah, DAMN good—but you didn't dare admit it because the wimps around you were holding their noses. You liked watchin' that guy enjoy his cigar. Didn't matter whether he was dressed in a business suit or a set of Marine fatigues. No question, this was a MAN. Maybe your Pa smoked 'em—after dinner, perhaps. And you just found yourself spendin' lots of time hanging around Dad that night. You grew up, come out, maybe went to bars, found guys you liked. But you didn't see many cigar men among 'em. Despaired, maybe, of finding a man that made the grade.

Then they open up that construction site across the street. Noise, dust, sweat. Men barking out orders, moving big pieces of construction machinery. You can see 'em out your window, chompin' on those big fat stogies. Gesturing to each other, cigars clenched like billy clubs in big, hairy paws.

You make a point of walking home past the site each day now. Today's no different from the rest, only it's later than usual. The site's empty. Well, almost. Just one big guy, packin' it away for the night. The one you noticed before. The one with the thick black beard and the tattoos stretched around his biceps and big hairy forearms. Big from pushin' that equipment around. Made for pushin' MEN around.

Just that one solid rock of a guy. The one with the three big, fat, black Maduros stickin' out of the breast pocket of his khaki work shirt.

You slow. You want to watch him as long as possible. He leans up against the tread of that big yellow 'dozer. Sighs. Spits. Reaches for his pocket. THE pocket. Draws out a cigar real nice 'n slow. A big cigar. You can hear the cellophane as he unwraps it in his right fist. Tosses the wrapper away. Bites off the end of the cigar. Spits again. Locks it in that jaw. Locks it down tight. Cocks his head away from you to light it. All you can hear is the sound of him suckin' away at it. All you can see is that big cigar and the cloud of smoke pouring out from under his hardhat.

Your dick is so rigid it hurts.

He tosses the spent match away and raises his head just as you reach him.

Evenin', son."

His voice is husky and deep. Thick and syrupy from talking with that stogie clenched between his teeth. Your knees get weak.

Yeah, it's starting out like your best wet dream. You've thought about this guy before. Now you start to imagine it. Catchin' him alone, just like now. Talking for a minute or two. About anything. Telling him—just casually enough—how good his cigar smells.

Inviting him over for a beer—after all, you live right across the street...

Just imagination. But it sure comes to you something vivid. Easy to picture him, swaggerin' behind you, puffing on that cigar. Following you home. Planting his big workin' man's ass on a chair and waiting for you to bring him that beer.

When you come back, two cold ones in your hands, his hardhat's off. Short black hair, slightly balding. Muscled even in his face. Still puffin' on that cigar.

**"Now his dick
is downright
stiff. Filling
your throat.
You both know
how to suck
nice. He sucks
on that cigar
till his cheeks
are hollow...
His head is lost
in smoky
exhale. Red
tip of the cigar
inches from
your face.
Smoke pouring
out like thick
blue honey."**

The guy's a bottomless pit. He drains three beers as you watch him. Older man. Lined. Calloused. The hair on his head is black, but the tuft pokin' through his work-shirt is streaked with gray. The short sleeves are baggy, but they can scarcely accommodate his upper arms without tearing. Armpits and sides dark with sweat.

He asks for a fourth beer before you offer one. The pretense of polite small talk vanishes. He relaxes. Opens up. Talks. Those powerful thighs open. Wide, like a trap. He leans back, bites down hard on the stogie, now chewed flat between his strong teeth. Each time he moves, the fresh cigars rustle in their wrappers.

They're so damn big. Pokin' two inches out of his pocket. Fat enough for three of them to fill it. You smell sweat. And cigars. Your mouth waters from the sweet aromatic stench of sweat and man and cigar. Maybe too much for you to handle. Cigars are not a young man's smoke. Too much for you. Child's play for him.

When it's time for his fifth beer, he doesn't ask, he orders. He finishes his cigar. Looks you in the eye. You can see traces of a smirk on his face. As you go for the beer, you know he's been playing with you. How could he fail to see the hard dick in your pants? How could he not pick up your eager stare as he spewed stinkin' smoke into your livingroom?

You return with the beer. The construction worker has stood up and unbuttoned his shirt. That silver hardhat is back on his head. He stands a good six inches taller than you. You can see the rippled, muscular stomach even under the thick hair, still matted with sweat.

You walk up to him. Hand him his beer. Swallow nervously. You're standing inches from him. Your eyes are locked on those three fat cigars in his pocket. You look up. Your eyes are begging him to light up another. To enjoy it. To let you please him while he sucks on a big fat cigar.

He knows what you want. And he knows you're his.

Without a word he puts a hand on your shoulder. You drop to your knees. His strong hand is firm as he pulls your head to the crotch of his jeans. You look up at him. He looks down at you. Reaches for his pocket. Slowly. Ever so slowly, pulls out one cigar. Unwraps it. Sound of cellophane sliding over tobacco leaf. Smell of fresh tobacco. Strong, sharp teeth tearing at the head of the cigar. He spits the fragment of leaf on the floor.

You reach down to your crotch and it's wet.

His tongue is huge and strong and wet.

He licks the Maduro until it glistens like black leather. Opens his mouth. Sticks the cigar in. Slowly, firmly, locks his teeth. His eyes are fixed on you. You don't dare look away. He pulls out a wooden match, strikes it casually on his bootheel. Raises flame to the end of the cigar. Sucks. Turns it in his mouth. Blue smoke surrounds red ember.

Takes his damn sweet time

A deep sigh, cloud of smoke pouring from mouth and nostrils. He feels good. Feels right.

His voice is thick and rich, like the cloud around his head. Deep, husky. Above all, firm. Coarse, vulgar man. Foul-mouthed. Obscene. Like the cigar jutting from his jaw. Cocky. Doesn't give a shit who he offends. Doesn't need to raise his voice. Men get out of his way. Self-assured. Calm. Knows he sticks out in a crowd.

Arrogant. Demanding. Knows what he wants. Takes it. Don't like it? Get fucked.

You loosen his thick rawhide toolbelt. unbutton his jeans, button by button. They're damp with sweat. They slide down easily over that mat of black hair. Thick muscular thighs.

Cock in your face. Large. Uncut. Smells like a man. Unwashed. Inhale. Yeah. This cock ain't been cleaned in a while. You'll take care of that. It isn't hard yet, but it will be. Soon. Hands on your head. Pull you in. Smells like a man. You bury your face in him. Taste him. Ripe and strong. You clean off gobs of sweat. Sweat and salt and god knows what other crud gathered there. You swallow his tool to the hilt and he shudders.

His lips part to let out a grunt of satisfaction. You can see the cigar between his strong white molars. Jaw clenched hard. Cigar ain't goin' nowhere without his say so. Neither are you. Now his dick is downright stiff. Getting longer and thicker. Filling your throat.

You both know how to suck nice. He sucks on that cigar till his cheeks are hollow. Pulls it out and lowers his hand to his side. His head is lost in smoky exhale. Red tip of the cigar inches from your face. White ash. Held in his paw like a hose. Smoke pouring out like thick blue honey. Thumb on the shiny, spitsoaked head. Holding it like one of the tools off his toolbelt. Like the expert toolmaster he is.

Slowly, reluctantly, you pull your lips from the base of his cock. Slide 'em up and over the shaft and head, taking the slimy goop from under his foreskin with you. Sniff at the cigar. Look up for approval. Lick the cigar. Heavy load of ash drops, you can feel it splash on your foot. He holds it carefully while you lick it. Then you lick his



**"He drives hard in
your young butt.
Your scream is lost
in his mouth as
you breathe out
the smoke he
gave you. . .**

calloused palm and fingers. Taste oil and sweat and beer and dirt. And cigar.

He's got more in mind. Raises the cigar back to his mouth, locks it in his jaw. His head bends down toward yours. You're still on your knees. You don't dare meet his gaze. All you can see is beard and teeth and smoke and a big fat cigar. The heat from the glowing end is right in your face, hottest when he takes a drag. You're choking on the smoke.

His hand reaches between your legs. Your pants dropped long ago. He probes your dick. Your nuts. Finally your tight boy-butt. He feels it. He likes it. Clamps down on the cigar. Lips stretch in a mean smile. Exhales smoke in your face. You cough. He laughs. Yeah, the son of a bitch laughs. The boy can't take it. He knew it already. A cigar isn't a young man's smoke.

He knows how to push with those strong forearms. How to push YOU. How to push you around. And he does. He could knock your head off with one swipe. Your head rocks, side to side. You know the blows are gentle but they feel fierce. You know he could hurt you. Bad. But he doesn't. He won't. Just do what he wants.

His dirty palm covers your entire face. One muscular shove and you are lying on your back. Legs in a knot under you. By instinct you untangle them and hug your knees to your chest. Whining. Ready. More than ready—desperate. Whining for that big rod that's probing your asscrack. Big paws spread your legs wide, then down. Hard. It hurts, but not as much as when he bucks his big hips and he's in.

You scream. He grins. Yeah, he likes seeing you hurt as he stuffs that big pole in

you. Likes hearin' you beg for it anyway. Fuck, it hurts. Oh, please. Don't take it out. Yeah.

His cigar sticks out of clenched teeth. You know you've still got a long way to go. Ash drops on your chest. It's hot, almost singes the sparse hair on your boy chest. He drools cigar spit. It drips on your cock. He chews on that fuckin' cigar. Cocky bastard. His face comes closer.

He's chewing the cigar out to one side now. Comes closer. Brings his mouth to yours. Warm cigar against your cheek. Tongue probing at your lips. They're pried open. Cigar spit fills your mouth. You gag. Suck in air through your mouth. He's exhaling a long stream of cigar smoke, his lips locked on yours. You can breathe nothing but what he gives you, what this cigar-chompin' construction man lets you have.

He drives hard in your young butt. Your scream is lost in his mouth as you breathe out the smoke he gave you. Back into his lungs. Then back into yours. Tears fill your eyes. From the pain or from the smoke? You don't even care. Just cry, boy. Clean out his cigar-stinkin' mouth with your tongue. Breathe in the smoke. Breathe it out. Things getting dark. He's filling you with cum. Filling you with spit. Filling you with smoke.

The boy can't take it. He's been breathing recycled cigar smoke too long. Everything goes black.

"Good evening, sir," you answer him. He knows you've been watching him. Knows you've been daydreaming. Just daydreaming.

Shit.

He's waiting for you to reel your tongue back in. Couldn't miss the hard-on standing out in your jeans. How long have you been standing here, gaping?

And suddenly, you realize he's been watching YOU. Maybe waiting for you.

One big, hairy hand reaches down and gives his crotch a long, slow squeeze.

You know how to beg with your eyes. "That cigar smells real good, sir."

He sinks his teeth into it and sucks. The glow glows red. Blows a wad of smoke rudely at your face. You can't help but sniff it, the smell makes your dick jump.

The big fucking arrogant construction worker almost grins, showing just a little of his white teeth around the cigar. He knows you. He knows those begging eyes. He knows that straining dick. He knows that begging boy-butt, even though his strong, dirty hands haven't touched it. He knows what you want.

He knows what HE wants.

Looks you in the eye. "Got any beer in your place, son?"

**Tears
fill
your
eyes.**

**From
the
pain
or
from
the
smoke?**

DEEP IN
THE HARD OF
TEXAS

WES DECKER

Mr. Southwest Drummer 1988

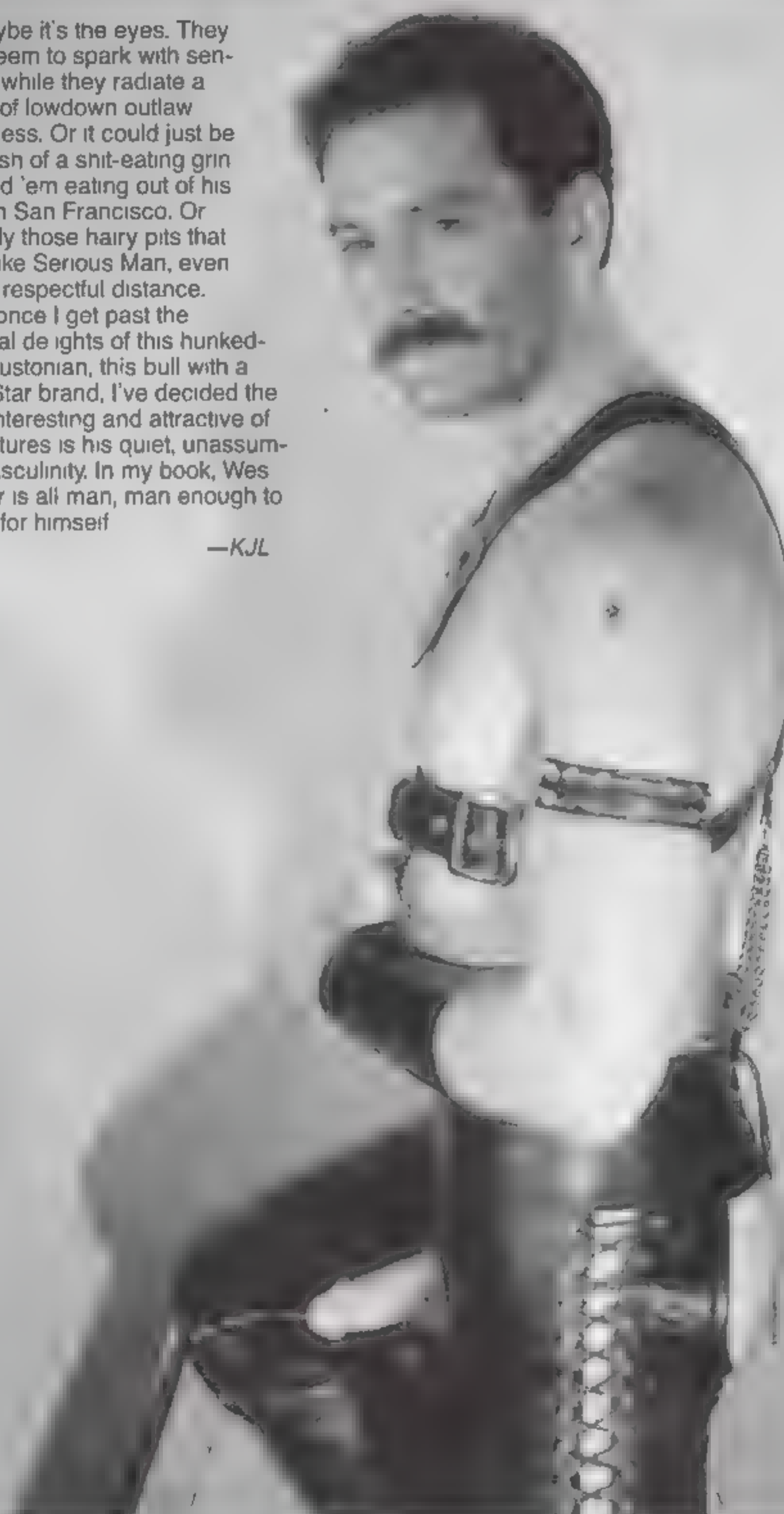
Photos by Droux Photo



Maybe it's the eyes. They seem to spark with sensitivity, while they radiate a streak of lowdown outlaw meanness. Or it could just be that flash of a shit-eating grin that had 'em eating out of his hand in San Francisco. Or possibly those hairy pits that smell like Serious Man, even from a respectful distance.


But once I get past the physical delights of this hunked-out Houstonian, this bull with a Lone Star brand, I've decided the most interesting and attractive of his features is his quiet, unassuming masculinity. In my book, Wes Decker is all man, man enough to speak for himself

—KJL




"When I meet a boy that exhibits certain potential, training begins immediately. The worst mistake that can possibly be made is to be too easy in the beginning. I expect total submission and respect. At the point an emotional bond begins to develop and trust abounds, I start considering bringing the boy into my family. I don't like 'dead-headed' boys that lack depth. It's only fun if there's a challenge."



A photograph of a man with a mustache and dark hair, sitting on a wooden table. He is shirtless and looking directly at the camera. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

"I'm not sure what this means psychologically, but I find something sexually attractive about every man I meet. The important factor in sex for me is that I remain in control of the situation. It's that factor, I suppose, that caused me to evolve into a 'no compromise' Top. It's law!"



"I'm an
extraordinarily
happy man.
Believe me,
I know what
unhappiness
feels like
I believe the
challenge of existing
on this planet has every-
thing to do with adjust-
ing and learning to live
Every person I meet
brings something into
my life, and I hope my
influence on their lives is
always a positive one.
It's very important to be
open to change and
challenge in life."

—Wes Decker

Text assembled
by Ken Lackey
Photo Layout
by John Wood

*Two stone Wes Decker fans for
whom this was a labor of lust!*



DRUMMER 128
25



by Michael Agreave

TRIPOD

illustration by Nigel Kent

Legs set wide apart, mimicking the tripod before him. . .

One eye squinting through a tiny hole: a voyeur into a world of angles and planes invisible to others on the crowded street. . .

One person only stops to watch him at his work. . .

Me.

Crouching behind a nearby parked truck, I set up my own tripod in perfect imitation of his. I aim my camera. Winding the film with one hand and scratching my crotch with the other, I watch him perform the ritual of taking mental measurements. The shutter clicks again and again, and I make my own calculations. . .

Six foot two. . . Two hundred pounds, at least. Dark blond hair that falls across his face as he aligns the surveying equipment. . . My eyes are on his other equipment, infinitely more important. . .

I total up the figures as my eyes run over his crotch again and again. . . At least eight inches stuffed inside that pouch. . . and balls. . . what balls? Not even his bunched-up briefs can hide the bulge that pushes the faded denim down at just the right angle, making me glad for the cable release which replaces my shaking hands.

I stare as he watches the sharply outlined planes of the nearby buildings. His own outline, planes and curves of almost painful beauty, fills my line of vision. Soon the surrounding buildings will come down, their ancient brick facades replaced by steel and glass reflecting the modernism of the '50s, softened slightly with trendy federal-style pediments and carefully designed greenhouses to bring the illusion of architecture updated to the '80s.

Only one thing never changes in the city: the men building it. Long before there were monolithic towers and paper-walled

condos, there were the surveyors. It is as if the entire city sprang from their fertile loins.

Start from the bottom, like the building that will sprout up on the site he measures. Grease-stained work boots firmly planted in the ground. A V-formation of steel-beamed legs. Moving up, the architecture softens. Lines and curves, not merely decoration but vital elements of the design and function, break the austere, muscular lines of the foundation. He shifts slightly, buttocks flexing and broad shoulders twisting as heavy, solid arms make minute adjustments to his scope. The overall impression is of solidity. Permanence. Strength.

They say that architects design buildings as phallic symbols jutting up to the sky. They say that they mount those giant organs, resting only when they've reached a floor nestled somewhere between the clouds and infinity. I know how they feel as they make their way to the top. I'm a climber myself, my forte being the phallic structure that rises from the softly-rolling crotch plain.

I survey the city landscape with an eye as well-trained as the surveyor's. Watching from a safe distance I can see the city taking shape. . . Changing every now and then with fashion's dictates, but in the end always remaining the same.

It's not the Woolworth building I admire. Or the Empire State. Or the double dildos that straddle lower Manhattan. It's the sim-

ple structures that I like best: clean lines that fill the landscape without cluttering it, blending in softly with the background. No ornament for me. No Beaux Arts detailing, no griffins peeking out from rounded corners. Just an outer layer of unwashed jeans with an inner structure of heavily veined marble resting over thick slabs of concrete. . . And massive I-beams to hold the entire thing together.

I know what makes a structure hold together. I know the laws of physics. Nothing can stand that can't support its own weight. Nothing stays erect in space without a solid core of hardness. Nothing swings out front without moving backwards sooner or later. Just look at a pendulum. See the orb hang freely between two intersecting beams of metal. See a man standing before a tripod, legs apart and slightly bent. The weight hanging between his legs in perfect balance, as though the bulge in his crotch contains the proverbial clockwork orange. The power in this ever-swinging rod cannot be denied: it's physics.

the stuff these structures are made of—the basis of every child's erector set suddenly sprung to life.

The lines and planes and curves suddenly take on breathless significance as leather and denim and muscle and light shift just so: NOW. Push the button. The psychic link between two men poised before two tripods is recorded forever. Just as some men weave words, the



photographer weaves rolls of film and lens openings and shutter speeds. . .

The architect weaves space, assisted by the surveyor and his time-proven equipment. No sooner is one building razed than he's called in to make his measurements and another building rises up in its place. I know the cycle all too well. No sooner have I finished with one man than another comes along to capture my imagination. Yesterday it was a mechanic. Today it's a surveyor. Tomorrow . . . Well, choices are abundant.

Building cities and building stores of mental images is pretty much the same. Each occupies space within a landscape: one mental, the other pushing its way across streets and avenues until nothing is left to claim except oversized stretches of landfill. The mind, too, searches for its own landfill, sometimes failing like a collapsing building, drowning in the river as the structure collapses under its own weight.

It's a mighty edifice, this thing called man. This man. This surveyor. A mighty, mighty thing of beauty. A fucking stud, like those other studs that line the walls of buildings and hold the sheetrock skin together. Studs moving sideways on the walls like Egyptian paintings, their stiff cocks holding one in alignment to the other. Collapse their cocks and everything falls apart. Tickle their testicles and you can bring about more destruction than Delilah.

Ever want to see one of them in action? Ever want to put a fist through a wall and make a small glory hole into the crumbling plaster? Or are you one of those kinds of guys who goes to a hardware store to buy a studfinder. . . just for convenience?

Studfinders aren't really needed. Only studs are really, truly needed. And studs are everywhere. But mostly at construction sites. They seem to breed like mosquitos in the muddy water caused by broken drain-



nage pipes. You can see their larvae inside the bellies of their dyed-blond mates. They seem to pop out from the soft bellies whole, yellow construction hats softening their entry into the world, jockstraps passed on from their fathers protecting the dicks that everybody seems to want. Leather belts surround their already-going-to-blubber waists, belts holding the dangling tools that can never quite compare with the ones dangling between their legs. Some unwritten law says that their dicks must remain uncut, that circumcision is banned for all future I-beam walkers. Maybe it's to soften the blows of jackhammers sending vibrations through their crotches. Maybe it's just another example of natural laws working in mysterious but necessary ways. Or maybe it's manhood, taking matter into its own hand and creating something new and infinitely exciting from the usual blending of sperm and eggs.

Sometimes the excitement inherent in that creation is almost too much to bear. Sometimes it charges the air with an electric current . . . crackling and popping. . . but mostly popping. Sometimes it can even pop the flashbulbs, sending bits of broken glass onto the ground around my feet. I wonder if the men looking past their three-legged stands can feel it when it happens. I wonder if they feel the sudden shattering of glass as their crotches bulge out absent-mindedly. Can they also feel my eyes popping as my brain wishes that the laws of physics would suddenly go haywire. . . that fly-buttons would also pop open, revealing something else inside the jeans. . . like a ring of sour-smelling cheese that never made its way into the lunch pail?

Somehow I doubt it. As I said, I know the laws of physics.

And the law that says that once hatched open, the brain of the creature atrophies, leaving the body incredibly beautiful, but the brain, most likely, senseless. . . Not that it's brains I'm after. Just bodies. And what heavenly ones. Whoever said that a sound mind in a sound body matters in the least never saw a surveyor in full bloom. All that matters is the body. Let the others have the brains to conjure up webs of fantasies. Leave the brawn to the man behind the tripod. And leave the film inside the camera just long enough to record the beauty of the man.

It's not a perfect picture. . . not by a long shot. . . just a hot one. . . a real hot one. . . A puffed-out chest tapering to a thin



waist that will soon spread out as beer is pumped in. . . Thighs that balloon out, giving the impression that they could scissor-lock a head in a life-and-death grip. . . A face more rugged than handsome, more sneering than smiling, with lips that rarely curl up in warmth. But who needs anything more than grunts and groans escaping from those lips? That, and breath made stale from beer and cigars is all that's needed. Oh. . . and a dick, of course. A big, fat, uncut dick with more than just a slight trace of sweat building up underneath the rim of foreskin. A dick of death. A dick of life. A dick to breathe life into and suck life out of. A pod that cracks open and deposits its construction babies down the throat, then leaves you with the memory of his hand gripping your shoulder.

Yes, the man has it all, all right. You just have to look at him to know it. And I'm looking real hard. That's one advantage of a telephoto lens. It lets you get real close to what you want to see, then lets you record the image forever and ever.

And it lets you do it all without being noticed. I could be photographing the street beyond, not the ass of some unsuspecting guy who just happens to be in the right place at the right time, showing off the right stuff as he carefully sizes up the street while I size him up.

So he surveys the street while I survey his ass and crotch and dream about the big, fat, uncut dick that's buried inside all that grungy denim. Yeah, I'm worked up all right. Too fucking worked up to even hold the camera steady. But not too worked up to imagine how it would be to plant my face on that fucking crotch of his and suck out the stale piss and cum in those raunchy jeans as I leave a big, fat wet spot just where his giant-sized dick curves downward under his equally ripe jockstrap. Yeah, I'd love to taste the leakage from his piss slit, compare it for taste and





consistency with all the other loads I've taken. Love to work my tongue up on the budding beer gut, all the way up to that spot where a thin line of hair separates the two massive halves of his chest. Love to make the nipples swell, then give the fucker the first genuine tit suck he's ever known. Love to pinch those tits and watch his dick dance as I hold the greasy sausage in my hands. Love to set the building ablaze, then put out the fire with juices from my live-alarm hose. Love to do it all. Taste it all. Make it all mine.

But buildings don't come cheap. Sometimes they don't cum at all. The cost of real estate these days is as skyhigh as a flagpole jutting from a pair of muscled legs. And sometimes, just as dangerous to sit on. It's not the grunge I'm worried about. . . Nor the thought of picking crabs from between my teeth for the next couple of days. It's where it's been that's got me worried. How many holes it's paid to plug. Or what kinds of mouths have been taking oral calculations of its size and width. And it's also something else. . . something that makes me open my own tripod many, many feet behind him. It's the bloody nose and broken arm syndrome that makes me keep my distance, makes me scared to move from the neighborhoods where street signs light up in purple light to blocks where the buildings' owners hang out signs saying "NO FAGGOTS WELCOME." I know when to let rough trade be. . . When to admire it from a distance. . . Or capture it on print for later pud-pullings. And even though he turns around and maybe smiles at someone taking one last picture before the building goes down, I don't take any chances.

Oh, maybe in some hallway deserted all day, with two days' worth of cockjuice churning up inside his nuts, I could lay claim to the surveyor. Maybe with his balls bursting and his fucking girlfriend too

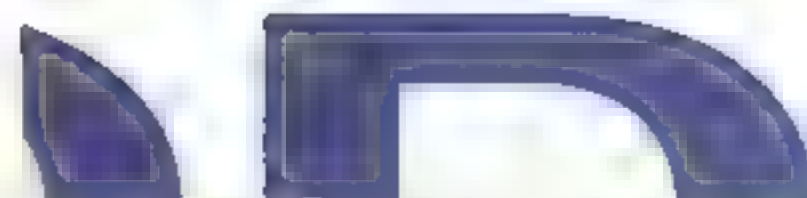


damned pussified to let him put his dick inside her fucking twat, he'd be mine. Maybe, just maybe, with his dick sticking out of his jeans so bad that every time he walks down the fucking street some fucking faggot turns around to watch his fuck-pole bounce inside his sweaty dungarees. . . maybe then I'd have a chance. Maybe if I didn't let on that I'm a dickstarved cocksucker with a mouth like the inside of a vacuum hose. . . Just maybe, he'll think that it's all right to go back to my place for a beer and a look at pictures of guys fucking asses. Maybe then he'd have to pull his cock out and let me suck my breath in as I see just how fucking fantastic his fucking dick is. Or maybe even he'll let me bury those creamy inches down my throat, leaving me to worry whether or not he'll kick my ass 'cause he's had his dick buried down a man's throat and that makes him just about as queer as the man who's sucking on his bone. And getting his bone sucked off by a man is a crime punishable by removal from the jobsite.

But maybe, just maybe, he kinda likes it, and lets me suck his wang for hours. . . if nothing else, just to see how he likes it. And he likes it fine. . . So I'm heading into the home stretch, riding on the biggest, fattest, hottest tube of man-meat I've ever shoved down deep inside my fucking fuck-face.

Yeah, the possibilities are there, all right. Waiting inside seventy-four or more inches of surveyor staring up at empty buildings. Waiting inside the brain of a man who walks around with a tripod slung over his shoulder and a bag full of camera equipment dangling from his neck. Just waiting to capture the perfect shot of the perfect man doing the perfect job for someone nursed on Miller High Life instead of mother's milk. A man caught in the act of measuring the street around a building, positioning his eye over a designated spot as he imagines how it will look with newer buildings rising, while I see a cock rising, growing upwards toward the heavens, my spirits rising with each additional inch displayed.

He sees apartments for newly married couples. I see an entirely different structure: one made up of muscles and just the faintest hint of attitude when someone blocks his line of vision. I understand his anger. He's mad because he doesn't have a mouth hooked on his stiffer. He's mad because his cock is about as hard as the



bedrock underneath his feet. He's mad because what's the use of building skyscrapers when it's not even safe for a guy to get himself sucked off in the men's room of an office somewhere on the eighty-seventh floor?

Well, I could ease his anger. I could offer some lip service while he plots his angles in a geometry unchanged in centuries. I could be the tripod supporting his out-of-balance organs. I could hold his cock and balls upwards as I climb step by step up what surely must be a modern-day Tower of Babel. I could help him see beyond the cityscape of abandoned buildings to a landscape where men run naked through the woods in pursuit of each other. I could architect another structure: a bridge, a bridge leading from his world to mine. Or . . . I could simply snap the shutter and walk away with the memory firmly recorded. . . in my mind. . . in my camera. . . in time. . . in space. . . In tribute to what is his essence. . . In defiance of what is mine. . . In perfect symmetry, as seen through the surveyor's narrow little world. . . In the wide-angle lens in which I trap passing images and freeze them. . . In the coming together of that which is infinitely different but with the same basic need running through every inch of our separate bodies.

We stand in different landscapes, he and I. . . We eat different foods and different sexes. We see worlds being built up and demolished for what appears to be no reason. We see fear and safety in another person's arms. We pass each other, each mutely critical of the other, with only one of us interested enough to turn around for one last look from behind. With our tripods slung across our shoulders and our crotches searching out different resting places, we're the same. Only one fundamental difference separates us. . .

I get to keep the photo. He doesn't. □



Guy Baldwin, M.S.

TIES THAT BIND

GULL

TEACH THEM A LITTLE BIT

*Sometimes doing the right thing is hard
and doing the wrong thing is easy. This is
the ground where integrity grows. It is
often a demanding crop to harvest."*
from *The Aspirant* S...

Many of us have vanilla friends and or
family—yes, lovers too, who discover in
one way or another that we pursue a
leather/SM lifestyle. Some of these people
will bring themselves to ask us questions
about our sexuality. These can be tense
moments.

It is not easy to refuse a true friend
information that might bring us closer still.
Yet we also fear that the truth might stress
the friendship past its breaking point. The
only way I know of to avoid this situation
completely is just not to allow ourselves
become close to non kinky people. That's
hard.

Each of us makes a sometimes difficult
decision about whether to explain, just
how much to explain, what to explain, and
how to go about explaining something so
diverse and complex as the Leather/SM
scene. Clearly, the easiest thing is to side-
step the issue with a sideways on, a denial,
a deception of some sort. Or is it?

Vanilla folks will continue to think of
us as sexual outlaws, as the REAL and DAMN
EROUS perverts unless we can somehow
give them information that might help their
view of us to change. Our pornography is
already under attack by the anti-violence
people and Postal authorities. There is little
evidence that we are losing ground.

WAYNE WILLIAMS

Just as with the larger gay movement, society mostly changes its view "one person at a time" so to speak. By this, I mean that it is one real person explaining himself or herself to another real person—this is the cutting edge of social change.

I am a person who wants to help make the world a safe place for kinky folk of all kinds. Furthermore, I have discovered that can soften bigots and turn some of them into supporters with friendly education. For me, it is a bit like talking a nervous bottom through a scene that he is afraid of.

My vanilla buddies used to think all SM/Leather sex was another version of applied homophobia. Now, they know that only occasionally is SM used in such destructive ways—that much more often, people feel great about what they do in a scene. I have taken the time to chip away at their prejudice, and bit by bit, they have become allowing and tolerant. And, they are all registered to vote!

I know that the Old Guard position on this dictates that "the less they know about us the better." That may have been true at one time, but now they know a little bit, and "only a little knowledge" is dangerous.

There are elements in religious, political and police leadership who have just enough information about us to provoke their worst fears. The Meese commission was not a paranoid fantasy—it really happened and has real consequences for us. We have already become too visible to slide, unnoticed, back into our corner of the world to quietly pursue our brand of ecstasy.

It is for all these reasons that our relationships with vanilla folks take on a new importance. As a group, kinky people need them. One day we may need them to defend us, perhaps in ways we can not yet even imagine. It was not just gay folks that defeated Proposition 102 last year in California. It would have passed without lots of help from informed straight people. Besides, it will be better to have more vanilla people on our side and not need them, than to need them and not have them.

Giving your vanilla friends, family and lovers a friendly and appropriate education about your lifestyle will help make a more tolerant world for us all. How to do it? What are the issues?

1) Spend some quiet, private time with yourself first. Use this time to think about and maybe write down your own answers to questions that you think (hope?) (fear?) they might ask someday. Speak the questions out loud and make your answers out loud while you visualize the person right in front of you. Look into their eyes.

2) Before you answer real questions from real people, assess the intelligence, age, and experience of the person asking and try to make your answer fit all three when possible. Speak in the same type of language that your listener uses.

3) Before you answer, find out WHY

they are asking. Some of the people who like us are also not very nice. They may be searching for a way to hurt or belittle somehow. I strongly suggest that you do not even try to answer if you sense that there is an unkind motive. When I sense unkindness, I always say so, and it puts them on the defensive when it's true.

4) Keep your answers short, interesting and witty at first if possible. This tends to lead them more deeply into the subject. Talk in generalities early in the conversation and specifics later on if at all. *Retain your privacy*—you don't have to "tell all." You can make informative remarks about the Scene without telling others how you participate in it. Would they tell you the intimate details of their sex life including their fantasies? Would you want to know?

5) Watch for reactions to what you are saying. Read their faces. If you detect that you have just said something that made them uncomfortable, stop. Then remark that such and such seems to have made them uncomfortable and explain your point in more detail (or less detail) until your listener is comfortable again. Then proceed if you think they are ready to hear more. If they are not ready, then "thus endeth the lesson." Don't tell people more than they want to know. It turns off their curiosity about the subject.

6) You don't have to explain it all at once. Say a little to make them keep asking questions. That way, they must accept responsibility for their education. When you think you have answered their questions, ask THEM if THEY feel their question has been answered—if not, say more. Offer help with future questions.

7) We are not sexual anarchists, but vanilla folks think so. Correct this impression by stressing the principals of SAFE, SANE and CONSENSUAL. Loosely, SAFE means that care is taken to prevent accidental physical or psychological injury and that procedures are followed that prevent the transmission of disease. SANE means that those who play together are mentally in charge of themselves, that they are also not under undue influence of drugs including alcohol. CONSENSUAL means that any player has the ability to influence the pace and intensity of an encounter and may end it at will.

8) If you don't know something, say so. It is dangerous to pretend that you know more than you really do know. It places you in a position to misinform, and that is not your purpose. The objective is to support their interest in you and your life in a friendly way.

9) Keep your hostility out of the conversation; it turns people off to what you have to say. Themes of sexual variation, and personal erotic freedom do better to get and keep their attention.

10) Just as when good parents answer those first questions from their children about sex and babies, so too must we be careful to explain without apology for that

is partly what creates the impression of guilt. And we do not need to feel guilt about what we do so long as we harness these energies for the purposes of creating good times and good feelings with each other and not destruction.

10) Perhaps most important, try to find something else in their life that they know well and describe the Scene in terms that are familiar to them. Here's an example.

One of my favorite ways of talking to outsiders about the Scene is to liken it to a cafeteria. When we are horny, it is like being hungry at the beginning of a cafeteria or smorgasbord line, standing there with our empty plate. We do kind of the same thing when we want to play. We put together whatever sexual "meal" suits our fancy at the time. There are many kinds of "dishes" offered by the Scene, and no one is expected to like or try all that is available. I never met anyone who likes it all.

There are "platters" labeled, WHIPS, CONDOM FLUCKING, BONDAGE, PAIN, FISTING (with gloves, of course), MASTER SLAVE STUFF, BLOOD, JACKOFF, PISS, SHIT KISSING, RUBBER, LEATHER, TIT TRIPS, COWBOY INDIAN, NEEDLES, GAGS, VERBAL SCENES, CROSS DRESSING, CATHETERS, DILDOES, ELECTRICITY, VOMIT OUTDOORS, INDOORS, TEMPERATURE SCENES, and on and on, in any combination.

Usually, I will change the list of things I mention depending on the person I am talking to. I then go on to say that the list ALSO includes WHIPPED CREAM, FEATHERS, CHOCOLATE SYRUP, WHISKERS, ICE CREAM, FRESH STRAWBERRIES, MARSHMALLOWS, WARM BABY OIL, LACE, FLUR, BABY FOOD or many other things found in the grocery store.

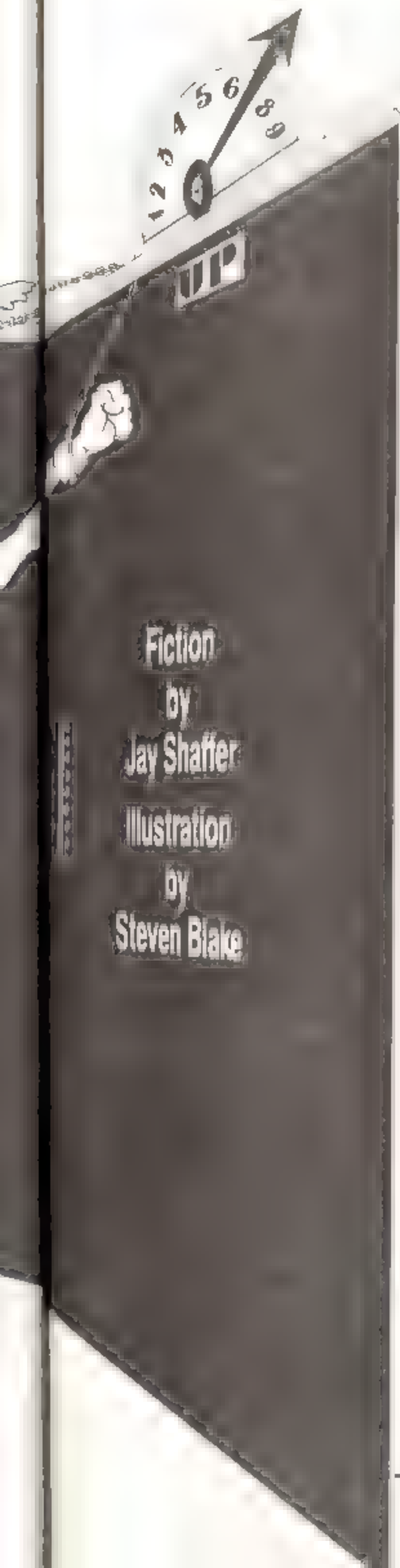
I then explain that the only required element (my opinion) is some degree of dominance and at least a corresponding degree of submission for the scene to have all its most basic elements.

I have also heard the SM/Leather encounter described in terms of Music. The Top is the performer and the bottom as the instrument from which the performer tries to extract the most beautiful and satisfying "music." Each instrument has its particular limitations and wonders, and the performer's challenge and delight is to discover the capacities of the instrument he has chosen to play at the moment.

Others have described the experience in terms of sports like skydiving or bullfighting or scuba. Others think in terms of an outdoor adventure like a raft trip on a raging river. There are many ways to explain what the SM/Leather experience is in terms of other experiences. With some thought and a careful assessment of your listener's capacities, you can break through the walls of ignorance that imprison us all, kinky and non-kinky alike. Play well.

Guy Baldwin is a psychotherapist in private practice in Los Angeles where he works primarily with those on the sexual frontier.





"Suckers sure are slow,"

says Jack Gilman to R. J. Maldonado.

"Yes, they are. It's a crime," Maldonado answers. The two men are standing in a bright marble lobby waiting for an elevator. The building has only three elevators to carry passengers and freight up and down twelve storeys. Gilman runs an ad agency on the fifth floor; Maldonado is a partner in the law firm on the ninth. One of the elevators is always out of service. The other two are always slow. The two men always meet in the lobby at eight thirty and wait, together, to be taken upstairs to work at nine. They always say the same things. The things they say are always true. Once a car finally appears, however, they will let it go on without them unless they can have it to themselves alone. For more than two years Jack Gilman and R. J. Maldonado have been stalling their morning elevator between floors and starting each workday with a fuck. Jack Gilman is always on Top, grinding and sweating and silent. Buck Maldonado—no one but Jack uses his nickname anymore—is always open and ready to be shackled and used until he coolly shoots a stream of steaming semen across the carpet at their feet. Gilman is always dressed casually, a very big man with long brown hair wearing a thin cotton work shirt and jeans. Every day, Maldonado arrives in a different three-piece suit, tailored to fit over his handmade silk shirt and a custom-built leather harness. There are restraints in Buck's briefcase and a plug up his ass. Jack always fastens Buck's wrists to the back of the harness and beats Buck's ass barehand as he yanks the plug and rams his rubberclad piledriver home. Buck is always lubed and hungry long before he leaves his apartment. Jack is always hard and dripping well before he's naked. Nothing ever changes. Jack will peel the rubber from his cock and tie it off to keep it full of himself and stuff it up into the light fixture with the others.

Buck will reseal his plug. Both men

will dress in silence and be seated at their desks on time.

If the security guard in the lobby suspects anything, he keeps his thoughts to himself. He simply nods at the fuckers while they wait every morning and goes back to the comic book he has stashed in his desk.

The two men stand in silence, waiting to be taken higher than anyone else ever goes in these cars. They know nothing about each other. They have nothing in common. Nothing but these short, heavy sessions in an odd corner of the building where they both spend their days making money. They never talk, never do more than nod when they pass on the street at lunch. They look at each other only discreetly now, Buck soaking up the play of the morning light in Jack's heavy beard and the thick hair that swarms out of the open end of his shirt and across the massive, corded forearms from which his sleeves are turned back, and Jack noting once again how perfectly Buck's square black moustache matches the color of the leather straps he hides so well from the world. When one door finally opens, the car inside is empty. The lawyer nods, motioning the adman forward, offering an odd respect. Gilman turns and hits a button. Maldonado follows.

Nothing ever changes.
"HOLD IT!"

The call shoots across the gleaming lobby, ricocheting off the polished walls to hit both men in the pits of their bellies. Maldonado hits the CLOSE DOOR button. The machine will not respond. A single figure races toward them, slides and jumps onto the carpet and turns to face back outward. "Thanks, man," the intruder says as he reaches and touches the button marked "12." The doors, at last, slide shut. "I'd've been waiting all day down there. The elevators in this place are shit."

"Sure," says Jack, and shrugs. "No sweat. We know how that can be. Don't we, Buck?" He winks behind the new man's back. "You must come to this building often," Buck rolls his eyes but says nothing.

"Yeah," says the third guy, waving an oversized envelope and showing them both a young, winning smile. "Messenger service. Speedy Delivery. I get stuck in these things all the time. Big, fancy building and the crappiest, cheapest motherfucking elevators in the city. Always broke down or somethin'."

"Never seen you before," Jack's making small talk and shooting Buck strange looks. Buck is just silently steaming. Something is up, but it's not what he wanted. Still, he follows Jack's lead and starts taking stock.

The boy's not half-bad. Truth to tell, he's pretty attractive. Hot—in a way Buck would never have noticed alone. Wiry. Slender—but built for speed and power. Sneakers and jeans and a Grateful Dead T-shirt; defined, well-veined arms and big hands. Classic, clear features. Square-cut jaw. Short, full, light brown moustache. Blue eyes. Straight brown hair, exactly the color of Gilman's, but longer. Much longer. Buck had thought long hair was long gone. Maybe this boy just doesn't care. His ponytail is gathered at the back of his neck with some kind of thin leather thong. Its end reaches down to his belt. Buck is reluctantly fascinated. He has always needed big, older men. This boy is his own height and barely of age. But his ass is high and tight and round and now Buck is reluctantly hard.

"Well, I'm here all the time," says the boy as he answers Jack. "Just it's mostly later. Like noon, and stuff. This is just a 'first thing' drop this time." He lifts the envelope to emphasize his words. The action somehow catches Maldonado's eye. It's the hair on his arms, Buck notes with a shock, exactly the same color and flow as Jack's. The big man's body hair was what had pulled Buck up short the day they had met, the first time they had found themselves alone together in a balky elevator. Buck had reacted without hesitation by pulling the knob marked EMERGENCY STOP and staring at Jack until Jack whipped his dick out and started their first fuck. Now that same golden fur has shown up on another man's arms and Buck is about to react the same way. The boy is facing Jack. Jack is facing

him and Buck. Buck raises an eyebrow. Jack smiles back, nods. Buck pulls the button. The car stalls.

"Fuck!" yells the boy. "Man, oh man. Not today. Fuck!"

"Fraid so, buddy," Jack says.

"Oh, man, nobody's gonna believe me. They didn't believe me last time. My ass is grass." The boy looks at them both in turn, his ponytail swing out behind his shoulders. Buck and Jack both know they're sharing a single thought.

That ponytail will make a great leash. Built-in attachment for cocksucker control.

"Well..." says Buck, "I can write you a note. Believe me, this happens all the time." He is smiling now and loosening his tie. "Might as well relax and enjoy it."

"Huh! Relax and enjoy what, man? Gettin' my ass in a sling?"

"Now there's a picture!" says Jack with a laugh. Buck laughs along. The boy doesn't get what's funny.

"Hey—what? What does that mean?"

"He means," says Buck as he undoes his cufflinks, "that your ass would look great in a sling. His name is Jack, by the way. Jack calls me Buck. What do we call you? Since we're stuck, we ought to be friendly."

"Oh. I'm Eaton," says the boy. "What you mean, 'in a sling'?"

"Sex," grunts Jack, shouldering his way out of his shirt. "Fucking ass. You have a real pretty ass there, Eaton."

"Sex?" The knowledge starts to dawn. "Oh, man, I don't go for that shit. Oh, no. No way. No. I don't care about no one else. Do what you want and it's okay by me. Just, you know, I don't do that shit. I go with ladies, all the way. I even eat pussy," Eaton says with undisguised pride. The idea revolts Buck. Jack finds it intriguing. He wonders how many women have used Eaton's hair to direct his moves between their legs.

"Well, good for you," says Jack as he kicks off his boots. "You eat pussy. Now you can say you suck dick, too." He lifts up one mammoth foot and pulls off the sock that it wears. Jack Gilman likes to fuck naked. All the way naked. Especially in elevators. When he's done with the other sock he pops open his pants. Buck is enthralled again, watching the big man move. The acres of body hair ripple and flow across Jack's solid bulk, refracting the light from the ceiling into brown and red and gold. The scent of his fresh morning sweat boils through the air in waves. His cock springs free as he drops his jeans, pointing up solid and throbbing with his heartbeat.

Maldonado strips as well, with more economy and no less grace. He pulls a hanger from his briefcase, hooks it over the otherwise useless chrome rail that circles the walls just below the ceiling, uses it to hold his suit. He folds the slacks and hangs them. Slips out of the jacket, the vest, the slick silk shirt, juggling them all until he has them layered in order, unwrinkled and crisp. The expensive Italian loafers come off and go neatly into one corner, their fine black socks dropped inside. Lastly, Buck removes his watch, sets it down in his briefcase with care and stands again to face the others.

Eaton stands in slackjawed shock, staring at Buck in his black leather harness, gawking at Buck's gym-toned chest in its black hairy carpet, never allowing himself to look down at Buck's dripping cock. He doesn't understand why his own dick is aching, hard, threatening to split his fly. "Oh, man, no, man," he mumbles when his mouth will work. His envelope drops to the floor but he doesn't notice, even though it lands on his own foot. Buck stares at him, grabs his eyes, demands that he return the look. Buck moves toward him. Eaton backs away. Buck, naked and leatherstrapped, more than he thinks he can handle. Buck moves again, slowly. Eaton backs again, right into Jack's waiting arms.

The adman grabs the messenger in a swift strongarmed full-nelson. The messenger yelps and flails with his hands. The lawyer reaches out to grab his chin, to shut his mouth, to drag his eyes back into the stare they shared. "Nobody's going to hear you," he says, his face so close to his captive that their noses touch. "We know. We've tried. Now just relax. You want this. Trust me." He

reaches his other hand down to the kid's crotch. "There. See? You're hard, baby. We can take care of that. How long has it been since you got off? Hunh? How long? You jack off this morning? How long has it been since somebody else got you off?" Buck doesn't expect an answer. The kid's indignant reply comes as a surprise.

"Hey, man, come on. I just got sucked off last night," Eaton stands still now, plotting his next move and wishing his dick weren't so hard. It hasn't been long enough yet to be desperate. He had never felt another man's hard-on before until Jack's had stabbed up into his back just a moment before. He doesn't want this.

But then why is he so hard?

"Oh, yeah? Well, if you're good, you can get sucked again this morning. How does that sound to you, Eaton? I suck dick," says Buck as he strokes the boy. "I suck on Jack's all the time. If you're good now I'll suck on yours, too. No woman sucks dick like I do, I know how it feels firsthand. I know what you want, baby. I can give it to you. But you have to give us something, too. Okay, baby?"

Man, you're full of shit, Eaton says. I'm not going to give you nothing. Once again, he yelps as Jack tightens the restraints on his shoulders, pinning his arms and bending his head down. "Nothin'," he yelps again. "Man, let me go!"

"Okay," says Buck. "Then stay the fuck out of our way." He pulls the restraints from his briefcase and fastens them, one at a time, around Eaton's wrists. Together, Buck and Jack walk the boy to a side wall. Together, they raise his arms and fasten them to the rail hanging from the ceiling. Buck says this. Together, they leave him and step back for a good look.

"Too bad," says Jack, one hand mauling his dick while the other one grapples through the hair on Eaton's belly. "You just don't know what you're missing. You watch." He says nothing more as he grabs for the ring on the front of Buck's harness and pulls the dark-haired man up close for a full-on, throat-kiss. His breaths hot as it floods into Buck. Buck's waist breath comes in gasps as the tongues slide and grapple. Their dicks rub together and bury themselves in the forest of their mingled crevices. Buck's hands meet each other automatically in the small of his own back. Jack's reach down to the cheeks of Buck's ass. He begins to knead, to sap. Eaton gasps.

Shit, man. What's that? What the fuck is that? The playing men share another thought. He's watching. This kid can be had.

"What's what?" asks Jack, his voice full-chested, lazy and slimy with lust.

"That. There, down in his butt, man. That thing. What is it?"

Buck lifts his ass up, spreads his legs to give the kid a better look. Jack doesn't like the move. He doesn't think it's a very interesting one. He stands up and over Buck's head, he looks up the dark man's neck in his elbow and leans him forward and down. Once Buck has his hands planted firmly on the floor, Jack leans down over his back and reaches both huge hairy paws deep into the back of Eaton's ass to pull it open for Eaton's closer inspection.

"You mean that?" Jack asks, pointing at the plug's tail end, while unclipping the buttstrap from the harness. "That?" he asks again, digging his thumb and one finger into Buck's hole, reaching for a hold on the body of the plug. He looks up to see Eaton nodding openmouthed, hanging from his hands with a tentpole in his pants.

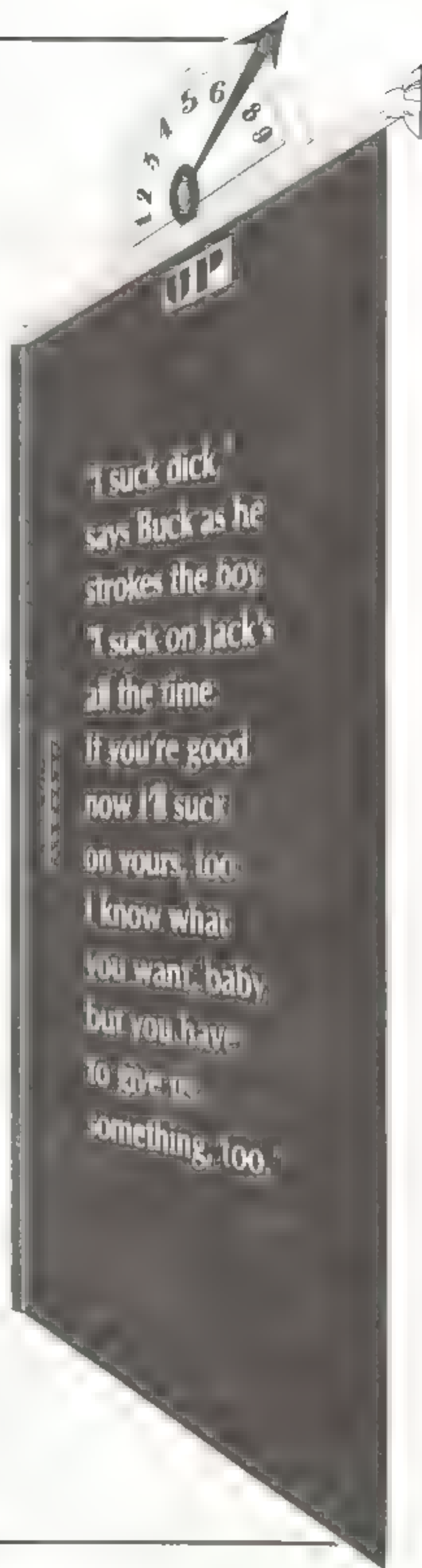
"That," says Jack, "is a buttplug. Want to see it?" Eaton says nothing, makes no move.

"I'll assume that's a 'yes.' Okay. Here you go." With his free hand he smacks a random pattern across both sides of Buck's upturned ass until the whole expanse is an angry red. Then, without warning to either Buck or Eaton, he yanks the plug hard, up and out.

"THANK you, Sir," says Buck.

"Holy shit," says Eaton.

"Just a buttplug, son," says Jack. He sets it down in Buck's case, squarely on top of the handkerchief spread out waiting to receive it. When he stands, he reaches into the pocket of Buck's hanging vest and pulls out and opens a rubber. Buck has not moved. Nor will



"Buck's ass is mine now, until I tell him otherwise. If I want to stick *your* dick in it, I will. How about it? Sure you don't want a try at this?"



he, now, until Jack tells him to. Nothing ever changes. . . Almost
This time Jack has an audience, a new pair of eyes to watch as he covers his dick and then sheathes it in Buck's ass

"THANK you, Sir," says Buck

Holy shit," says Eaton.

Fuck, that's nice," says Jack. "Tighter than any old pussy, son. Sure you don't want to try? Buck's ass is mine now, until I tell him otherwise. If I want to stick your dick in it, I will. How about it?" Jack has started stroking as he talks, moving into and out of his slave lawyer's hole in a rhythm that starts at his shoulders and ends with his toes, holding Buck's hips tight, grabbing for his harness straps or his carefully cut and combed hair or laying noisy flat-hand slaps out across his back and thighs. His dick and his hands have been working on Buck; his eyes have been working on Eaton. The kid is still hard, in the worst way. "Sure you don't want a try at this?" he asks again

"Man, I told you. I don't do that." Eaton is squirming, trying to work his hands free, or at least to turn his body away. His gaze, however, never wavers. Eaton is fucking fascinated

"No, but you want to," answers Jack. "And you want it bad."

"Bullshit"

No, my friend, it isn't bullshit." Jack is talking without breaking stride, without letting up on Buck inside or out. "I make a living out of knowing what people want and giving it to them. Look at you. You can't even turn away. Don't tell me you don't want what you see." He grabs hold of Buck's harness, lifting the lawyer's shoulders, pulling his hands off the floor

You," he says to Buck

"Yes, Sir?" Buck asks, clasping his hands once again behind his back trusting Jack to hold him suspended. He knows his fucker well. Nothing—almost—ever changes

"Just what was that line about sucking my dick?" The two men fuck. Every day. Without preamble. Buck has never sucked Jack's dick, has never touched it with his hands or any other part of his body except the inside of his ass

"Sorry, Sir." The submissive language is Buck's choice. Jack would rather do without it, but he likes to see people get what they want

What Buck wants right now is to have his ass beaten. Jack knows, and will provide him with that and much more. "It's a lie, isn't it?" he says.

Sir, yes, Sir."

Jack hauls his right hand up, brushing the ceiling with his knuckles and bringing it down with a swift, vibrant smack. "THANK you, Sir," says Buck again

Then why did you say it?" Jack raises his hand again

"To try and get the boy to do it, Sir

Jack's hand comes down once more, harder

"THANK you, Sir."

"That's sweet, I guess. But if I want my dick sucked I'll get it on my own. Got that?"

"Yes, Sir

"All right, then." He turns his gaze back onto Eaton. "Don't worry about it. You'll suck when you want to suck. And you will," he says, backhanding Buck's tortured ass once more. "You will want to suck my dick. Believe it."

"No," says Eaton.

"Yes," says Jack. He lifts Buck up further, never allowing himself to slip out of his ass, and starts walking the two of them over to face Eaton. "Yes, you will. You already do. Right now. You just don't know it yet."

Now the lawyer's face sits squarely in front of the boy's denim-covered bulge, close enough to brush it with his nose. "Take back your hands," he says to Buck, "and get that boy naked. NOW."

Buck's body quivers, sending new shocks up his spine and his fucker's. His hands dart out to grab Eaton's sneakers. Eaton moves his feet, barely missing cracking Buck's chin with his knee. Jack raises his hand and spears Eaton's eyes. "Hold still," he says, "or

help. Don't even think of kicking him." Eaton moves away again. Jack's raised hand comes down, crossing the boy's face with a gunshot crack, spinning his head to the side, bringing his eyes back to front with a backhand. Eaton whimpers and drops his eyes. A dark wet stain starts to show on the bulge in his basket. Jack likes to give people what they want.

"You," he says to Buck, shoving his hips in deep for emphasis, "lean on your hands." Buck complies. Jack lets go of the leather at his back and reaches both hands up to either side of Eaton's face. "Look at me," he says, tilting the boy's head back. There are tears on the lower lids of Eaton's eyes. Jack brushes them away with his thumbs, strokes the boy's moustache, cradles his skull and pulls him forward, against his bonds, for a kiss. Eaton tries to face away. Jack holds his head. Eaton moves his tongue.

"You spit on me, boy. Yeah. Go ahead. Spit on me, and you'll get just what's coming to you."

Eaton stops then, holds still, finally looks back into Jack's eyes, sobs, shudders, slumps until his whole weight rides his wrists. When at last he lets himself go ahead and cry, the tears fall freely, sliding down his cheeks to drip off his chin onto the skin and hair and leather beneath his face.

Buck shakes again as the first drops land, and leaning onto one hand, uses the other to unlace one shoe as two moustaches come together above him and two open mouths blend. Jack sucks Eaton's face with his tongue, just the same slow stroking way he is fucking Buck's ass with his cock. Eaton's breath speeds up. Even when Jack drops his hands, Eaton's face will not leave his. When he yanks the kid's shirt up out of his pants the belly inside of it ripples and thrusts forward. Jack pulls the shirt up under their chins and leans back to flip the front of it up and over the kid's face. Once he has Eaton's head free again he shoves the T-shirt back down to the messenger's shoulders and reaches in to grab the ponytail and pull it free. Suddenly, he pulls up short.

"Jesus," he breathes. "Buck, would you look at this?"

Buck has managed to pull both Eaton's sneakers off and stops working on freeing the boy's feet from his socks. The tone of Jack's voice is a shock, the use of Buck's name during a scene even more so. Buck looks up. "Oh, my god," he sighs.

Shooting up out of the top of the kid's jeans, flowing up over his latissimus belly like some kind of animal smoke, spreading out over his square, spread pecs and into his wide-open pits, is a pelt of dirty blond more blond than Jack's own and easily as thick.

"Thank You, Sir," says Buck at last.

"Yeah. Right," Jack answers absently, running one hand through the hair on the boy's chest while the other hand strokes his own. "Get his pants off, cocksucker, and you can play in this all you want. I intend to."

Buck's hands flies, ripping off socks and grabbing for belt buckle and fly buttons. Eaton's tongue hangs out now and his eyes are shut. Never has Jack seen anyone beg for a kiss the way this kid is begging now.

"Open your eyes, Eaton."

The boy complies.

"Don't look away from me. Not now. Kiss me back, like you did before—just let me into your brain."

Buck opens Eaton's pants; Eaton flexes his butt to let them fall and grunts when his dick lands in air, just as his tongue lands in Jack's mouth.

"Sir?" asks Buck.

"Just do it," Jack mumbles, and thrusts again. Buck opens his broad the way he has opened his ass, swallowing the hard drooling dick in his face until he can bury his nose in the thick golden hair at its base and rub across Eaton's belly with his head. The sound the boy makes the first time a man's face lands in his crotch, the first time a man's mouth surrounds his cock and brings it home, is somewhere between a sigh and a cry. He thrusts his hips. He shudders. He moans when Buck's free hand meets Jack's in the depths of the coat on his chest. He grunts twice, the way Jack

knows he must grunt when he's almost THERE, and Jack reaches down to yank on Buck's harness, to pull them both away from the boy.

"Hold it, kid. I know it's your first, so en-oy. But you don't come in anyone's mouth anymore. We'll get you off. Just not inside anybody. Use your hands," he says to Buck. "I'll hold you up." He moves them forward once more, watching Eaton's eyes flash between his own and the bulges defining his arms and his chest with the effort it takes him to hold up Buck's body. All three men sigh when they touch again. Jack slides his tongue across Eaton's again; Buck spits his hands full and wraps them around the boy's cock. Eaton is wide-eyed and squirming, grunting low in his throat finally surrendering himself all the way to sensations no woman could ever provide. Jack thrusts into Buck's ass once, slowly, before he picks up where he left off when he pulled back to talk. Buck opens his throat and allows the move to drive him forward and down over the curve of the kid's cock, splaying his hands one last time. Eaton groans. Jack pulls Buck back, slaps his ass, and yells at him, "I SAID, use your HANDS!"

"Sir!" answers Buck, and complies.

Jack stares at Eaton's chest, at his deepfurred legs, at the look of surrender in his eyes and the proof of his helplessness in his high-shackled arms. "You look so nice like that, Eaton. I hate to let you down," he says, slowing his fuck until Buck's ass camps, begging for more. "But I think it's about time for a change."

Once again without warning, Jack leaves Buck suddenly empty. "You," he says. "Stand up." Buck doesn't want to, but he does as he's told, letting his hands leave the younger man's ready dick and dragging them up through the kid's golden pelt.

"Now," says Jack, as he lets loose of Buck's harness and flexes his hands, "help me take him down."

The two men move together. Jack to Eaton's right side and Buck to his left, and reach up to unfasten his hands from the rail. Jack looks at Buck and says, "Wait." Holding Buck's eyes with his own, he buries the bush of his face in the thick matching hair carpeting Eaton's armpit. Buck stares back, transfixed. Jack pulls back, leaving an ample coating of glittering spit and shooting Buck a wicked smile. "Hungry?" he asks.

"Sir, yes, Sir!"

"Then eat." The two of them move in together, licking and sniffling and holding the look for as long as they can. Eaton emits a strange, high-pitched giggle, which he cuts short.

"Oh, man, hey, guys—I'm ticklish. Hey—no. Oh, no. . . ." Eaton's legs shake. Eaton's belly heaves. Eaton's chest contracts as he screams. Eaton's tormentors take their time.

"I think he's learned his lesson," says Jack, stroking his moustache back into place and sucking the smell of sweat deep into his nose. "Now go ahead and let him down."

Together they let him loose and cradle him as he slumps. Jack yanks the T-shirt off, slaps the kid's ass, leans him up against the wall. "Let go," he says to Buck. Buck does. "Step back," he says. Buck stands away. "Now—on your back." Buck hesitates. "NOW!"

Buck sits. Buck lies. Jack reaches into Buck's vest pocket once again, pulls out another foil packet and rips it open with his teeth. He walks up to Eaton. The messenger looks almost boneless: he is soft and relaxed everywhere but between his legs. His dick is swollen now, pointing up and out at an angle, begging for release. Jack slips the condom over its head and fists it quickly down to the base. Eaton sighs and jerks his hips. Jack grabs Eaton's hair.

"All right, now, Eaton. On your knees." Eaton doesn't move. Jack takes his fist back from around Eaton's dick and drives it into the boy's belly.

"I said I wanted you on your knees," he whispers while the messenger gasps for breath. Jack pulls Eaton's ponytail forward and down. Eaton crumples again, this time to kneel at Jack's feet. "That's better." The hand that had covered Eaton's cock now reaches back to uncover Jack's. Jack steps backward, forcing Eaton to shuffle along until the boy crouches between Buck's legs. Buck lies still, staring

**"That's an asshole.
A man's asshole.
It's tight and it's
hot and it's slick
and you are
going to fuck it.
NOW"**



and silent, his hands trapped palm downward on the carpet under his ass. Jack lifts one foot and plants it beside Buck's shoulder, then readjusts the other until he stands squarely above the harnessed man's chest. Buck stares for the first time ever up into the hair-crowded crotch of his weekday morning fucker. Jack kicks one

leg inward. "Yet," he says. "Grab your ankles." Buck pulls his knees up tight and cries as he is ordered. "Now straighten your legs out and hold them up there." Once again, Buck acts. Jack crouches slightly. For the first time, Buck sees up into the crack of his ass, knowing the big man's hole hides in there untouched, but unable to see it at all. Jack looks back into Eaton's eyes but looks again to Buck. "Now wrap them around my waist." Buck lifts and grunts and works his way around until his heels meet at the base of Jack's spine. "That's fine," Jack says. "Now stay there."

And now he is talking to Eaton. "Look at that," he says, looking downward himself at the wide-open ass at his feet. "That's not a pussy, Eaton. That's an asshole. A man's asshole. It's tight and it's hot and it's slick and you are going to fuck it. Now." Once again, he yanks on the kid's hair to emphasize his words. Once again the kid hesitates, but not for long this time. He drops his own ass and reaches for his covered pole, places it and thrusts his hips and sinks to the hilt with one shove. His dick is on fire. Nothing he has ever felt prepared him for this. This is an asshole he's in. A man's asshole, and it's clutching at him; he shudders as he feels his nuts squeeze up to reload and get ready to shoot. Jack yanks his head back until their eyes can meet once more.

"Not so fast," he says. "You have one more thing to learn. Right now. Open your mouth, Eaton. Open it and remember how you like it to feel. Use your tongue and keep your teeth covered and breathe deep and give it lots of spit. I like sloppy head, Eaton. I like to hear it when a man sucks my dick. Now look at me, up here, and open your mouth. I've got hold of your head. I'll put you where I want you. You just suck my dick." The boy's eyes shift, but they come back to the man's. Another tear wells up, but he brushes it away. The chest heaves once. The sigh it releases leaves Eaton's mouth slack and ready. Jack wraps the handful of hair tight around his fist and slides himself into the kid's virgin mouth.

So good. This time all three of them think the same thought: so good. This feels SO GOOD. Eaton is awkward, but he learns quickly. Jack is remembering the strange first-time pleasure of a mouth with more enthusiasm than training. Buck is lost in the acres of animal fur he sees above him, and he's long gone on the feel of a newcomer's overprimed shaft up his ass. So good. For all three of them, this fuck is just so fucking GOOD.

Three ready men find their time growing short. Now they share another thought, a one-word thought that no one speaks. All together, they think: NOW.

NOW. Jack yanks his cock back and turns the kid's face to one side, sending thick streams out across Eaton's nose and onto the square angle of his jaw and into the smooth, soft brown mass of hair bunched behind his ear.

"Oh, fellas," Eaton whimpers as he shoves and feels the heat tearing at his groin start to shoot in and up and out. His move lifts Buck's ass well up off the fucked man's hands.

Buck's untouched cock sends his own release flying in white-hot globs that land on his lightsucking leather, in his black belly hair, on the straight, razored edges of his midnight moustache and finally, squarely, onto his own waiting tongue.

NOW. AGAIN. All three men come in a way they've never come before. All three are flying. All three are shooting, reloading, shooting again, going on and up, higher, farther, all the way on the sweet squeezing slice that sends the most personal part of each man out into the world where each, in his own way, makes a living. Eaton wails. Buck grunts. Jack grinds and sweats and is silent. Some things, after all, never DO change.

And now it is over. The three start to come down. Jack is the first to relax as he lets loose his cocksucker's hair and uses his own hands to massage his cum into the kid's skin and scalp. Buck's butt falls back down onto his hands as he sucks himself out of his moustache. Eaton, drained and inexperienced, lets his spent prod slip out of the lawyer's still hungry hole; Buck makes a quick grab for the rubber and slips its wet, warm bulk out, to tie it off and hand it up to Jack. Jack shakes his head, loosing an arc of sweat that flies from the tip of his nose off to splatter in a thin, flat line across the elevator's walls.

"Oh, boy," he says, taking the safe and slung it up into the ceiling with his own. "Oh, boy. Oh, man. Oh, wow." The men begin to compose themselves, to breathe deeply and think about what to do next.

"Guys, I have got to get out of here," Eaton mumbles, staring hungrily at the sagging dick in front of his face and from there down at the asshole his own dick has just left.

"Yeah," says Jack. "We know how that is. Get dressed."

Buck stands and stretches and hands around a handkerchief, which the others use to clean themselves up with before they hand it back to be dragged over Buck's belly and folded down into his briefcase. Eaton dresses quickly, Buck carefully and Jack with the heavy animal grace that has marked his every move every morning for more than two years. When they finish Buck turns Eaton around to kiss him deeply and to thank him and to distract him while Jack palms the button that restarts the car.

"Whoa," grins Eaton. "Perfect timing." The other two smile.

"It was that," says Jack, just as they arrive on time. The doors slide away. He steps out. For the first time he turns back and smiles. "See you," he says. The doors close and he's gone.

Buck pulls out a business card and an expensive ballpoint pen before the doors open again on nine he's written a note for his young animal fucker explaining "To Whom It May Concern" that, if the messenger is late with this delivery, it isn't his fault—he was delayed in a stalled elevator. For a moment he thinks about adding that he's always been satisfied with Eaton's service and the promptness of his deliveries, but thinks better of it. Once again, the doors slide back. Ninth floor. Time to get off.

"Call me," he says as he hands Eaton the card, "if you get into any trouble." Eaton smiles and nods. "Or if you'd like to," R. J. Maldonado adds as the doors close and leave him standing alone on grey wool carpeting, surrounded by blond-panelled walls and leaning his fully fucked ass against the brass plaque that bears his name.

On his way up to twelve, Eaton shakes his head and grins. He pockets the lawyer's card and picks up his envelope, clutches it in one sore armpit and reaches back to retrieve his hair. He really does like the ladies. He really does like the way they feel, the way they touch him and make him feel, the soft and quiet way he's learned to love them. Now, though, the smell of Jack's cum in his moustache, the memory of the way Buck looked clamped down on his cock, prove to him that what he really likes is sex. Hell—he even thinks, now, that he liked being tied up. He's young. His dick is hard again. He gropes himself coarsely through his jeans. The light for eleven winks on and winks off. With his free hand he grabs the emergency stop.

For the second time that morning a strange new knowledge starts to dawn. "Oh, man," Eaton says as he drags out his dick again, already stiff and ready for more. "Oh, fellas," he says as he spits on his palm and starts to stroke. No wonder the timing was perfect.

"Oh, jeeze—I SLICK COCK," he yells as he feels himself get ready to come again, this time all over the side wall of the elevator he now knows is nowhere near as balky as everyone thinks—at least not before nine every morning. "Oh, fuck," he howls, and the elevator shaft reverberates with the cry. "Oh, man," he grunts as he finds himself thinking of Jack's big hard dick up his ass. "Oh, fuck," he breathes; "Oh, fuck . . ."

"ME!" he cries as he comes. □



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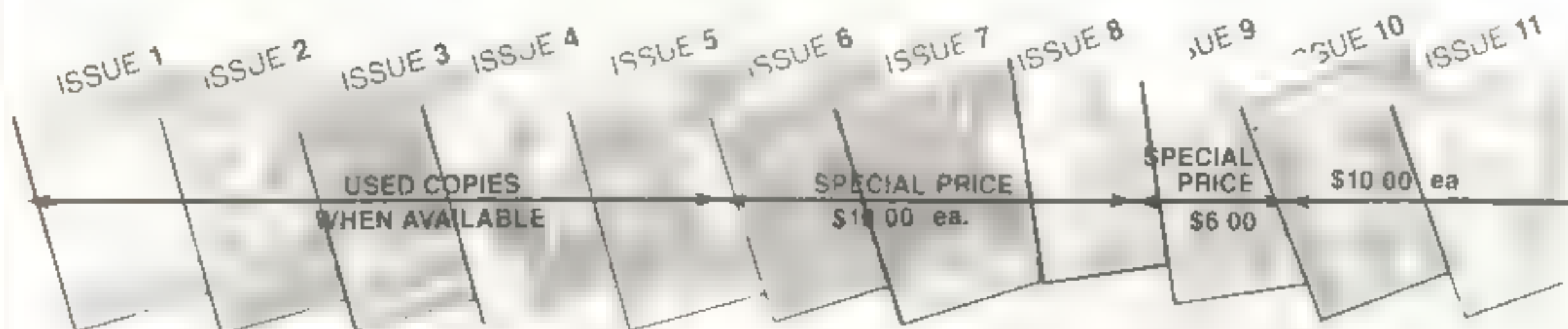
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Playful redheaded macho stud is looking for a macho stud playmate/companion. You must be at least 6'7" blue eyes and brown hair. Fantasies include elevator and grocery store sex. Interests include Thursday night bingo and late night walks. The possibilities are endless. Your rock strap gets my immediate attention. Send reply to Buck, Box 6692

TIT SLAVE

wants slim hot leather Masters into giving heavy tit work, cock ass whipping, bondage and getting Master's cock serviced. Am W/M 5'10" 145 lbs, moustache, have play room. No drugs, FF seal. San Francisco. Planning visit? 415 489-0955 or Box 6693

LATE NITE JERK-OFF RETURNS

Exchange stories. Let's tie him down, gag him, roll his nipples, tug his butt, tickle him mercilessly, then milk his dick for a finale. 91 night and bi-guys who need (cock) control. punks, thugs, cops, military jocks, and businessmen. Mr & P PO Box 40136 Berkeley CA 94704 Box 6695LF

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Dad wants you for hot safe action in leather jockstraps, body-hugging spandex T/V A. Having fantasy trips exhibitionism body worship. Dad can give or take. Son top or bottom. Have toys to play with. Photo phone—Al Box 1356, Mad Sq. Sta., NY NY 10059 Box 6700LF

TOP BB LEATHERMAN WANTED

by GW couple to make them beg. Top 5'8" 53, bi-br and moustache. Likes VA, CBT weights and FF Bottom 5'9" 100, bi-br curly hair and moustache. Likes to worship BBs, ngs, peds and biceps with his tongue. Your picture will get ours. JOR, 107 Wood Hill Trail Augusta, GA 30909

LEATHERSON WANTED

Leather dad 56, 5'9" 170#, gray hair full gray beard, glasses, motorcycle man into masplay, fucking, WS, BD, SM Fantasy fulfillment, has life partner needs bright hard working son/servant 21-45+, to be dad's naked sex toy and to complete family. Les Box 411265 SLC, UT 84151 1265 Box 4733LF

LOVER MASTER WANTED

G W M 30 6'2", 175 lbs. well built, successful, educated, owns business, seeks tall healthy hung, m-shape protective and caring Master Dad 32-40 for lifetime and business partner. I seek a man who is easy going creative financially independent, open to new business ventures, travel. I can and will relocate. Letter and photo to Box 6703LF

WICCAN MASTER

Metaphysician slave. Owner seeks to network with like minded men who are interested in ritual, neopaganism, Witchcraft. Absolutely no satanism. Panman PO Box 80053 Mp's MN 55408

JOIN FALLEN ANGELS

A new correspondence club forming designed for men into leather bondage toys, etc. Send a SASE to PO Box 9221 Stockton CA 95208 1221. For fallen angels 21 and over

COUPLE SOUGHT

by lean, dark Mexican bottom, 32. Seek to develop contribute to working, trusty healthy open, sexual relationship in live-in setting. Responsible, fun (sometimes partying hard) and stable partners buddies 21-40 desiring third male committed to contributing and serving, everything moderately please write. Will relocate. Box 6705LF

LEATHER TOP

seeks serious bondage slave for intense prolonged scenes. If you are into immobilization, CB&TT, W/S, shaving, rubber and total submission and are under 40, in shape and ready for the experience, reply with photo descriptive letter and phone to this 30 year old BB 5'8" 165 lbs. Top LF4883

DAD SEEKS B B SON

successful W M 36 5'10" 155 lbs. will provide opportunity for full-time training in return for submissive son. Possible live-in or your own place. GW PO Box 1373 Manhattan KS 66502

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

You must be under 35 for consideration as permanent live-in boy. Others for week/week end training. Be in good shape or be ready to work out together to get there. Master is 36 5'11", 210 lbs., blue blond, demanding, leather levis, boots, whips, bondage pain service, suffering and servitude. Hank (612) 690-4167 (LF6457)

ITALIAN L/L DESERT DAD TOP

36 looking for WM bottoms, other hot tops for laid back to heavy encounters. Big brawny blond USMC cop BB pro-wrestlers, footballers a plus but not necessary. I'm worth the postage. Send photo phone Occ., PO Box 91181 Henderson NV 89009

CORIACEOUS

Unpretentious academic, quiet peripheral to scenes and the scene, generally open minded total leatherman, late 30s. Boston MA area seeks other educated leatherlovers 25-49 for conversation information correspondence or friendship. I have many interests, friends a lover and am monogamous, but my leather needs attention. Box 5978LF

TOM OF FINLAND TYPE

in shape (5'11", 175 lbs. 42 c. 31 w) size 16. cur and attitude seeks same—any age or race—for mutual physique critique by photo and fantasy. After that, the future is ours. So get it all now to this 43-year old Tom's man at Box 6683LF

BONDAGE & TICKLE TORTURE

Seek ticklish guys (tops and bottoms) for begging, pleading hysterical laughter. Box 6813

SLAVEBOY(S) NY/NJ/PA

Handsome experienced muscular trim, well built master 35, 6'1", 150 seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent, temporary weekend who is trim, under 35 well built. Limitation accepted but will expand. Novice welcome. Well designed and equipped dungeon. Write with picture to PO Box 195 New Hope PA 18938 (LF6453)

I SUBMIT

Top-like body, slave mind. I need to be shackled, trained by the right master. Chief interest is your abuse, control, secondary interests leather, VA, CBTT, bondage, body punching, One-nighters OK, prefer relationship where you'll make me your slave dog punching bag—your desire. Ma 6'2" 190 35 You 25-45 facial hair non-fal or fem Texas. Box 6836LF

VOYEURISTIC HEDONIST

gets his nuts off on your dirty photos. Anything goes, the raunchier the better. Solos, duos, gangs, cum shots, piss, you name it. Let's swap and get it on, or I'll come and photograph your scene for you. Box 2251 SF 94126

I'M BOTTOM OR MUTUAL

W M 42 5'9" 150 lbs. beard, pierced, seeks in-shape blacks and others into pain to turn verbal humiliation heavy till ball pulling twisting pinching stretching, vacuum pumping. Beer drinkers, safe raunch, spit, W/S, etc. Safe Sex, Satanism. Work 3-11 PM. Call or write anytime. Karl 838 Wheeler St. Woodstock, IL 60098 (815) 338-9137 (LF6508)

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Good looking eager to please hot hung Daddy Master. 1-519 749-088

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Att. active 30 year old, 6'2" 185 blue eyed businessman Daddy wants permanent slaveboy houseboy to take care of. Young boys to 25 intelligent, very attractive slaves into all forms of sleaze and kink with no limits, permanent live-in for right son. If you want a Dad that will love you for you and not just the raunchy sex, send photo and detailed letter. Box 6707LF

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MAVERICK Motorcycle Dude needs a hungry crotch cannibal. My leather-cock is screaming to be sucked into your leather head. Reveal yourself my brother as a Sexual Beast. Leather-Brat Obsessed with Lust Plug into power flowing from my throbbing Harley engine under our 2 Hard-On leather crotches. Yeah, fucking the machine. Fucking you, I'm hunting for Part-Time sex-slaves leading to uncomplicated, but serious meetings. You are bottom masochist, submissive. You're younger, firm bod, healthy and workwise, self-sufficient, am 50, firm bod, healthy, bearded, leathered, rubbered, m Top, Sadist Master, obsessed w/FETISH SEX n coppiece, leather pants, hoods, high boots and ndulge in Black-Rubber! Those are my DRUGS and fucking Obsessions. I'll rush our senses with Devil-Gas for a Rebel-Mass. And will drill my thick cock into your hooded head. Live in SF. No need for "medical students" (no tubes, piercing or enemas on premises). "Live in" NOT available. You are mailable. (not Apply w/ photo to WIZARD PO Box 640033 San Francisco 94184 0033. (6897LF)

HOT, HORNY LEATHERMAN

34 5'10", 177 hairy, bearded, versatile, with good build, seeks buddies into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, S&M B&D, fucking, FF and more for heavy scenes. Ich kann auf Deutsch. Photo to Bridwell, 4734 N. Magnolia Avenue Chicago IL 60640

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LEATHER BUDDY

GWM 45 5'8" 145 Br Hair Blue Eyes who loves wearing black leather. Looking for young white male with dark hair and facial hair in shape, who loves to wear black leather all the time. Looking for permanent relationship. Write ED, PO Box 192 Three Bridges, NJ 08887 (LF6899)

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Central Ohio man, bodybuilder, very handsome 6' 190 28 seeks other musclemen jocks, tough guys, 18-45, into gut punching stomach scissors, and other abdominal feats of strength. I'm tough enough to put my gut to the test! are you? Photo: phone Drummer Box 6944 LF or (614) 755-9520

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Hot bottom, 33, 6', 155 has insatiable ass. Seeking hot TopMen into heavy assplay, FF, dildoes, GR, FR, shaving, lts. Leather, toys light bondage, S/M. Write PO Box 1245 Indianapolis, IN 46206 (LF6942)

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Creative Master Rugged attractive early 40s. Off s 1-m slaves under 45 weekend training in erotic facility S/M you have only read or fantasized about becomes reality. Descriptive letter receives application. Be come exceptional slave once and for all. Tom Box 28852, St. Louis, MO 63123. (5760LF)

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PWA SEEKS PWA

Hot, GWM in good health, 33, 5'10" 160, blond/blue, beard, hairy body seeks kinky PWA buddy into S/M, Leather, safe ranch and lots more. Willing to travel. Call Randy (213) 271 5352

AMERICAN SCOT

seeks photo exchange with beefy, raunchy Scotsmen. Let's see what you've got under your kilts. Box 4973

1989 COUNTRY BOY

Shy passive kid/boy next door (32, 5'9" 165, blue eyes, light brown hair and moustache) seeks Top Muscular Dad Big Brother (35-45), not a slave Master that can guide in both brain and brawn. Enjoy leather, uniform and western regalia. Box 280388 Lakewood CO 80228 (Box 6232LF)

100% TOILET BOTTOM

Men living, visiting, or passing thru Seattle-- I'd be honored to be used as your toilet. Urinal bootwipe boy. Singles, groups welcome. Age looks not relevant. Mutual kth freak OK. I'm tall 6'2" brn blu stach, 200 lbs., 37 yrs. boy. Anxious to feed Sirs! Write: Box 6840LF

RURAL MASTER NEEDED

Sir WM, 34, 5'10", 165 offers total ownership, hard work and obedience to sadistic Master slave needs bondage, pain, torture hair removal, ass work and training in total ass worship. Own this worthless piece of shit, no close family, put this slave in permanent slavery, please Sir, Box 6839LF

300# GWM SADIST MASTER

wants toilet slave with thin waist. Real shirt for inspection photo. Permanent position open now! Be submissive and obedient. Send limits, details and fantasy. Bond Pair Love Spend 25¢ sending what you want today for results. Mr. Jones, PO Box 31, Coon Rapids, Minnesota 55433. PS. I wish you have a very "Happy New Year"

SON WANTED

Executive Dad 50 years young, 6' tall, 180 lbs, brown hair, blue eyes, seeks submissive son. Into light S&M, bondage, and term, loving relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. PO Box 75414, Seattle, WA 98114

HELP THIS GRIMM

folk tale lover believe in faeries. Me shes! Snow White, Rose Red, Beauty, Prince Charming, Beast, Bear, Tall, etc. my rescue in words to make my twat and my ruby lips to tinkle. Photo a 6376LF

HOT & HUNKY

Exceptionally sexy, hot, young, virile looking for someone to fuck, to slap and to suck me off. You must be extraordinarily handsome and must respond with a to prove it, or forget it. Box 6126

HOT TOP SAN DIEGO

Handsome hairy WM 33 5'10" 180, pecks and tough nipples, in shape mid body. Seeks same in hot masculine body. Mild to intense safe scenes. Not interested in cockroaches. Send photo and desires to Occupant. PO Box 1853, Diego, CA 92116. (Box 6836LF)

NYC/CAN TRAVEL

WM 35 205, 8'1", beard, husky, attractive seeks younger, verbal, in-shape male using piss to degrade and dominate. homo turning his mouth into your urinal. him into your on-call pet cocksucker, kisser, asslicker, serving boy. No queens, pigs, drunks, fats. Send details. Box 6224LF

LONGJOHN/UNIONSUIT GU

Looking for guys into unionsuits, for and underwear 39, 5'11" 175 lbs, into underwear/uniform scenes. Humiliation, discipline and bondage also in underwear. Jay, Box 179, 606 WBarry, Chicago 60657

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Hot Australian male, 33 6'2" 180 bs country beach-house with well equipped gear in Sydney, invites other Top-Men only to try to dominate this male. bondage, shaving, and heavy SM. To his experiences, by written fantasy, phone or in person. (Macintosh JS 6732LF (International Postage required

RANCH/FARM SLAVE FOR

6'2", 185 bs, youthful, goodlooking, line. Navy vet, no vices, disease free, intelligent, middle aged, horse farm, can operate tractors, trucks, owner of sizable, operating ranch/farm. ing hot hunk for physical labor, slave and discrete, lasting relationship. Mo required. Box 6618LF

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Hot young muscular bottom likes to service dominant top leathermen. Snap my ass while you ram my tight hot hole. Need to suck hard thick cock and eat your hot manhole Cops—Military, Truckers—Gym Teachers—Cowboys. Ride me Sir. Write Box 6624LF. Hot talk, call Rob anytime. 312-472-5664

HANDSOME BUTCH LEATHERGOD

Heavy duty Nordic bodybuilder Top: stud pack, hung pierced pussy ripper throbbing manhole enlarger encased in bulging cod-piece, tan/shaved for exhibition. My rippled manhandler body needs a mature well-positioned hungry fuckmouth, pissface, bootlicker muscleslave pigman to suck worship juice. Tough hard action, letter phone, photo required. Box 6835LF

TORONTO GUY

5'8" 150 lbs., 34 years old, bearded, versatile, seeks man-to-man sex, raunchy and rough with the right guy. Like beards, jockstraps, wrestling leather J/O, verbal, spit, flogging and ass-baiting—big bearded men especially welcome to write. Box 6830LF

DUNGEON WAITING FOR LEATHERMEN

Top and bottom/Top couple with full dungeon equipped loft in Village (NYC) waiting to provide pleasure to hot leathermen and kinky guys into safe sane activity. Private sessions or party times. Several gatherings every month. Write 2nd floor 183 Christopher St., New York, NY 10014. We carry on in Minershaft tradition.

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This middle-aged farmer is looking for an upbeat, egg assive partner into motorcycles, leathers, boots, light butts, muscles, hard work, sweaty armpits, sensitive tits, and REAL bondage (top or bottom) as a daily way of life. My specs: Scandinavian, hard physique, HIV-negative. Relocation possible. Write Box 33 Riner VA 24149

EXOTIC BIRD BREEDER

who is also bottom into FF didoes & leather would like to hear from any other AFA, NCS or bird persons. Looking to increase knowledge & limits. Washington state Box 6116LF

CROSS-COUNTRY TRUCKER

Looking for one special man to build life together. I'm honest, hardworking, responsible, strong, successful, understanding, masculine, 35, goodlooking, serious bodybuilder. Background: college, Air Force, construction crane heavy equipment operator, trucking. Enjoy working out, riding motorcycles, being outdoors, raising training horses, dogs, wearing leather, good friends. Box 6550LF

TRAINING & GUIDANCE

First the blue hankie right, then the red hankie right, now gloves and more than one hand. Keys on the right and a ring in my right tit. Ball stretchers, ball weights on the sling. Is it time for the black hankie and slave collar? Training and guidance sought. PO Box 507, Florissant, MO 63033

HOT AND VIBRATED

Well built GWM 6'2", 175 lbs. working man into hot intense sex: CBT, TT, Leather Levi's, S.M. heavy Assbeating Assplay and all the extras. If discipline is your desire, submit your needs and expand your curiosities, to PO Box 683, Ogden UT 84402. Serious minded. Let's explore! Detailed letter, phone, photo. Box 6829LF

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Hairy and horny trucker seeks good buddies for safe man-to-man action and a warm bed. I drive interstates 5 thru 95 north south and all places in between. I like greasy levis, earbats, boots, horses, bikes, trains, trucks and the men who ride them. I like to pitch and catch. If you can help a trucker unload, please send me your phone number and the best time to call. Got a photo? Got a buddy? All are welcome. Write to Rob L. PO Box 64094 Sunnyvale CA 94068-4094

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HIV+ dad make this HIV+ Dad show you some class as you work his big nipples, hot wax & torment his ass. When you and/or friends have their fun he'll know his place as hot ball sack erupt on his face. Call Bob (305) 274-4773 (Miami)

BRUTAL MASTERS

Slave seeking for very heavy scenes with one or several Masters. Bondage, torture, heavy flog, electrocution, immobilization, piss, cigarettes. Pig slave is 29 and likes to be punched and locked by both blacks and whites. Box 6492LF (international postage required)

SMOKER & COCKSUCKER

to service macho bikers, truckers & rednecks. Smoke Marlboro, Camels or cigars while this cute little cum-piss boy does his job. A man needs a cocksucker to dump a load into. Poppers, bear piss, sweat tattoos, VA Bunkers, foulmouths, hung dicks, beards. Bring me to my knees full time for groups of bikers, truckers or one on one. You'll cum Buddy! Box 6347

HAIRY BEARDED MAN

in transition from top to bottom, seeks nationwide contacts with Masters who can handle a strong cocky guy needing domination. I'm masculine, 6'3" 200 lbs. and prefer macho hairy non-smokers into VA leather humiliation, bondage, spit. Also like blue collar guys and short, built daddies. Safe sex only. Box 6246LF

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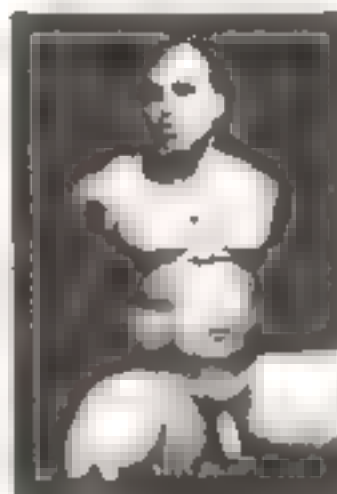
any-age young, smooth, trim, healthy, sexy fun, true to your slaveself and all others totally devoted & committed to serving, servicing, loving two stable strict sensuous, caring 9-year monogamous Master Lovers, 40, 6'2" 170 and 57' 5" 10", 165, as their permanent property, subservient houseboy obedient sex slave & know you are owned, controlled & loved. Carpe Diem! Be a good boy, get naked, get down & submit to Bill & Dick. 54 East Main Fayetteville PA 17222 (Country slavequarters near DC & Baltimore) Box 6702LF

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Handsome, muscular trim, well-built 48, 5'9", 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist-lover permanent temporary or weekend who is trim, under 45, well-built. All scenes into being face-fucked, loded trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat, C&BT, hot wax electrocution, piercing, B&D, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture to seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

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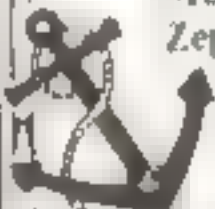
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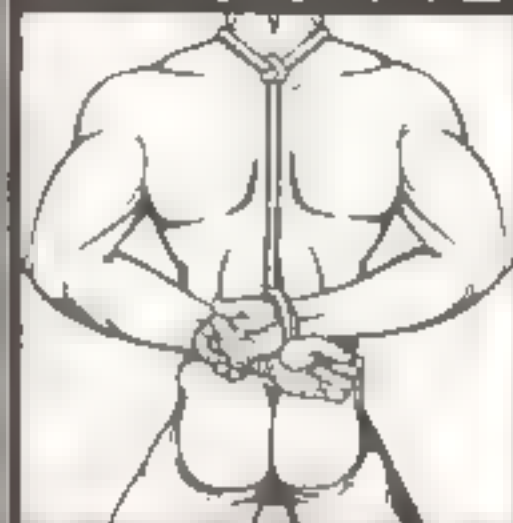
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DARK FANTASIES



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LITTLE MEN WANTED

under 5' tall. Hot hairy, bear-bellied, Italian Dad 5'9" looking for anything goes sex with hot men of small stature with big ideas. Photos, letters, and whatever else necessary to lead to meetings. Box 2251, SF, CA 94122.

40-60 YRS. SERIOUS ONLY

Tall booted, 6' 190 36, hot 8" in shape (into what, "most don't"), dig levis, leather sweat pain, tit work, oil wrestling, aroma, endurance long sessions, etc. like what you do. Top or bottom? Real men only. No feds or feds! Truckin' south, let's get it on. Jim, PO Box 53-0992 Miami, FL 33153 (6974LF)

WANTED: TRUCKER'S BOY

47 yr old trucker seeks young boy to train for ownership. Learn trucking from the bottom. Permanent only, no bullshit. Will provide what you need. Weekends—(209) 298-6527 Box 6057LF

WILD BOTTOM

WM, 43, asspussy needs asspewing from hung, in-shape tops 28-40 yrs into domination, VA, spanking, TT, C&BT, groups, shaving. Love big cocks. No scat. FF damage. Me 5'5" 130 lbs. beard, submissive. Mark (312) 989-4236, Box 25182 Chicago, IL 60625 (8973LF)

SERIOUS B&D BOTTOM WANTED

Submission scenes, bondage, verbal abuse, frat hazing, military discipline, light S&M. Bottom is muscular WM, 25-35, enthusiastic, spirited. Positives: college jocks, construction workers, intelligence, correct attitude. Negatives: raunch, drugs, BBs, excessive hair. Possible relationship or Master slave. Top is 41, 5'8" 160, HIV-neg, clean shaven. Descriptive letter w/photo, phone (6971LF)

EXPERIENCED TRAINER

wants tall, muscular men for Viking warrior slave training. Weekend or one-day sessions. Safe sex or no sex. Financial aid available for qualified trainees. Box 6969

LIVE-IN SLAVE

wanted by cowboy Master with well-equipped playroom. Master is WM, 43, 6'3", 210 Bl. Gr. moustache, hung, and experienced. Immediate relocation to New England necessary. Assistance with relocation possible. If you are not serious, do not waste my time. Include photo and phone. Box 4426LF

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE BOY

Master 33 6' 170 beard mustache. Slave 18-30 5'9" or shorter lean & tight assed. Start as a bootlicking dog, slave work hard to earn position as daddys boy. Your goal in life should be earning your master/daddys approval. Limits respected (safe). Photo-please. In Chicago. Box 6772LF

SENSITIVE TOP

seeks sincere bottom for father/son relationship. Should be 18-35, average weight, interests in all safe aspects of S-M: bondage, anal, spankings. Will help right son. Relocation necessary. Am 40 6'2", 175 lbs. brown, blue. Send picture, detailed letter to Dave. PO Box 39, Oshtemo, MI 49077-0039 (6231LF)

CAPTURED AND TORTURED

Are you young, in-shape, imaginative, and searching for dick dripping adventures? WM 30s, lean, muscular, masculine, versatile, seeks others for historical torture fantasies challenges, in safe sane, discreet, injury free atmosphere. Let's live those movie scenes, writhing, sweating, groaning, laughing it out! Send ideas, hints, photo. Box 6129LF

HOT PUP

30 year old, blond, blue, 5'7", 150 lbs. handsome, masculine, clean cut boy next door who can take it like a man seeks tough action Dad who is also man enough to love his boy. Rare find boy offers genuine commitment. See Hot Pup "ad" issue #122 for more details. Box 6742LF

SLAVES FIND THEIR MASTERS IN DEAR SM**SLAVE NEEDS JOCK MASTER**

Hot 30 year old goodlooking athletic slave seeks great looking jock, safe sane Master under 35 for part time permanent ownership. No smoke dope. Call Jeff 408) 988 1559

ASIAN/LATINO SLAVE WANTED

32, 5'4" Bear Master requires brown skin slave. You, under 35, willing to learn at the feet of the Master. Thai, Mexican or Native American especially urged to reply with photo. Write. Ron. Box 3866 Alhambra, CA 91803

SILICONE BALLS, HOT GUY

wants them. Looking for information on injections. PO Box 12041 Washington, DC 20005

DILDO TOP

seeks submissive bottoms into dildoes, V A (heavy), humiliation. Reply Box 36065 Philadelphia, PA 19112-0065

THROAT NEEDS STRETCHING

by aggressive top who wears chaps and high boots. I like stud thick cock or whatever to fill my trap. Young bodybuilders welcome. (301) 584-1190

NO SHIT

Bodybuilder blond, blue, 6'3" handsome and smart needs genuine psychological domination and behavior control from possessive, overbearing, overprotective, foul-mouthed disciplinarian who knows who's Boss—in and out of bed. No Fantasy Crap. Need man whose fist can simultaneously squeeze my balls and brain. Picture available. PO Box 36813, San Diego, CA 92116 (5077LF)

SHAVED RAUNCH PIG

5. Honda toilet bottom, 35, 5'7", 145, good-looking, into leather. W S, slings, seeks hot BBs, college jocks, muscular construction types for advanced toilet training. I will travel. Send photo, phone. All replies answered. Box 7013

SM SEX SLAVE

Goodlooking, 30, 6'2", 180, Bl/bl, cock hungry toker with deep throat, nice ass & tight body. Looking for handsome, hung, horny Master/Dad(s) into hot, sweaty leather/rubber kink. Experience & interest in all forms of Safe, Sane Serious S-M. Live in California. Relocation possible. Box 7059LF

ASS-WIPE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 35, goodlooking, very masculine, 5'6" 135, expert ass lick/sniffer seeks masculine Master for long periods of face-sitting, ass-worship. Will take any amount of heavy verbal abuse/humiliation to ensure prolonged ass face contact. Age weight not as important as masculinity. PO Box 6362, Chicago, IL 60614-6362 (Box 7058LF)

WANTED SPIRIT/SEXUAL MASTER

The Sundance and other Primal Spiritual Rites are interconnected with S-M. Looking for Master of Native American, Pagan, Santeria, or other Native Spirituality who will expand my body, mind and spirit's limits to the ultimate. Any race, age. Am centered healthy. 34 WM obedient kinky, variable. Box 7054LF

SHAVING HAIRCUTS

Young barber, 24, wants hot man into head and body shaving, crewcuts, flat tops, military high and tight. Also like bondage, heavy nipple and ball work being shaved. My clippers and razors are sharp and ready. Let's shear off some lurl. Photo and letter to Box 7052LF

DADDY SEEKS SON

Attractive, masculine, 41, blue, blond, WM, seeks a submissive obedient affectionate son. You should expect to be disciplined when you fail to live up to your potential or my expectations. Son should be younger but attitude and desire to serve are most important. If you are submissive and need discipline and love, the rest is easy. You can only begin to experience real freedom and safety when you are under the watchful eye of a caring, strict Daddy. Serious only. Write or call before Midnight EST (the number is listed) James T. Raymond, Box 10054, Richmond, VA 23240 (Box 7039LF)

DOMINANT BLACK MASTER

Big, masculine male, 25, 6'1", 185, healthy, safe/sane & goodlooking seeks white, beefy, submissive, masochistic, masculine bottom to be my Yes, Sir male bull twat and totally passive leather slave. Must be real slave, not fantasy seeking jockers. No smoker/drugs. Photo and moustache a must. Box 7037LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

GWM, 27, 5'11", 140, black hazel needs muscular Master to own me permanently. Master should be under 40 and into absolute mental and physical control. I need a strong overbearing man who will reduce me into his groveling slave animal thru severe torture, discipline, use and abuse. Box 6239LF

RAUNCHY MEN NEEDED

for tall, hot, well-hung pig slave, 34 6'3" 185. Help me reach the lowest levels of depraved degradation. My only limit is your imagination. No feds, feds or heavy pain. PO Box 1056, Boston, MA 02118

TOPS AND BOTTOMS WANTED

German couple into hard sex (S 55, 6', 164—M 43, 5'11", 155) visiting summer '89. New York/Washington D.C./California/Arizona/Utah/Nevada, looking for true sadists/masochists who we can visit for up to 2 days. Hard, longlasting safe-sex sought without permanent damages. Blackroom/dungeon appreciated. Write to: D. Zoeller Goldbekuler 38 2000 Hamburg 60 West Germany (international Postage Required)

YOUNG BOTTOM WANTED

Masculine male, 33, Bl/Brn 6'5" 230, 7 1/2" HIV-neg looking for young submissive love, inexperienced OK, into light B/D, spanking. Cock size not important. PO Box 5002, San Rosa, CA 95401

WANTED: BUTCH BOTTOM

Starving for Men in Las Vegas. You must be muscular, submissive, interested in more than fantasy fulfillment. Seeking rare find, no bullshit relationship. Photo is a must! Me: 4'8" 11", 185, short blond hair, moustache, cut, confident, masculine, emotionally available. HIV, Box 81471, Las Vegas, NV 89161 1471

JZIS & HARLEYS

Stogie chompin' old grey beard, 47, short hair, big gut, into guns & Harleys, lookin' for Dirty White Boy into same shit. Long hair, beard, tats, heavy fascist attitude appreciated. Flick required for exchange. Boxhold. PO Box 06706, Portland, OR 97208

DADDY/BROTHER

Handsome GWM 21 B 175, needs masculine Dad/brother for loving relationship. Enjoy G.P. spanking, dildoes. PO Box 6373, Dearborn, MI 48128

MASTER INTERVIEWING SLAVES

for position available. Age/race/unimpaired attitude. Master is not giving verbal abuse while spanking or whipping slave. Slave must be willing to submit. leather hood, leather gag and wrist restraints. Slave must be willing to wear Master's high top boots, lick clean leather chaps and padded leather back strap. Master is 5'11" lean hairy chest and legs, dark hair, short on the sides, long in the back, wears an ear-ring. People state that Master is a good looking dude. Box 7111

GOODLOOKING BADASS TATTOO

Real white or blue collar job sought. Unemployed rancher businessman (farmer where frequent new tattoos are condition of employment). Available December 1989. Box 7107

PAIR SEEKS THIRD

N. couple (Daddy, 40, 100% Topman & S 28, slim, kinky) seek slave/houseboy (30ish) for permanent relationship. Reward for your submission, discipline, able to live life love. Help make our fantasy a reality. Box 7105

RAUNCHY TOP

Dirty assed Marylander (WM, 37, 5'10", 180) looking for a toilet bottom as playmate. Turn-on loaded & soaking briefs, dirty jock straps, clothes odors, armpits, anal in moustaches. Turn-offs: drugs, satanism. Box 7104

INTELLECTUAL MASTER

Young 40, very handsome, trim, hair, bearded, responsible, requires extreme skinny slave 18-25 to suck my cock, balls, tits. Your crotch and armpits will be licked. Shaved. Into gentle but total mind domination of unusually shy, skinny, submissive whom will relocate and support. Worship and throw your worries away! Box 7096

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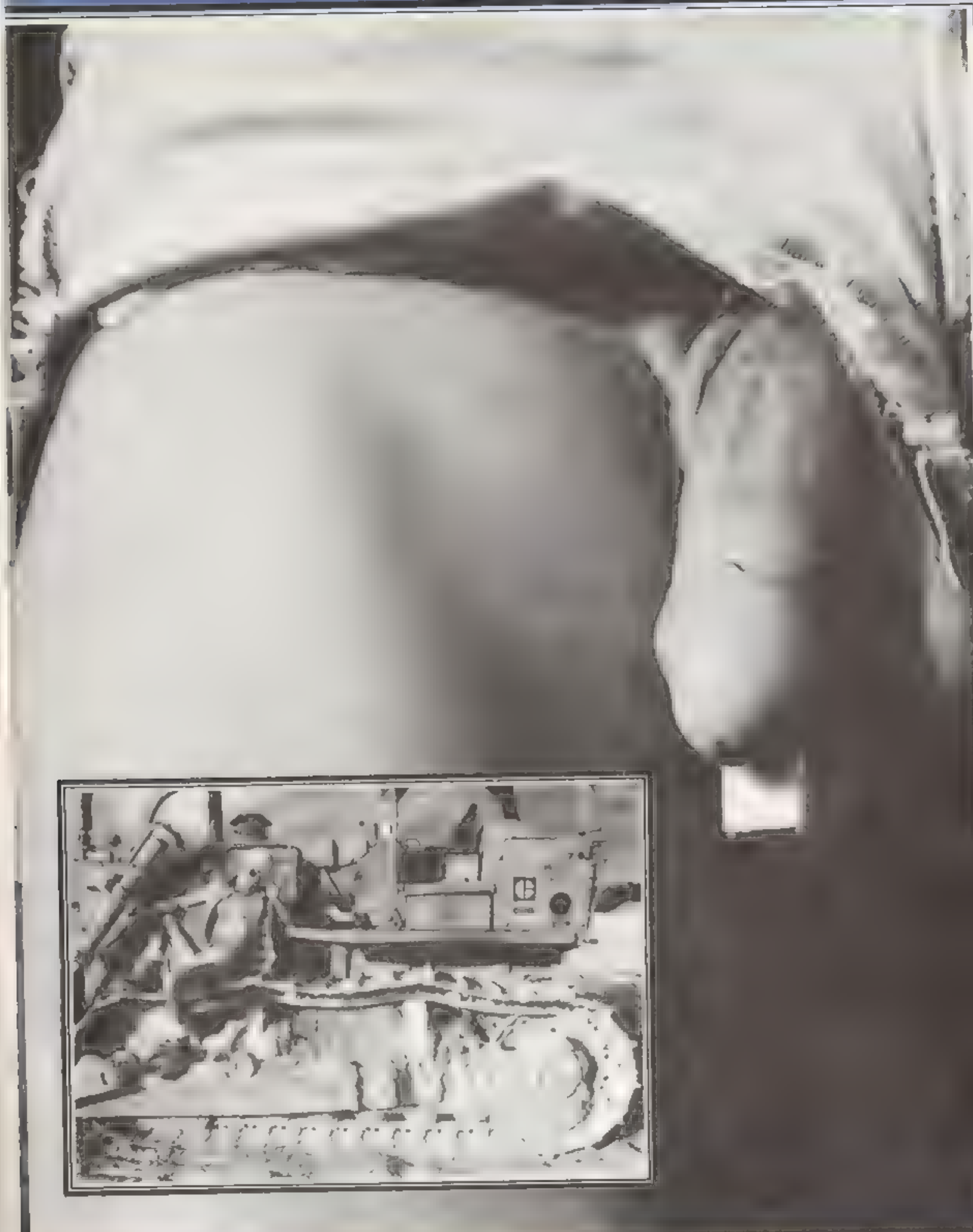


Scott Anwar
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SCOTT





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HOT NIPPLE ACTION

Masculine, moustached, muscular, hairy chest 37 6'2" 170. Titt Freak. Like having two extra dicks! Prefer them on pumped pecs over washboard abs. Connect the sensory triangle with white-hot, oxygen-giving pain/pleasure. Yeah! Flight attendant (travel nationwide Canada and Europe) Photo: phone gets same. Rick Box 6704LF

SLAVEBOY WANTED

Intelligent, caring GWM, 30, 6'1", 185 seeks young (16-28), handsome, well-built boy to be my bondage slaveboy and companion. I seek a boy to serve me and to submit to my discipline and leadership, but who will also be respected as a companion. Send photo, address, phone and letter. If accepted, will receive ticket to my Washington, D.C., home. Box 6972LF

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

ALWAYS READY FOR IT

Hot young Black bottom wants to service tough Tops. Fuck me hard and make me suck your hard throbbing cock for hours. Share me with your friends. Enjoy leather, hoods, toys, partying, groups and more. If you're man enough, write w/photo & phone to Box 6676LF

WM SEEKS DADDY-MASTER

35 5'10" 140 lbs., bl/bl, smooth. Primary relationship-oriented. Enjoy collars, CBT/TT, boot, leather service. Looking for educated, stable man to serve—hopefully on a long-term basis. SF Photo appreciated, all answered. Box 6679LF

BIG BEAR HUNTING IN THE AFTERNOON

Teddy Bear types, black bears or polar (white) bears. Big, tall hairy bears with thick fat, long dicks. Belkes a+ but not a must. I'm 5'10" brown hair and eyes, average build, and not into SM, just good old-fashioned roll-in-the hay sex. Send photo to Box 5151

LEATHERMAN WANTED

Hot! Hung! Built! We are versatile: 6', 160, 7 1/2", 23, big hands/6'3", 175, 9 1/2", huge hands, 35. Into leather games, bondage, prolonged assplay (dildoes, fucking FFA), safe sex. Your similar tastes and characteristics. Photo with letter gets our asap. PO Box 14574 San Francisco CA 94114-0574 or Box 8831LF

ASS SUCKER

Expert ass sucker. Novice pig slave needs training. Into all ass ranch, especially farts, food, stretched holes, shit smearing. Need Tops, bottoms and combinations for heavy duty ass sucking service. I need dirty ass verbal abuse, shitty cock. 41, attractive built, obedient. Please Sir send # Box 6682LF

DAD'S DAD

Hot, hairy, horny, bearded, pot-bellied 45 year old Sicilian Dad is looking for a hot, hairy, horny, bearded, pot-bellied Dad of his own to play with. Let's get together work up a sweat and then maybe teach my boy a few new lessons. PO Box 2251, SF CA 94126

"MANHORSE" SEEKS RIDER

on back or in cart. Goodlooking 33, 5'10" 140#, eager to respond to reins, whip, and spurs. MRC. Box 1256. Rocklin 95677

HAIRY SF TRANSEXUAL

Small, submissive female to male transsexual (bearded, muscular, masculine, with pussy instead of cock/balls) wants big, dominant bear for occasional/regular meetings, or relationship. I'm intelligent, employed, HIV-negative, clean, natural (without addictions, adornments, jewelry, scents, deodorants), seeking same. No scat, W.S. torture; just safe sex bondage. Box 6783LF

SADISTIC BALL TORTURE

23-year-old punk wants sadistic leatherman to tie me down and put me through the manhood ritual of brutally torturing my nuts (if I talk/submit—and then going farther! I'm 6'1", 155#, blond, athletic, 7'5" with nuts of steel! Photo. PO Box 2748, Sunnyvale, CA 94087. Box 6776LF

WEST COAST MIMICRY

Western State Tilt holder is searching Nabon wide for that special boy. My boy seeks a monogamous longterm relationship with Dad in his 40s. My boy is 20-30s, and like his Dad is creative, intelligent, intimate, sensitive, HIV Neg., substance-free, physically attractive, loving, caring, human being who believes in himself and lives his dreams. If you have the wings of a young eagle and the courage to soar with me, then apply proudly to take your rightful place by my side. Send photo and personal resume to S.F.R., PO Box 1616 Guerneville, Calif 95446. Box 6766LF

ATTENTION COCKSUCKERS

No talk, no games, no friendship, no relationship, no bullshit, no excuses, no nothing except your mouth on my dick till I'm done. Photo/phone to Box 6990

OVER DADDY'S KNEE

Little boy looking for big Daddy to tan his ass, teach proper discipline—boy knows how to please daddy, likes his ass beat with paddles, and Daddy's big hand. Then have Daddy plow boy's bubble butt. Bearded Daddies only. I'm 30, 5'6" 120 lbs., smooth body. Box 6486LF

ABUSE THIS PUSSY DADDY


Cunt bottom needs to serve horny, arrogant stud Top—red assed! Use verbal abuse, discipline, corporal punishment and humiliation to get all the ass and head you want your way! HIV- No drugs, please. Box 6477

BOTTOM SEEKING BONDAGE TOP

S.F. leatherman, masculine, white, 32, seeks experienced Top for bondage and safe SM, sex. Have toyroom and experience. I love bondage and have the facilities/equipment to do it right! Skilled "trainer" planning to visit S.F. requested to write in advance to assure memorable visit. Discretion required and reciprocated. Photo appreciated and returned on request. Box 5870LF

SAN RAMON VALLEY

Who's out there? Clean-cut, versatile GWM, 35, wants to meet other attractive, leather-oriented guys in the 580/680 area. Open to friendship, hot p/o, bondage, 3-ways, and more. Younger and/or inexperienced guys are welcome. Send photo (preferred), description, and interests. Box 6561LF



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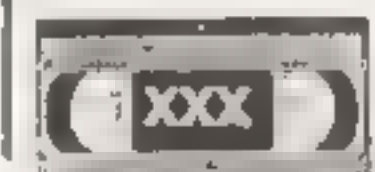
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FF TOP WANTED

Horny 38 year old hairy bottom, 5'6" 155 wants rugged, mature Top. Enjoys trips, antas, silings, playrooms, dildoes, shaving bondage. Tattooed, hairy, biker/trucker types a plus. Fantasize about porn, erotic hands, fisting ballet etc. Slip me one, then slip it all in! Photo, phone appreciated. Box 8554LF

HEY DADDY

Your Daddy is looking for you. If you are naturally submissive and have a need for guidance and direction in your life, then you're my kind of boy. Also, you must be open and communicative. Call only if you are serious. Telephone (916) 391-8755

ASS WORSHIP

Squat your hole over my face and let me clean it for you. Goodlooking husky GWM, 33 seeking man who enjoys guy down in front of him cleaning his feet, pits, balls and especially his ass. Sit on my chair and let me tongue bathe you. T/T W/S, V A too. Box 6622LF

MASCULINE, REAL

Hot masculine real pervert 40's & 6' 180# bi bi masculine sexual friendly inquisitive Top (it's what works looking for someone to each achieve potential in a mutually supportive relationship. Can be mentor big buddy, friend to honest, ethical, responsible perverted man. Let's enjoy life and each other. Assistance in relocating to California small town. Will answer all with photo, birthdate, honest letter of interests to partner. Box 8826LF

NORTH BAY DADDY

Leather/levis Masculine early 50's, 190 lbs good body, pierced lits, HIV-NEG bearded professional man looking for safe sex buddy. Experienced, versatile Top prefer 50, 50 man-to-man action for evening home sessions & camping-camping Sonoma-Mendocino. Visitors to SF wanting a break in the country welcome. Photo if available. Box 8584LF

DRUMMER MAGAZINE BACK ISSUES

Number 1 thru number 125 complete, plus Drummer Daddies 1, 2 & 3. The Best and the Worst of Drummer. Son of Drummer. Drummer Rides Again. Class of '82 and Drummer Presents the Erotic Art of Bill Ward. All in mint condition with all centerfolds included. Best offer complete. Box 5943LF

GET SERIOUS

eventually. For now let's play GWM 26 5'10" 190, muscular bearded. Mostly bottom occasional Top. Beards, big men, leather uniforms, brains, cigars, piercings, bondage (on earning trust), pain, ass beating, whipping, cuddling are turn-ons. San Francisco environs. Box 8904

HAIRY ARMED TOP

Bear Dad looking for hungry holes that just can't get enough. Photo/phone. Box 6990

NUDE HOUSEBOY-SON

sought by retired GWM for San Francisco apartment. You're 18-40. White or Oriental drug/smoke-free, submissive, obedient and affectionate. We are HIV-negative and seek permanent set up. Full letter, photo, phone to Box 6123LF

YOUNG TOP WANTED

Me: 37 5'6" 150. W/M, hairy, goodlooking professional. You: 25-35, smooth, creative into B&D, C&BT hoods, light S/M in bedroom, friend/lover out. Photo & letter gets mine. Box 6933

WORTHY MAN SEEKS SAME (NOTE CORRECTED ADDRESS)

Clean-cut, masculine, regular guy with nicely-defined 5'8", 140 lb. body, into leather, levis, B/D. would be proud to serve and satisfy very masculine, well-built, taller man capable of dominating and deserving of respect. No fat drugs, drunks, or unsafe sex. Please write Boxholder, 6116 Merced #194, Oakland, CA 94611. This address recently corrected. If previously unable to make contact, try again

FACESITTERS, PISS & JO

Goldg W/M 37 seeking hot young tops 18-35 to sit on my face. My mouth is your toilet seat and urinal. Part up my nose, shit into my mouth. Regular action possible weekends & evenings. Smoke OK. No pain or humiliation. Write: Bill S. #237, 2215-R Market St. San Francisco, CA 94114

HEY YOU

Boy seeks Man to play and tumble with. Boy is into mutual th and ass work. Boy is 24 Brn Brn 5'11", 160. Safe only and no drugs. Box 6946

EASTBAY BUDDIES 38 42

We're hot-n-horny for bearded burly men, truckers, bikers, leathermen, uniforms, for no-holds barred outdoor sex. If you have a foul mouth and good imagination, we're into balls, pits, tits, dicks and ass. SAFE. RUCK, 484 Lakemore, #190, Oakland, CA 94610

SILICON VALLEY MASOCHIST

seeks SF bay area sadist with black leather boots needing licking and who truly enjoys whipping the back, ass, belly and legs and spreading, weighting, stretching, and squeezing the balls of his partner. M is mid 40s, neg, tall. WM S must be 30-50 neg WM. Not into FF scat, WS, piercing, drugs, damage, unsafe sex. Am seeking long-term relationship with new torture Master. Box 6957

X-NAVY BOY 29 NEEDS DADDY

40+ to show me he knows what he wants and how to get it. I play hard and safe. Teach me a thing or two. Dad? Bob. 484 Lakemore #190, Oakland, CA 94610

SMALL MASTER WANTED

WM slave, 5'6" 145, seeks domination, discipline, humiliation from short/lightweight Master into body worship, arm-pits, verbal abuse, leather. Especially seek to grovel at the feet of a Black Asian Master. PO Box 6655, San Francisco, CA 94101

PLAYROOM FOR RENT

South-of-Market Bondage Playroom for rent. \$100 minimum/week. (415) 621-6294

HUMAN URINAL AVAILABLE

CK 3311 Mission Street, #35 SF, CA 94110

ARE YOU MAN ENOUGH

to be the slave you know you are? SF Bondage Master is tired of pushy bottoms and is looking for a genuine slave. Master is 43, 6'4", 220 lbs., brown hair and eyes, is heavily tattooed and is a cigar smoker. Leather, bondage, uniforms, rubber, boots and shaving are some of my turn-ons. All letters answered, but those with a photo given first priority. Reply to: 2404 California Street, #7, San Francisco, CA 94115

N. CA PUPPY NEEDS TRAINER

Training might include WA, bondage, boots TT/CBT, wax, shaving, and milk bones. Puppy can be reached at, "Puppy," Box 16, 484 Lake Park Avenue, Oakland, CA 94610

BUTCH JOCK BOTTOM

Very handsome, masculine, muscular bottom, L/L BM 39, 6'1", 178 lbs. healthy, intelligent athlete. Needs training in B/D, S&M TT, shaving, prolonged assplay, toys. Seeks commanding, imaginative, experienced Top hung and muscular. Safe and sane. Sir Photo & phone. Box 5959LF

DEPRAVED LEATHER FILTH

Freak seeks others into getting tweaked out and playing heavy leather games. Filthy talk cod pieces, W/S, B.H. boots, Nazi fantasies, rubber, fetishes, safe sex only. I'm 41, 5'11" WM. You must have leather and a filthy imagination. Send picture & detailed letter. No relationships, just occasional scenes. Box 7009

SEEKING MASTER/TOPMAN

HIV+, 50, male with playroom in East Bay seeks longterm Master/Topman for fantasy trips, CBT, dildoes, safe sex fucking & sucking. Box 7021

WANTED: MASOCHIST SLAVE

Tall, goodlooking WM, 38, leather sadist seeks part time masochist/slave. Interests: leather safe ass/face fucking, C/B/T, bondage, S/M whips, chains, dildoes, bootlickers, V-A, piss, hoods, grovelers, slapping around, sharing slaves with other Masters, motorcycles, weekend scenes. Photo, phone, specs to: Box 7053LF

UNIFORM/LEATHER TOP WANTED

WM, 33, 6' 175, boot dog needs training in care of Boots/Leather/Uniform for military LE type. Have many fantasies that need to be turned into realities. Interested in cigar smoking Tops with arrogant cocky attitude who want a bootlicker to use and abuse. B/D, verbal abuse, hoods, gags. Meeting preferred, photo/letter exchange possible. Box 3711LF

MATURE SON NEEDS SPANKING

WM, 44, HIVneg, average looking, seeks a San Francisco Daddy. If you're a mature man into giving bare bottom spankings with hand and hair brush, then write me. Daddy should be healthy and well-established. Son is very sincere and desires a relationship based on respect and friendship. I will relocate for you. Contact: Jason, PO Box 6894, Orange, CA 92613

SMOOTH AND SWIFT

OH call FS.

HEAVY SPANKING

WM, 35, seeks hand, paddle, strap, frat hazing, military discipline. Box 1821, Carmichael, CA 95609

SHAVED BRANDED SLAVE

into heavy B/D, stretching, gags, TT, CBT weights, toys, exhibitionism, prolonged ass-face fucking, etc. Seeks Serious Master to serve totally. SLV Michael, PO Box 14402 Oakland, CA 94614. Hurry.

DUNGEON FURNITURE WANTED

Dungeon furniture and gear wanted in good condition. I'm setting up a dungeon, playroom and am interested in buying good condition gear that you maybe no longer use. Not interested in toys or restraints. Please send details and phone number to RL, PO Box 31782 SF CA 94131

BAY AREA AND SO CAL

WM 40 Inn, attractive, masculine, very Montgomery Street bottom, hairy, professional, fun, kinky looking for HOT guys 20 to 40, under 6 ft, slender cocky, who enjoy all night sessions fisting, TT and whips on lun substances. Letter and photo to Box 6320LF

SM RELATIONSHIP

I'm ready to give and take in an effort to let a relationship grow. Mature, stable, serious 5'10" 170, 45. Open to most scenes. Your age, size looks, less important than your attitude. want to develop a relationship which will include intense wild, but safe action. Gary Richards, PO Box 781 Santa Rosa, CA 95402-0781

HOT BOTTOMS WANTED

Sadistic Top, 50 6'3", 185, wants bottoms, masochists into bondage CBT work, butt work, shaving, hoods, gags, verbal abuse, dog training. Well-equipped Correction Room. Letter photo. Box 7091

BEARDED COCKSUCKER NEEDED

Constantly horny for a warm mouth. I'm 26 6' short beard, 7" brown hair, blue eyes. Prefer Dad who likes to please, 30-45, healthy. Letter and photo to Box 0354, Campbell, CA 95009

HARD NUTS

San Jose WM Stud Nut/penis/nipple freak, 30s, 8', muscular. Tortures his equipment swollen and purple. Heavy pain and ext a limits wanted. know the feeling, tell me what you want. Photo with reply. Box 7058

ARISTOCRAT LORD & MASTER

wants to own a live-in butler secretary slave boy. You will be stripped, chained, and flogged until you serve me perfectly. With whip and collar I will make you become a responsive obedient slave. For starters, you must be intelligent, attractive, healthy, and completely submissive to my will. In return, you may expect everything from international travel and exotic parties to harsh discipline. I will safeguard your health, but otherwise I am a merciless, demanding Master. Box 7071

WANTED/NOW

Guy who loves to suck and to get fucked. Older Daddy 45, 190, 6' big shoulders needs safe-sex buddy 25-40. Tits, lips, loving, fun, hardcore. Photo phone. Box 7081

MARAUDING MOTORCYCLIST

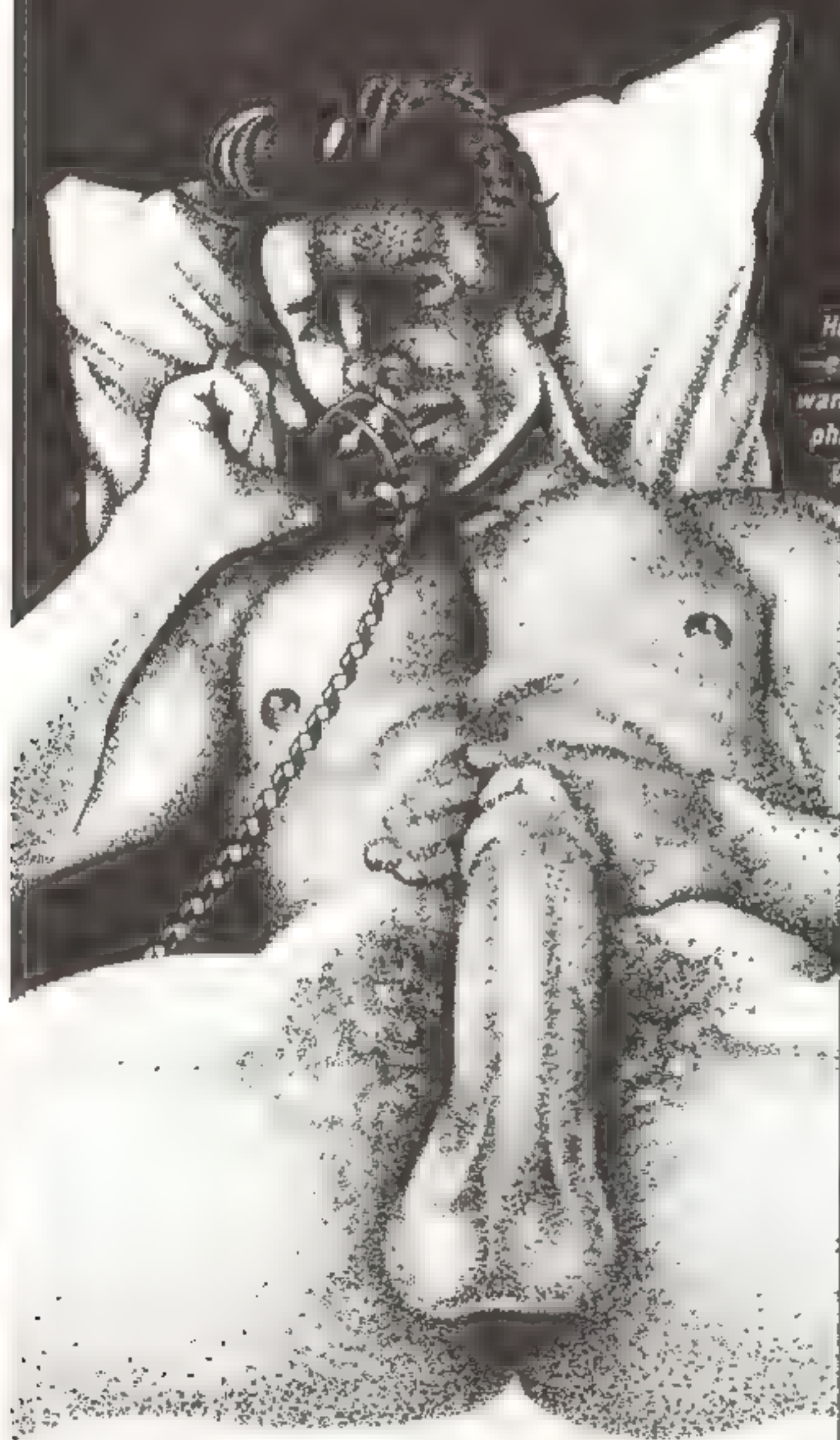
Clean-cut motorcycle rogue in full black leather tall boots 5'2" 175 32, T/b looking for same for rassin' leather. o. Sane, intelligent, masculine, straight-acting, healthy road warrior rides hell bent for leather and outdoor adventure. Need buddy for camping, rallies, good times and friendship. Photo gets mine. Box 7084

BONDAGE PARTIES

Monthly safesex leather parties. MC, Post Office Box 42501 San Francisco, CA 94101.

RED HOLE

Big Redhead with beefy butt looking for hungry mouths. Box 2251 SF 94126



Hey,
—ever felt a
warm, wet
phone
call?

...maybe it's time.

Make a free call for information to our 24-hour, live operators. We guarantee absolute confidentiality—and it costs only ten cents, or less, per minute. (Some services charge up to \$27 per hour.) You are charged *only when talking to another man*, and you will never be cut off in the middle of a conversation.

This is serious phone sex—because most of our callers take sex seriously...

 **The CONNECTER, Inc.**
1-800-666-0690



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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

HOT WHITE MASTER/TOPI/DADDY
wanted by white slave bottom. 37 5'11", 200 lbs, husky, hairy, brown hair, hazel eyes, mustache, Am into leather, levis, boots, uniforms, being G/P F A/P (front/rear), S/M, B/D, W/S, toys, tilt play Sincere only, Sir Send orders & info to Jay, PO Box 67E06, Los Angeles, CA 90067 (LF5349)

LONG THICK CIGARS/COCKS
Muscular WM, 28, 5'8", 150 lbs., wants Cigar-smoking top into leather/uniforms, bondage, and rough, rough sex. I want it hot, sweaty and abusive. We'll both scream with pleasure. You should be white, 25-45, and experienced (mustache preferred). Call (818) 889-5475 or send letter w/photo. Box 6777LF

LEATHER MAN READY
Experienced bottom, 47 into serious bondage (mummification, immobilization, isolation sensory deprivation) and S&M (CB/T, T/T, Ass/T) scenes. Safe sex only. Have a fully equipped playroom. Waiting for that special Top. No calls between 11pm-9am, (818) 843-5428 Burbank. Box 6787LF

DOCTOR NEEDED
W M. 5'11", 165, 41, slender, needs Good Doctor to give me a nude physical examination. Especially my genital and rectal areas. Must be as realistic and complete as possible. Box 6741

HOT FAT GUY
Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (213) 285-3327

WANTED
Seeks slaves and prisoners 21-35 Am white. 33, 5'11" shaved head, mustache, hairy body, sadist. Moderate to very heavy scenes in private playroom. Into whips, belts, bondage, cock & ball torture, tit torture, full hoods & gags. If in Southern California call Paul (213) 657-5327. All others send detailed letter with current picture (A MUST) & phone in: PO Box 691074, Los Angeles, CA 90069. (LF5903).

EXHIBITIONIST
33, B/W M. horny and sexy, hung and hot, built and beautiful. Experienced. Seeking opportunities. Any scene OK w. other hunk(s). Cue the spotlight, open the curtain and give me S. M. G. D. W/S. Imagination. Give (accept) the challenge, let's blow our minds. Greg (714) 499-4079 (No J/O calls) Box 6562

YOUNGER BROTHER, SON SLAVE
Very masculine Big Brother/Dad Master W/M. 43, 6'1" 200# dominant, yet protective, desires a younger brother/son/slave. Applicant must be 25-35, GWM, masculine/Levi/Western type guy, maybe living in Ontario or nearby. Letter/photo to Tom, 12475 Central Avenue, #154, Chino, CA 91710 (714) 597-8095 Box 6560LF

HOT SURFER STUD
Blond bodybuilder, 29, 6', 180, extremely goodlooking, hung and experienced, wants hot bottom for sweaty workouts and submission. Photo a must. 8721 Santa Monica Boulevard, Apt. 644, West Hollywood 90069

ESCAPED PRISONER NEEDS CAPTURING
San Diego Area GWM 31 6'1" 170 needs shackling, handcuffing, confinement, humiliation. Will become guard's prisoner and slave if I don't escape. Looking for long term confinement/relationship. I'm HIV neg and clean same a must. Send detailed letter photo Occupant, Box 1652, Solana Beach, 92075 Box 6878LF

COCKY MASTER/SON SOUGHT
by successful, trim-bearded hunky San Diego W/M 42 masculine, longer 5'10" 165, 8" Son to 5'11", slim, 7 1/2" plus, 22-37, Levi/Leather w/boots to bring Dad to his knees for discipline/humiliation, heavy cock-ball-body-boob service. W/S, dog training possible! Should like cuddling, affection, smoke poppers. White w pic if possible & phone. Box 6932LF

PRIMO ASS
Wholesome, muscular WM 30s, craves to explore his submissive fantasies of being spanked and dildo fucked. Muscular friendly stud needed as steady. Tim Hunt, 1187 Coast Village Road #134, Santa Barbara, CA 93108 2794

PWA IN VALLEY
You responded to my ad "HIV POS SEEKS KINKYBLDDY" but I lost your number. Give me a call. Randy (213) 271-5352

ARE YOU A FIST Fucker?
WM 43-6' 160# hot/deep/wide asshole seeks sensual top or versatile fist fuckers for long erotic sessions. Palm Springs (818) 321-2819

WEEKEND SLAVE AVAILABLE
Sincere, well-built young man seeks experienced Top who desires occasional, unlimited use of clean-cut, healthy slave. Can travel. Nude photo available for your inspection. Serious only. Box 6964

WEEKEND L.A. SLAVE WANTED
for naked hard house and yard work under strict overseer in exchange for heavy S/M workouts Saturday nights. Definitely not for novices. Box 7022

WANTED
Independent, marine-type Daddy/Master with a strong mind and strong hands willing to take on a recruit who is equally willing to learn the ropes and take discipline when administered. Recruit is 6'2", 190, handsome and educated. Include photo and phone for quick response. Box 7025

TOTALLY MASCULINE SLAVE
Leather/uniforms/cigars/boxer shorts/three piece suits/Levi's/boots/shut parties/name it. Sir. Me: 6'1", 185 goodlooking, masculine athletic, cock-sucking bottom, dark hair, blue eyes, 39. You: hot looking Top over 30, interested in expanding limits/trust of this very hungry, willing versatile bottom. Buzz. Box 7026

DAD WANTS PONYBOY/SON
Dad, 45, hunky model, excellent shape, 7' cut, serious but fun-loving, HIV+. Turnons: leather, uniforms, rubber spandex. Ponyboy butch. 21-25, 5'4"-5'9", must work-out, bubble butt a must, small pony cock a plus. Into bondage, spanking, body-shaving, tits, ass training, ripe armpits and heavy gym workouts. No drugs or smoking. Dad is willing to train. Boys send crotch hair, photo and phone number to Dad: Box 6996

UNCUT TOP WANTED
for body worship, scat, W/S, foot/boot licking by GWM bottom, 42 (213) 654-2741. Calls before 10pm please

SHARE THE ADVENTURE
If you are the Master of your life and want to be the Master of mine. I'm 34, bottom, husky and honest, looking for a dominant man in his 30s to 40s and successful. Looks are less important than attitude. I offer a genuine commitment to the one who can accept true submission. I don't expect perfection but I'll treat you as if you are. Sammy (714) 220-0513 (6566LF)

GLORYHOLE
Hot leather guys, 18-35, in good shape, to report to private glory hole to be serviced by a leather slave, 28, 165 5'11" just out of the navy. Very private scene. Sessions happen often, so leave name and number if not in. Call Master Paul, West Hollywood, (213) 657-5327 (7048LF)

YOUNG MASTER SEEKS SLAVE
This young cute guy wants a total bottom boy who desires to serve. You must be obedient and eager to eventually become the property of a worldly, experienced little dude who knows what he wants and will get it. Duties include my constant sexual gratification, housekeeping, paperwork and companionship. Prefer slave under 30. Box 46194, LA, CA 90046

SIR
Very inexperienced WM, 31, 5'7", 140 will submit to safe/sane Master for training. PO Box 880642, San Diego, CA 92108

ATTN: MUSCLEBOUND PITBULLS!
Four rowdy, aggressive, drama shiffin, throat hounds want to meet other campus gorillas into pumpkin weights, poundin down brews, and hillside bangin's. Box 7083

REQUEST MASTER'S INVITATION
Invite Orange County couple to your next playroom scene. Let us watch you safely play with respected limits. White, healthy, 30 and 45 to see same. Enjoy photo exchange, too. Box 7098

ORANGE COUNTY BOTTOM MAN
WM 5'11", 175, 50, younger looking, average build and looks, 6 1/2" uncut, shaved balls, looking for Top to fill needs. Will try anything at least once. Expand my limits, you take control. HIV+ Answer with picture. Box 7121LF

LEATHER/VET/HARLEY BUDDY
seeks confident, in-charge, life successful and whole person with opportunities for loyal, quality-service, respectful partnering & good mansex then trust-scenes. Graham: open spirited, self-employed, assured, malleable, tactile (42, 72", 190, atache, brown, hazel, HIV+/good health, ringed, some earned L-gear) change worthy. 175 Monroe, Pomona 91767

INTIMACY, DISCIPLINE
Want relationship with man who expects obedience. I'm 26 (look 20), 5'9", 150, brown/green, considered a "7" Interested in almost all Drummer scenes. Am independent, but would consider lifestyle change for right person. Be White, no smokers/drugs. Westminster. Please send demands to Box 7115LF

COLORADO

FIT TO BE TIED!
and ready to be abused. Novice 48, 170 lbs. hungry and submissive, seeking expert, level-headed top who respects limits to fulfill my bondage fantasy to be stripped, immobilized, tied up, chained, spanked steadily, but not brutally, till my tight, round firm buns glow, then use a condom to fuck me. Dominate with ropes, rack, paddle, whip, chains and expose my ass to heavy workouts with you and/or friends. Toys, some tilt work, but no heavy pain. No WS, FF scat, shaving drugs, damage please. Submissive and respectful, but not humiliated bottom (303) 268-4109 or Box 6780LF

YOUNG WHITE ASIAN
for his bondage and spanking. I'm GWM 61, versatile tennis, run, hike, travel. No S/M. (303) 972-4177

CONNECTICUT

LEVIS, FLANNEL SHIRTS 4x4s
Bear, trucker type, self-employed carpenter WM, 5'4", 160, 38, bearded hairy, pierced cock. Into levis, recycled bear sweat, calhuns, piercing, tattoos, piss hole work, hot wax, cock modification, electricity. Right stud will try? Blue collar, bearded blonde a plus. 06776 locale & photo/phone same. Box 6677LF

HARTFORD TITS AND ASS
GWM, 47, 6'4", 200 lbs., into DL, ass and CB workouts. Slow and long. No games, just men. Hard safe sex. HIV neg. If you are in shape and ready for the experience, write a descriptive letter PO Box 95, East Glastonbury, CT 06025 Box 6632LF

DC-METRO

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
GWM, 40, 5'10", b/bl, 160 lbs., mustache, goatse seeking other men into good kinky but safe sex, brotherhood and friendship. Am versatile and intelligent with many interests both sexual and nonsexual. Special turn-ons include tiltwork, hair tats. PO Box 234, Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4696)

BODYBUILDER SLAVE
WM, 42, 5'11" 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well built, together, longer, erotic. Learn muscular, nonsmoker, use abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of O" 9 1/2 Weeks. "Image", "Beauty" Trilogy. J. PO Box 44029, Ft. Washington MD 20744 (LF5030)

GET & SERVE A HOT MAN
Tall, masculine, slender in-shape, hung, D. Man. seeks other in-shape Men/boys. You can get lots of playing: verbal, sucking, TT, f. rimming, toys and restraints, if you are horny and work for it. Call (202) 657-6151 No J/O calls

SM TOPMAN
Well-built, quality Topman into hot, heavy but safe and sane kink-sax, 40, 5'10", 44" ch, 31" w: seeking submissive level-headed bottom men for play times in S/M, B/D, C/B/T, etc. I'm a raunch, am into responsible hot sex based on trust and man-to-man respect. Photo & photo to Box 6100LF

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HUMAN URINAL

Slim attractive, 160, 6', 39. Toilet will recycle you and your safe friends. Photo gets reply. Visitors welcome. Box 28381, Washington, D.C. 20005

FLORIDA**WANTED: HAIRY DADDY**

5'10", 175, 27' 8" cut, looking for young men (18-35) into bondage. Possible long-term relationship with guy who really knows how to fuck around in bed, make me pig wild. I've got a collection of leather toys, gear for restraint, submission & discipline. Hood gaps, etc. How about you? Ft. Lauderdale area. Box 8498LF

BIG MASCULINE MAN WANTED

Active well experienced white slave desires strong rugged hairy muscled dark complexion to dark men—in light well-worn levis, fatigues, uniforms, leather—for hot funky sex, W/S, B/D, S/M, G.F. rim. Provide your hot sweaty body, I'll do the rest. 305 324-5754

BEARDED DADDY WANTED

Orlando, 27 yo., 5'10" 195 lbs. GWM. chubby bearded shy inexperienced but am fucking horny. Looking for older chubby bearded daddy tutor type, willing to patiently teach me the ropes. Eager to be taught most everything including leather scene. Like toys, dildos, rubbers and watching X-rated videos. Box 6548LF

BONDAGE, LEATHER, RUBBER

Muscular White male bk hair br eyes. 5'8" 155 lbs. versatile, short or long term, hoods, rope, chains, etc. Wish to hear from and meet for sessions. Send descriptive letter. Box 6985

COCKY JOCK

30 year old hot jock bottom seeking aggressive guy to adjust my attitude. Top this 5'11", 160 lb. horny stud butt. Frat hazing, BB, locker room scenes, B/D, leather, service, worship and whatever you demand. Photo/phone to PO Box 18135 Tampa FL 33687

SADISTIC TORTURE SCENES

Whipping, cock, ball, and tit torture, bondage and slowly increased levels of erotic pain. Straining muscles suffering under the savage hands of a sadistic villain is the scene. I'm after WM, 42, 5'8" 145, bodybuilder. Novice needs guidance into S/M and bondage scenes by experienced S/M bondage bodybuilders. Box 7055LF

BOOTED DADDY

Daddy is 55, 5'9", slim, seeks young son Daddy into most sex, uniforms, boots, and leather A/JA member. Aids negative. Enjoys active life, gym, outdoors. Son should be aids negative, non-smoker, no drugs, straight appearing, any color or race. Photo/letter to "Sir" Boxholder, PO Box 211 Cape Coral, FL 33910 (7047LF)

RELOCATING

Mature GWM seeks affordable living share with same, anywhere in Florida. Congenial, healthy, educated, neat. W. Richter. PO Box 1107 Bronx NY 10462

A FASCINATION WITH BONDAGE! North Palm Beach submissive novice enjoys all forms of bondage including racks, slings, suspension, pulleys, complete workrooms. I'm 33, Br/Br slim swimmer bod. Exhibit me now for your pleasure. Will travel. Call Lee (407) 622-8780 6pm-10pm only

PASSIVE DADDY/BLACK SON

Submissive White Daddy (49), 5'9" 165 desires Dominant Black Son (18-35). Into uniforms, boots, leather and more. Possible long-term relationship. Box 7067

WANTED: HAIRY DADDY BEAR

Sexual Fantasy Master into non-stop fucking and other Mansex scenes, possibly leading to piercing my right tit or fisting my tight ass, by goodlooking masculine GWM, 39, 6', 195. GR & non-smoker healthy. Fulfill my submissive fantasies. Tampa Bay area. Box 7087

BLACK MASTER

30, 5'9", 182, very stern, safety oriented, seeks clean drug free, non-drinking, non-smoking lackey, whipping boy. I demand totally obedient slave, not games. Slave must be under 30, 5'4" to 5'7". Enclose photo, phone Box 7123LF

GEORGIA**SEMI-EXPERIENCED**

GWM, 38, 5'10", 155 lbs. moustache, attractive, professional, stable, mature, fun-loving, anti-bar seeks singles, couples or groups for expansion of mutually agreed upon top and/or bottom safe scenes (leather B/D, TT, photos S/M, etc.) inexperienced OK. Visitors welcome. Monogamous relationship with right person. PO Box 76125, Atlanta, GA 30358-1125 (404) 638-1688 (LF6894)

ATLANTA AREA

GWM, 32, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, has top or bottom fantasies involving rubber, bondage, dildoes, etc (no pain). Ultimately hope to enjoy a totally monogamous, loving relationship but also have need for safe experience with a trustworthy, completely honest man. PO Box 36022, Decatur, Georgia 30032 (5774LF)

OBEDIENT BOY(S) WANTED

By hairy husky Dad, 5'8" You're 21-35, trim, with profound need to surrender yourself for exhibition and frequent safe hard use. I'll provide affection, understanding, abuse, humiliation, as needed. No pain. Part time or more. Photo appreciated, application. Manservant. PO Box 52948 Atlanta, GA 30355 Box 6727LF

TWO TOPS

require burly butch for basics plus FF, WS, marathon sessions in playroom with shag. 35 stocky beard, hairy, balding, 41 slender beard, hung. Must be versatile, well hung. No ego jerks or royalty. Couples, hell times OK. Letter, photo, phone to 1821, 1579F Monroe Drive, Atlanta GA 30324 (404) 892-1581 (6572LF)

ATLANTA LEATHERMAN

GWM, 37, 5'8", 145 lbs, good-looking, pierced, bearded, professional. Experience limited. Prefer to be Top, but versatile. Into light S/M, TT, BD, porn, leather, cockrings, chaps, harnesses, uniforms, dildoes. Safe only. Let's get together in my playroom. Photo appreciated. Box 6901

ATLANTA AREA TOP/BOTTOM

Hot guy, 38, 5'11", 160, salt & pepper hair hairy blue eyes, moustache, talented hands and hungry hole seeks similar versatile guys. Box 7116LF

HAWAII**KINKY PLAYMATES/FRIENDS**

Looking for kinky bottom for safe play. Ropes, fantasies and spankings are some of my favorite things. Mr smooth, 5'10", 180 lbs, uncut m-shape top. You height/weight proportionate, 21-45 in greater Honolulu area. Beginners welcome. Send letter/photo (no photo no reply) to Box 6473LF

ILLINOIS**HORSE WANTED**

6'1 1/2", 205 lbs., 80 yr Daddy Master wants any age 220 lb+ BB or strong heavyset slave bottom to carry me piggyback on shoulders and back for strongman stunts, mutually pump iron, nauticus, swim, ride bikes, watch videos, safe sex with me. Reward is my good pec. tit, nipple play kisses. PO Box 1395 Melrose Park, IL 60160. Box 6617LF

BODYBUILDER/LEATHERMAN

Hot GWM 88 180# 5'9", brown beard, 8" thick, big balls into FF, large dildoes, balls leather, vacuum pumps, body worship. Wanted similar daddy type MEN (not boys), experienced, hairy, hung, versatile. I have equipped playroom. Letter & photo to Desk, 3161 N Halsted #2, Chicago, IL 60657 Box 6765LF

BONDING AGAIN

43, 5'11", 185, handsome, well-built, articulate, would like to meet leather brothers for companionship, social, and possibly more. Write J.R.J. 707 South 6th #508, Champaign, IL 61820 Box 6778LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTERS/TOPS

Suck, fuck (condoms), V/A, shaving, wax, dildoes, enemas, spit, piss, shit toys, uniforms, leather slings. Enjoy aroma, smoke. Slave WM 31 5'10", blond, smooth. Need limits respected and expanded. Sir please pick your pleasure and write a letter. Photo, phone preferred. Any ideas? Box 6630LF

CHICAGO LEATHER/BONDAGE

Bottom needs more experience in all hardcore sex scenes. Willing to explore all raunch and medium pain. FF top, but would like to be converted to bottom. Also receptive to companionship and traditional sex scenes. Am 25, 6' 185, hairy, brown hair, blue eyes, clean-cut. Send photo. Box 6685LF

BLUE COLLAR BUDDY

Chicago Area, GWM, bottom, 35, short, moustache, seeks experienced/responsible Top(s) for serious, restrictive, prolonged bondage. Hoods, gags, gas masks, boots, leather, rubber, uniforms, unionsuits, jocks, condoms, C/B/T play, cigars, ace bandages, duct tape, mummification, immobilization, confinement, body bags, forced/controlled cigar smoking, bondage in layers of clothes. Safe sex Only! Box 6841LF

HOT VOYEUR COUPLE

Horny masculine GWM, 40/41 seek to meet hot couples to share our sling-equipped playroom (fucking, sucking, 69). Only into watching, being watched (no contact). Interests: jocks, leather/levis, uniforms, Dad/son couples. Hairy a plus. No kinky far out scenes. Boxholders, PO Box 41-1175, Chicago, 60641 Box 6846LF

HUNGRY MALE PUSSY/CUNT

White, handsome, 30s bottom son has wet mouth, big tits, and tight pussyhole. Needs a White/Hispanic Daddy/Top(s). Son is a slut/whore and wants to be used as such by Daddy(s) and his friends. Love to be gang banged. Call (312) 338-5526 (LF6898)

DOG SLAVE WANTED

Master, 38, experienced, attractive, 6'2" blond, 190 lbs, bearded, seeking collared, boot licking dogslave, 18 to 30. Humiliation, long term bondage, caged confinement, wax, shaving, tit work, C/B torture, whippings assured. Affection, social activities provided if earned. Photo, phone letter to: PO Box 148434 Chicago, IL 60614 (LF6935)

MASTERS WANTED

GWM slave, 26, 180 lbs, 6' 7 1/2" cut, seeking muscled hung, cigar smoking Masters 25-40 for initiation into SM, BD, TT, C, BT, hoods, VA, shaving. Expand my limits Sir, while I worship your body and fulfill your needs. NW Chicago subs. Phone, photo and orders to Box 6938LF

MILITARY MAN WANTED

by short, muscular 34 year old for base gym workouts. Box 7020

BEARDED HAIRY LOVER WANTED

28 year old blond, bearded, 6'1", 200 lb hunk new to Chicago from Arizona, seeks a handsome, hairy, bearded lover who's sensitive, romantic, monogamous, will be my friend lover, and soulmate. Box 7008

SLAVE BOY WANTED

Goodlooking, masculine, WM 35, 6', 165, in shape, dark hairy, moustache dominant, seeks smooth hot slave boy for bondage and other games. Photo required. Box 7005

BOY WANTED

Top (34, 5'10" 175, bearded) seeks bottom (under 31, short slim) with moustache and tight ass for brutal scenes. Boyish looks a plus. Box 7095

INDIANA**HOT SEX**

sought with horny college jock construction, blue collar or BB types by hot blond, 35, 5'7", 135, mostly bottom into most scenes, mild to wild. I'm also an U. student and artist seeking models to photograph for my artwork. John, PO Box 5903, Bloomington, IN 47408 (6552LF)

ANYTHING GOES

Thirty five year old Master wants slave. Call (812) 424-6550

DADDY LOOKING FOR SON

Very hairy, big, dark, 27, needs boy to discipline and love. (812) 335-3141 Occasionally in Cincinnati

IOWA**HUMAN ANIMAL**

Leather Dad new to Iowa City bearded, ringed, 40 5'8", 145 questing for action with men, boys/masculine others deep FF as yoga, bondage, TT, nutcrushing meditations. Safe & sane & sincere in my needs/pursuits. All answered/considered. Now is the time. Box 5413LF

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ATTN: TRUCKERS/BIKERS/COPS

Slave 31 6'3" 171, 8" to service Goodlooking. Well built, Well hung Truckers, Bikers or Cops while passing through Des Moines, Iowa (180-135). A real dick pleaser, offers fantastic face fucking (head) and ass to Hot Macho Truckers, Bikers or Cops. Leather, Cigars, Beer Piss, Sweat Poppers, Semis, Bikes and Badges a turn-on for a gang of bikers. Truckers, or for HOT one-on-one action (safe sex only). For information and telephone number send name, address, and a photo to Lee PO Box 7223 Grand Station, Des Moines, Iowa 50303

KANSAS

FROM KISSING TO SCAT

No pain condoms for screwing. Otherwise anything goes. WS, FF 69, scat, in top and bottom 33 attractive professional and intelligent. You are under 35, honest no substance addictions, and attractive. Prefer clean shaven. Can travel KCMO to OKC. Write soon with photo and phone to box 6458LF

MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/Daddy, 37, 5'10" 155 seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy, but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good builds. The Master, PO Box 1373 Manhattan, KS 66502

KENTUCKY

NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

GWM 39, 5'5", 133, Lexington, seeks hairy man, similar age, for introduction in SAFE Leathersex. Box 7108

MARYLAND

PART TIME MASTER NEEDED

By slave/bottom with lover who doesn't like to dominate this 34 6' 175 Baltimore WM. Need to serve and service leather-clad or uniformed master (his dick boots body) as he demands. Not into FF scat, shaving. Photo appreciated and returned with mine. Sir Box 5525LF

WRESTLING BONDAGE

East Cst WM, 6'3", 36, needs challenge from a bruising BB/bully who isn't afraid to punish his opponent. The match, no rules, no time-outs, no mercy. That's real ropes, real toys, real headgames. Itchin' to taunt, torment & teach somebody a major lesson in respect? Box 6696LF

MASSACHUSETTS

HOT LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

by submissive bottom for heavy ass beating CBT VA, TT, Didos, Fantasy or reality scenes. Give me an order and I will obey GWM 38. Also into cuffs, spread-eagled, willing to try new things. You—tough, masculine, nasty. Box 6773LF

SLAVE - PET - SON

wanted fulltime by hot hairy uncult couple Master is 31 5'10" dark hair moustache, 175 lbs. His lover is 28, 6'1", 195 lbs. dark hair beard. Both UNCUT, HAIRY. Into all scenes and have well-equipped playroom with sing. Facial body hair preferred. Both men will demand love, respect, and obedience from their property. (817) 282-7196. Taps welcome Box 6690LF

LEATHER BIKERS

Healthy, fun-loving, fit dudes, 20-40. Interested in joining leather bike buddies club. Do you enjoy cruisin' in black jacket, boots, worn levis, Gauntlet gloves, chaps? Meet some good biker friends Framingham/Metro West area. Some straight acting guys. Not a sex ad. Ideas, suggestions, interests, write John, PO Box 1021 Framingham MA 01701-1021

NEW ENGLAND SON

WM, 5'9" 160 lbs. full beard, blond hair very attractive, masculine, educated in US and in Europe. Seeking dominant Father-Master type figure for an honest one-on-one relationship. Son is professionally employed, independent, and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedience, but capable of stepping out of the sex scene. Prefer mature monogamous attitudes. This is a quality ad, photo, phone will be answered. Box 6558LF

SLAVE DOG

Novice slave wishes to be claimed by strong handsome owner. Need training, discipline, humiliation. Please, Sir, make me your dog, your maid, your property. Your slave is 34 5'9", 155, attractive, intelligent. Please safe and sane only. Your slave does not drink, drug, smoke. Desire same. Box 6929LF

SPIT-SHINED BOOTS

USMC uniforms, Kiwi, camera. Box 191 Milton Village MA 02187

SADISTS

Slave craves your abuses. All scenes. Singles or groups. Box 7086

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

31 short, hairy, hot; seeks older (to 40) hairy Master into SM, BD, TT, whips, hot wax etc.? Possible relationship? Take a chance, please. Sir Box 7104

DOWN AND DIRTY

Need hot, sweaty, safe sex from aggressive Topman. WM 28, 6'3", 180, 7 1/2" cut, seeks big dick'd dominant Tops 18-45 to use me. Turnons: Blacks, Latins, leather, muscles, uncuts, piss, didos, groups, SM, BD, ball-work, shaving, aroma, bucking, getting fucked. Send letter telling me what's in store maybe photo. Box 7116LF

MICHIGAN

SON SEEKS DADDY

24-yr-old WM, 145 lbs, 5'8" attractive, seeks the guidings, discipline and affection of his daddy. Son's interests include light to heavy bondage, TT, CBT, toys w/ lots of assplay, safe sex, spankings, shaving? rubber? Son needs muscular dad who is under 45 and has same interests. Box 6832LF

SEEKING MASTER TOP

36 yr old GWM, S.E. Michigan slave/bottom seeks Master Top for T/T, bondage, discipline, humiliation, spanking and whipping, fantas and exhibitionism. Reply with photo. Box 7046LF

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WOODSHED SPANKING

WM, 29, 8'4", big muscular bear, good-looking, intelligent, amenable, needs strong woodshed Dad 35+ (Detroit area). Box 7110

MINNESOTA**SLAVES WANTED**

Fully equipped dungeon complete with demanding Master is now open for high quality experienced slaves who need BD, TT, CBT Master is 36'8", 175 bearded and hairy (612) 559-1062 No JO or calls after 11 pm) PO Box 22602 Minneapolis, MN 55422 (712LF)

MISSISSIPPI**MANHUGGING LEATHERS FOR US**

Balding bearded, booted professional lives and sleeps the leathered life. Looking for a mature, sensitive man who's also sensually attuned to balls, bikes, jockstraps, bodybuilding. Harold: mid-40s, enjoys classical music, leather-bikined yardwork, home and crafts related hobbies. Join me for a smoke/drug free beginning of leathered togetherness. POB 5172 Brixol MS 39534 0172 (LF6386)

MISSOURI**2 TOPS-HUNG-HOT-HORNY**

Looking for bottom into rough active verbal sessions in our well equipped playroom with sling restraints, mirrors and lots of toys. Turn-one bondage, discipline, cock th. ball work fisting W/S. Both 40s, 5'10", 170 lbs attractive tested neg. Dig young son/BB type PO Box 3931 Springfield Missouri 65808 JO letters answered Box 6565 LF

LEATHER RUBBER UNIFORMS

GWM, 37 5'10" 180M, brown hair, clean shaven, hairy body, trim healthy and hot needs buddy daddy mutual fantasies, only masculine, legitimate men who love man sex need respond; I want to learn from a safe hot dude what my limits are Box 6697LF

FUCKBUDDY WITH LARGE NIPPLES

wanted. Age not important if you have big nipples and a muscular body. Must be into TT SM, WS Dungeons a plus. I'm HIV positive 5'8" 150 lbs. muscular and wild. Reply with photo. Kevin, Box 753 Belton, MO 64012-0753 Box 6681LF

LEATHERMAN

Looking for another leatherman who is into the feel, smell, sight and taste of hot black leather. Dressed in leather from head to toe all the time and cannot get enough of it. Send photo with reply. all answered by 6', hung 190, 39 yo Box 6468LF

SIR! EAGER BOOT/LOAFER LICKER

wants GWM to please. Oral, no anal, safe sex. Limits respected mutually! PO Box 18736, St. Louis Missouri 63105

KC ASSLICKEK WANTS PISS

Looking for hot and nasty KC men or travellers to explore my fantasies of worship, bondage, rimming, piss, verbal abuse, slave training, asses, and light S.M. Goodlooking 29 yr old bottom wants to serve. Write with phone and photo to tell this horny asslicker what you'd like to do. Box 7033

NEW JERSEY**TORTURE TURN YOU ON?**

Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30), well built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. (201) 874-6725 after 8 PM (LF4769)

MASTER

looking for slaves or bottoms who are into hot wax, TT, CBT sucking, fucking, getting shaved hoods, FF dildoes and especially long ass play. Novice welcome. Letter, pictures and phone number to Master Ron, 302A East Beach Avenue, Brigantine NJ 08203 Box 6977LF

DAD MASTER SEEKS SON

Goodlooking Italian, leather Dad, Master 45 5'8", 150 lbs. good build dark hair, moustache dominant affectionate firm but caring not into games and Exclusively Top, seeks a one to one no bullshit relationship with a goodlooking masculine WM Dad's son slave 21-31 who is self reliant obedient submissive, into more than fantasy fulfillment and is Exclusively bottom. You want to serve Dad Master in S M B D, spankings, enemas, etc. Safe sex only. Send photo, phone, letter to Box 114 Monmouth NJ 07007

NEW YORK**PRIVATE LEATHERMEN'S CLUB**

CELL NO. K 20 28 Ninth Avenue New York City, NY 10014 (w/stairs). Meets every Saturday from 1PM to 3AM. Also meets every Monday through Thursday from 8PM to 3AM. Admission on 1K?? FREE CLOTHES CHECK AND SODA BAR BYOB. Bring in this ad for a FREE M. MEMBERSHIP. For more information stop by, write or phone: (212) 733 3144

PUSSY BOY SLUT WHORE

This pussy boy has a hot wet mouth, nice big tits and a real tight pussyhole. Love to serve and service a daddy and his friends. Love water sports and getting fucked. Especially love big black cocks. Reply Lennie Box 650, c/o DMS 132 W 24th St NYC NY 10011 (LF6389) or call (212) 367 7484

STOCKY BUTCH SLAVE

Italian 33 5'9" 210 solid very masculine cut, healthy, humpy seeks dominant, beer belly chunky brute, cut & hung, into dominating a dog collared slave. No hangups. Smoke aroma, anything else. a ok. Photo/phone to Box 6506LF

SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy heavy V-A, whippings, pleasurable torture CBT TT FF W S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced shik. Only vpps. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 58 4LF

HOT FAT GUY

Goodlooking young chubby seeks men. All scenes. Call (212) 629-1990

BIG, PIERCED TITS, UPSTATE

BERKSHIRES. Pierced, bearded Leatherman mid-thirties, 6'4" 200 lbs. handsome and in good shape into sensual and/or heavy til play and piercing. Seeks handsome Leatherman with similar interests. Box 6620LF

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CAVERNOUS SHAVED MAN HOLE

Gym workouts keep my body in shape and daily bike riding keeps my melon ass cheeks muscular and firm. This healthy 41 WM Scorpion pig's ass has a deep hungry hole that craves attention. Man is 5'7", 135 lbs bearded, pierced tits cock-balls shaved chest, ass c/b into mutual heavy ass work ass toys ball and foot fucking, L/L, mouth and tongue drool to extra special turn-on of feet boots, socks, and jocks. Absolute turn off to over weights, unexperienced, and men who only have fantasies but are unable to live them. Communicate by phoning (212) 255 3138, 7-12pm EST or write Box 1440 Madison Square Station NYC NY 10159 with photo phone description. Experience a real MAN! LF5575

LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

49, 6'1" trim, clean-shaven disciplinarian will respect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 476 LF

HOT SON BOTTOM NEEDED

by hot Daddy Top 47 BB athletic 5'10" 170 masculine, sensitive, for serious, lasting relationship into S.M. B.D. all assplay, safe Gr A, spanking. You, any race, good body, serious about relationship and commitment. Photo Phone (must) to Box 774 263A W 19 St NY NY 10011 Box 6771LF

STRICT DISCIPLINE

Men will be men and therefore, on occasion, require firm no-nonsense discipline to improve their behavior, strengthen their character or break their bad habits. Agree? If so then write this 6'2" mustached serious white male with your ideas experiences. Lives upstate does some traveling. Photo Box 6788LF

UPSTATE LEATHERMAN

Hot, leatherclad, booted man into the smelt, ass, and feel of black leather seeks same. Masculine, handsome, white, 38, 6ft, 165 blonde, mustache, good build. Full black leather jacket, chaps, gloves, boots, uniforms, muscles like SM, BD, safe action only. Poughkeepsie area. Letter phone photo to Box 6845LF

DADDY NEEDS USE

Sturdy WM 38 needs hot arrogant sadistic cock studs, jocks, bikers, mechanics, red-necks to work over use me. Muscled hung C wht stomping ball busting WM 18-20s have me as total bootlick, toilet punchbag, sick machine fuckhole. Filthy boots/levis leather forced buddy use a. Box 6844LF

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER

To train him for service in relationship centered on Master's cock with Master's pleasure, comfort, convenience to come first. Perhaps a deeper relationship will follow. Slave is rich, 34, 6'190# NYC & upstate. Non-live-in on call or scheduled to start. Box 6842LF

LEATHER UNIFORM LATINO

Macho-Handsome-Tough 30, 5'8", slim, defined, 135 lbs. Black hair brown eyes, thick stach. Wants slim handsome hung VERY Macho Top 25-45 who craves prolonged oral service in action both in Total Leather Police uniforms. Light V-A-B-D-TT smoke & aroma SS. Photo gets same! NYC & NJ & JSA. Box 6557LF

BIG TOUGH MUSCLE SON WANTED

by New York City Daddy Live in with secure stable sadistic GWM 40 and take CBT, per and nipple work, gut punching and stand on abs. Use your powerful muscles to serve dad's every need and train for competition. Ph Ph a must for this hairy bear with good build. Box 4717LF

THE REAL THING

Master 38 has opening for slave-trainee under 35. First collar and leash. Later cuffs, chains, heavy B.D. Ultimately shaving, piercing and chastity belt. You can keep your day job but you will still be my property. True commitment offered mutual respect assured. Photo phone, sincere only. Box 6678LF

PUNISHMENT SLAVE

Good-looking Italian needs correction and will service tough sane White, Black, Hispanic men in work clothes, uniforms, wrestlers, boxers, rubber 3 piece suits, leather, gut punch catheters, enemas, cock & ball verbal safe sex can be top. No phones. Tel: 1-718 SM 80-408 Dave. PO Box 150-634 Brooklyn New York 11215 or Box 6687LF

A CHALLENGE TO A REAL MASTER

Bottom passive is seeking to serve, expand and learn from knowledgeable Master's. Young acting and thinking 45, educated, blond hair and blue eyed. Wishes to continue previous training in the leather and S.M. art's. Needs to be a captive of a Master who is not bound to any rigid "method" but is able to use a good mind and willing body for his pleasure. Age and appearance secondary to ability. Based NYC, travel WNY often, other areas occasionally. Phone and photo helpful. Box 6936LF

WESTERN NY RUBBERMAN

Rubberman, 6ft 175lbs, 37 yrs old full beard and stach, pierced tits and dick needs Master lover or playmate on a regular basis. Heavy into rubber latex, leather sports gear and uniforms, water sports, verbal abuse, shaving, diapers, used rubbers, hot kinky sex. Tell me what turns you on and let's give it a try. Box 6649LF

FF BUTTHOLE STRETCHING

Wanted by a good-looking WM 33 6'3" 65 lbs brown hair eyes, moustache into idea for FF TT dildoes, looking for a top or versatile hot attractive man under 48 for good times and more. Answer with photo for fast reply. Box 6706LF

INITIATE A PREPPY!

Collegiate, clean-shaven, 28, 5'9" 150 lbs, reddish blond cut, Joe-College look. Dirty talk assplay, spanking, nipples are a turn-on. Show me how a real man jerks off. Photo required. Tell me how you'd show me a safe hot masculine time! Box 8501 FDR Station NYC 10150 6936LF

MUTUAL RAUNCH

Kissing, licking, sucking, rimming, sweating, pits, nipple stretching. 69 Total dial—no Greek, no condoms. WM pig, 45, 6'1" 185 6' cut, grey hair & beard, bear hairy, big nipples. You must be a bearded mutual pig, 35+ & into nipples. Need a steady fuck buddy lover. Box 6498 LF

MARRIED LEATHER TOPMAN

Daddy, 50 6'3" 250 lbs beard hairy, tattoos, big gut cigar smoker 6 pack drinker fat gut meat, big hangers, polar bear into CBT foreplay, TT, WS, played FF. Especially like competition BBs and bubble butts. Looking for a top bottom for weekly workouts. Photo with letter. Box 6834LF

HANDSOME GUY

Creative & masculine leatherman, 18, 6'2" 175 dark blond blue eyes, stach looking for other guys into leather and mutual FF. Stach a plus. Send letter & picture. No picture no answer. Box 6879LF

BIG DICK BLACK STALLION

wants obedient well-mannered whorlboy all my OWN! Stud's 29 6'3" 175 healthy, smooth muscled muscle sensitive edu. Not in pain, FF etc but quiet dominant, horny for white pussy! Want committed caring monogamous relationship with affectionate cocksuckers. I can love horsefuck safely. Deal honestly with our feelings needs. Your attractive understanding stable clean reliable, satisfy a black man. Sincere only! No drugs bullshit! KNOW what you want or don't waste my time. PO Box 1555 NYC 10011

SADISTIC LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need punching, kicking, choking and rough action in general. If you are not into this, don't waste my time with a letter. Phone number a must. Other Sadistic Leathermen welcome to reply. I am also open to fucking a masochist over with another leatherman. Box 4840LF

HOT NORTHERN EUROPEAN TOP

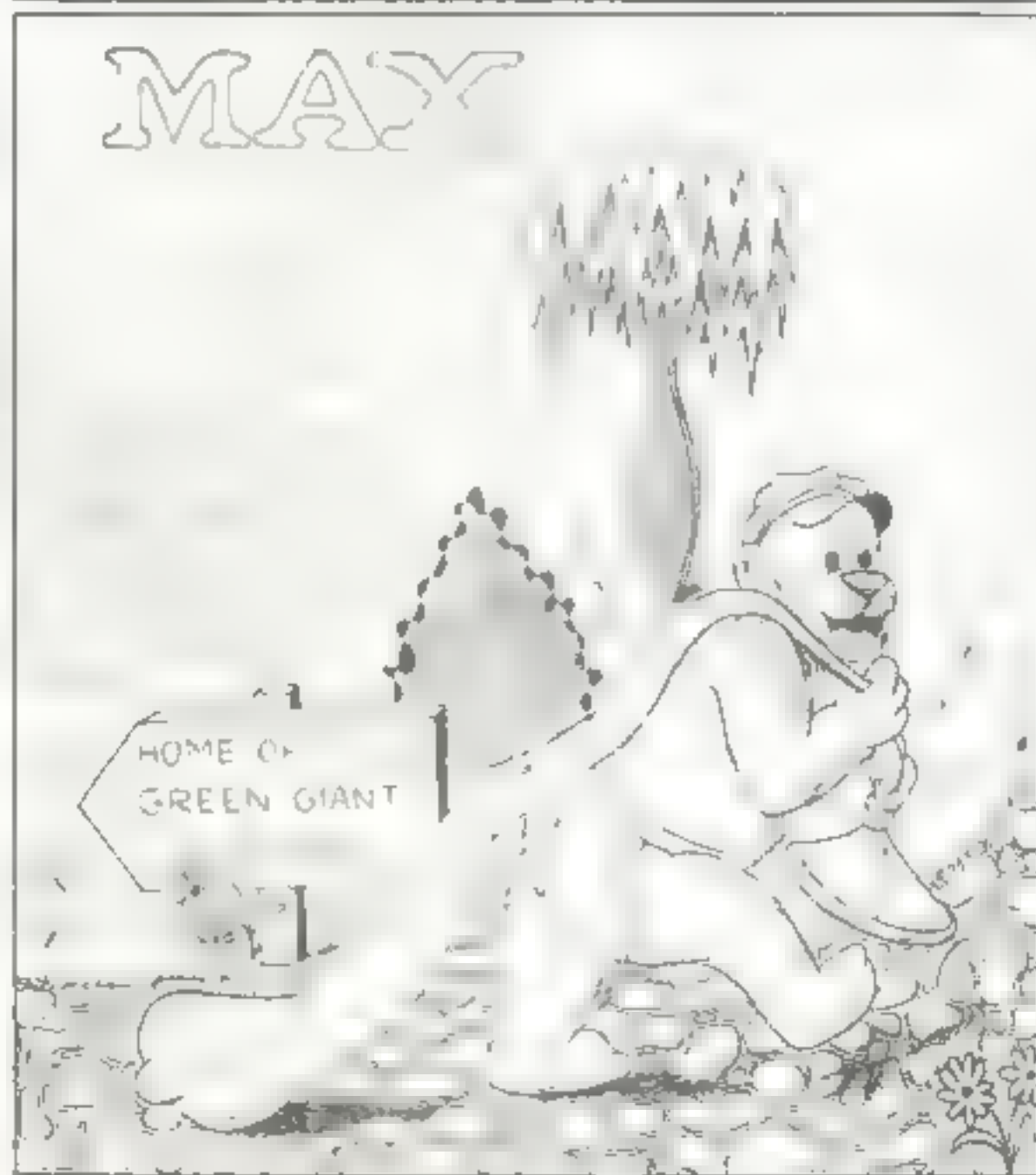
Exceptionally handsome tall blond muscled hot nipped young, hung, sadist stud seeks sexy, muscular, muscular hung hunks to command to service me. No live in, work to regular sessions, possible ownership. Phone and photo must. Box 110, New York NY 10464 6984LF

WANTED: GENUINELY DOMINANT

GWM wants to meet genuinely dominant, but understanding, not sadistic, man who doesn't need to prove his dominance by strutting in leather. Safe sex only. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Box 6991

WANTED: GENUINELY DOMINANT

This guy from Las Pampas needs someone for mutual assplay, into FF. I am goodlooking 5'9" 148 lbs. No overweights and unexperienced. Phone (212) 677 6708 or write with Ph Ph to PO Box 436 Old Chelsea Station, NY NY 10011

**SLICK HAND WILD HOLE**

NYC FF expert, 38, 155, 5'10" smooth gym bod with playroom & sling seeks trim, horny clean-cut local fist buddy 20-35 to 160 lbs into intense body worship. JO oil, smoke, aroma and great safe mutual hole action open to repeat workouts. Serious student OK. PO Box 3035 New York NY 10185

FOOTBALL TEAM CAPTAIN

Hot WM, 33, 6'1", 185, very attractive masculine, and works out, seeks tall big guy who was or wishes he were a TEAM CAPTAIN to act out sweaty lockerroom, frat-hazing foot and other explosive fantasies. Can Mark btwn 8 pm-12 mid to meet in NYC. NO phone, o) at (212) 675-7352 Box 6663LF

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An adjustable set screw allows you change the amount of pressure or Also equipped with tiny plastic covers the gator's jaws, for those who prefer a softer bite. Pair connected by a chrome chain

DIA007

\$14.00

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DIA009

Pair with chain \$12.00

DIA004

Pair without chain \$10.50

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MALE 177
Clean-cut, strict WM. 42' 6", 175, healthy, muscular trained, uncut Man-to-man action, training, discipline, TT, CBT, Manhood, uniforms, leather corporal punishment, Mutual action. Novices will be introduced, experienced. Write your needs. Photo letters will be answered the same. 263A West 19th Street M480 NY NY 10011

MARRIED PUSSYASS
31 B. 153 lbs. needs to get fucked weekday mornings by an aggressive, hung Top/Daddy. Muscular hairy, and, or uncut a plus. Box 820 132 West 24th Street, NYC. 10011

DOMINANT MAN SOUGHT
GWM seeks dominant non-sadistic man (25-55) who enjoys wearing leather or uniforms. No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Optional safe sex. Box 7027

SHAVED ASSHOLE
41 tall good shape very experienced. Long no. sessions using dildoes, give and take in shape buddies. Leather some or all. Photo phone description and fast reply. Box 6945

RUGGED MAN (28-60)
to be serviced 'safe sex only' by many GWM. I'm spankable (barehanded). No drugs, pot, heavy drinkers, hustlers. Easy parking here. SA, 132 W 24 Street, NYC 10011 Attention Randy

LAZIEST BEAR IN TOWN
Lay me back, spread my legs, and show me what your slurping, slobbering mouth is for. You're intelligent, affectionate, trusting, and needs lots of mutual intimacy and slow non-reciprocal cocksucking. I'm 43, 5'10", 185, Br Gr bearded, hairy, chunky bear. Make me feel good, and I'm yours. Box 7041LF

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of hot, wet men, groups or single, juicy assholes and foreskins, L/L, T/T, deep rim vacuum, dildoes, Top, bottom, mutual, F/F. Top 44, in shape, 5'10", 150 lbs, dick and balls. Shaved and pumped. Deep ass and mouth. No fairs or furies. Photo phone. Box 7051LF

ROCHESTER NOVICE
24, brown hair eyes, 6'1", 180, beard and moustache, into leather T T C B T shaving, piercing, B.O., watersports, needs non-smoking Master/lover who can show me the ropes but who won't mind having the tables turned now and then. Box 7045LF

EX-FOOTBALL PLAYER
Leather Master seeks slave son, 18-25 for discipline, obedience training, service, love. I'm 6'1", 190, goodlooking, 3B. Phone/photo required. Blonds and big, smooth-assed guys a plus. Andy, PO Box 20004 London Terrace Station NYC 10011

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33 year old WM, 5'11", 170, blond, blue, looking for a relationship with macho Italian PRs, others OK under 40. If you'd like a submissive guy into licking & smelling your ass, WS, light SM & affection giving, send photo & phone. Box 7109

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all June, 1989. Muscular, darkhaired bearded, early 50s, 5'11", 160 good shape perfect health (HIVneg) this leatherman wants to meet masculine hairy, kinky leathermen 28 to 50 for extensive assplay, litwork optional FF scat and mainly raunchy long running sessions. Write with photo also if visiting Switzerland Boris Rahm, Hardstr 58 Basle Switzerland (5048LF)

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European senior executive 39 1m85, 79 kg healthy, bald with short beard, masculine tough looking, no smoking or drugs, well-educated and comfortably living (presently in the Netherlands), liberal, atheist, wide cultural interests, enjoys traveling, sportive, sports-car and motorcycle enthusiast, very much into leather, mostly Top, SM (moderately) only safe playing, would like to meet leather man, 25-40, with similar wide interests and outlook on life, for friendship and pleasure maybe lasting relationship. Box 7072

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LEATHER TOP NEEDED

WM 29 5'5", 135 lbs, bottom, looking for tough demanding TOPS into S.M. B/D, CBT/T/T, whips, electricity, leather, boots, toys, play rooms, poppers, torture scenes. Anxious to expand all limits. Prefer tall arrogant Leatherman into all facets of S.M. Willing to try almost anything. Live in Vancouver but can travel. Photo is possible. Beards and motorcycle a plus. Box 6619LF

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boy 28 6'1" seeks training by sane, experienced leather Top. I'm willing and eager to learn from the right man who can extend my horizons. Interests include leather, boots, bondage, uncut men, light S/M. You 35+ fit, uncut and hairy a plus. photo appreciated. Box 6978LF

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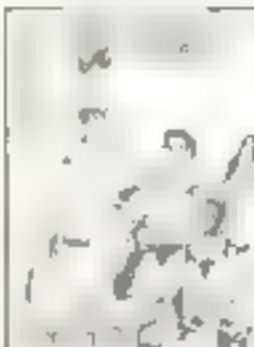
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Classics from the Drummer Archives

In 1983 Val Martin and his friend Chet were helping remodel the new *Drummer* offices when "The Kid" came along and offered to help. He may have helped with the woodworking, (the photographer didn't get around to documenting that), but Jim Moss did take an outstanding set of photos of the Kid helping to construct three magnificent hard-ons. Some photos from this shoot were presented in *Drummer* 68 and one was on the cover of *Drummer Daddies 2*. However, like the Red Dog Saloon set in *Drummer* 122, the shoot included many great photos that have never been published. We give you a few more of them here on pages 75 through 78.

And, for those of you who really appreciate these guys, and want something easier to hold in one hand, or hang on the wall, we are offering the photo sets listed here.



CDC001 The Kid Solo Show

The Kid slips down and shows off his lean hard body for the hunky daddies, stretching his torso and working up his legs.

CDC002 Val Shows Him How

Val appreciates the Kid's show, beating him and jerking him. Then he joins the Kid for a mutual jerk as the two contrast and ripple and clisten and...

CDC003 Chet Gives the Kid a Ride

Chet enjoys the show, banging his hard hairy body and masaging his meat. Then he joins the Kid on a stairway and lifts his fist under the eager ass to deliver a promise of things that might be.

CDC004 Three on a Balcony

All three join for a cock sucking tit-squeezing free-for-all that includes the Kid jerking on Val's balls and the two older...

studs dangling the Kid over the edge by his heels.

CDC005 Three on the Floor

A Bud break. Then the Kid learns his place on his knees between two hard sets of thighs and two hard rods of meat while Val and Chet appreciate each other above him.

Each set includes eight 5x7 black and white prints. \$10 each set or all five sets for \$45. Include \$3 S&H per order.

In November 1988 Tony DeBlase of *Drummer* and Mikal Bales of *Zeus* were judges at the Mr. Leather New York Contest. Before it was over, both of us knew that Gerard Gunner was the man we most wanted to see writhe in bondage. A few days later it came to pass in friends Catskill dungeon. Gerard writhed in rope and sweated and screamed for the video and still cameras of *Zeus* as Daddy Tightropes and Fledermaus each used him to demonstrate their bondage techniques.

Gunner in color and motion and sound can be found on *Zeus Tightropes V* video, reviewed on page 83 of this issue. Still sets of Gunner are on pages 79 through 82. Photo sets are available from both *Zeus* and *Desmodus*. Our sets, listed here, are similar to those offered by *Zeus*, but there is no duplication in actual photographs. If you want every photo available of Gunner, order from both of us!



CDD001 Gerard Gunner—Down to Earth

Body T...

CDD002 Gerard Gunner—Spread-eagled

Fledermaus has bound Gunner to a St. Andrew's cross, tight enough to hold him secure but loose enough so that he can writhe and work every muscle in his massive body as he flexes and pulls and twists. Then he is turned to face the...

cross, rebound with leather straps, and shows off the rippling muscles of his back and ass.

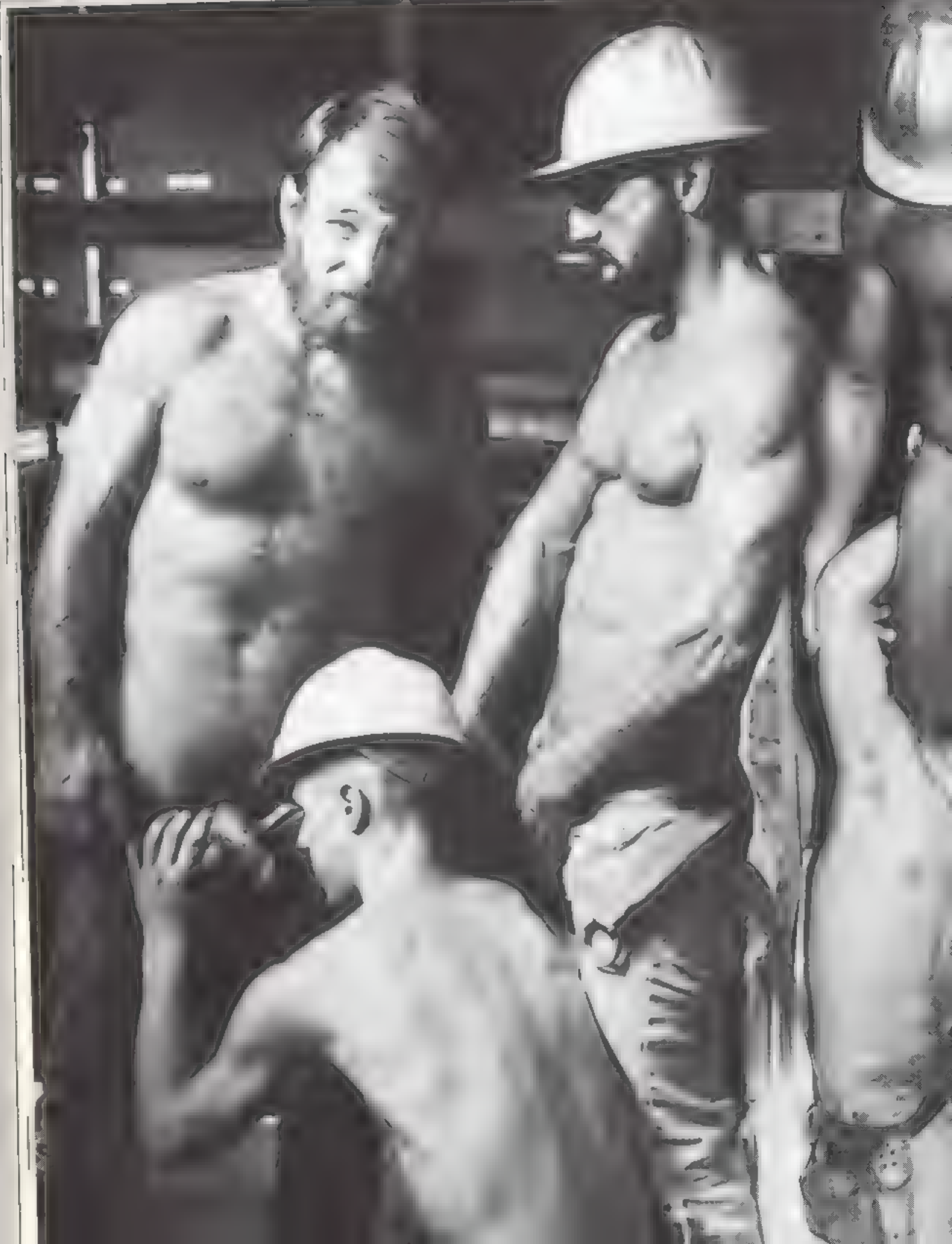
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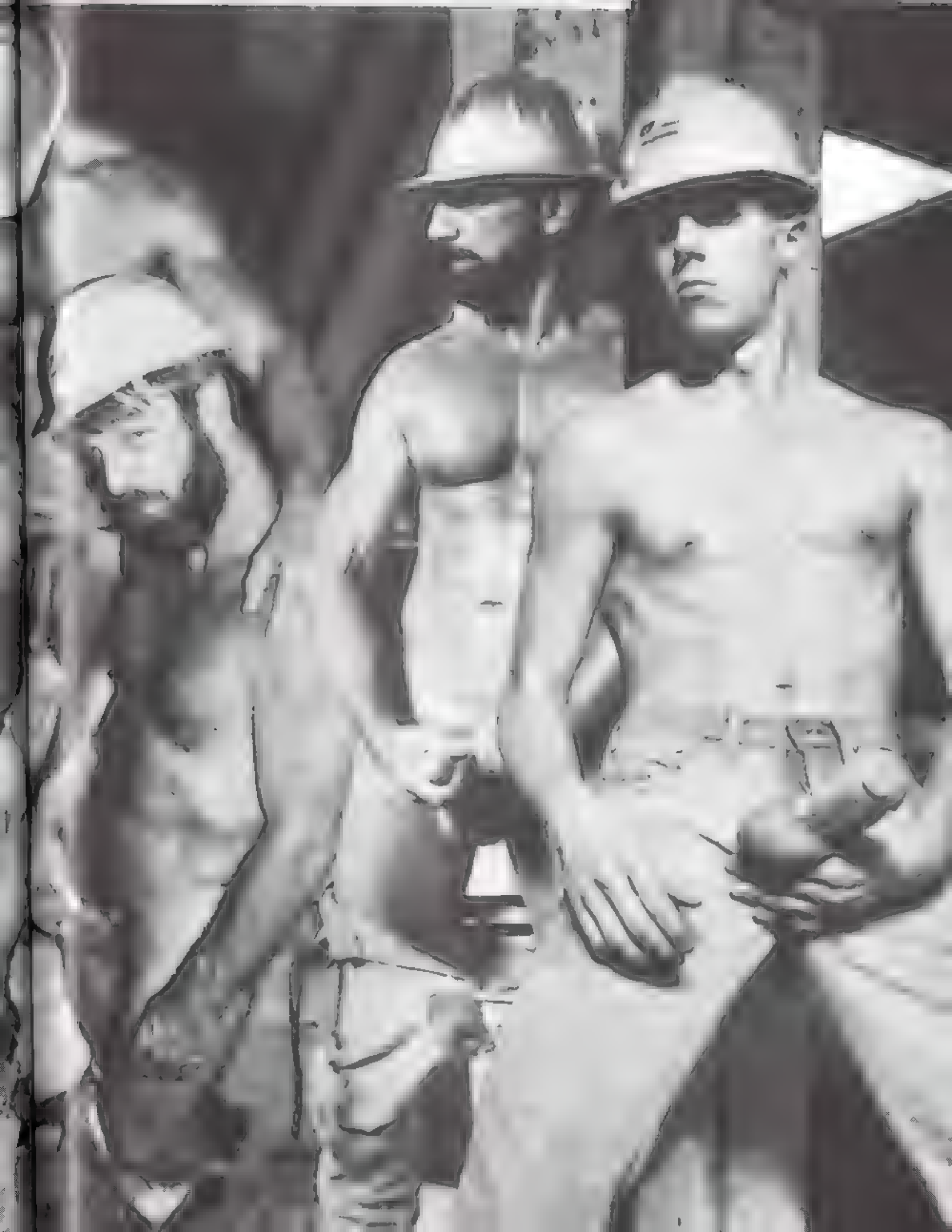
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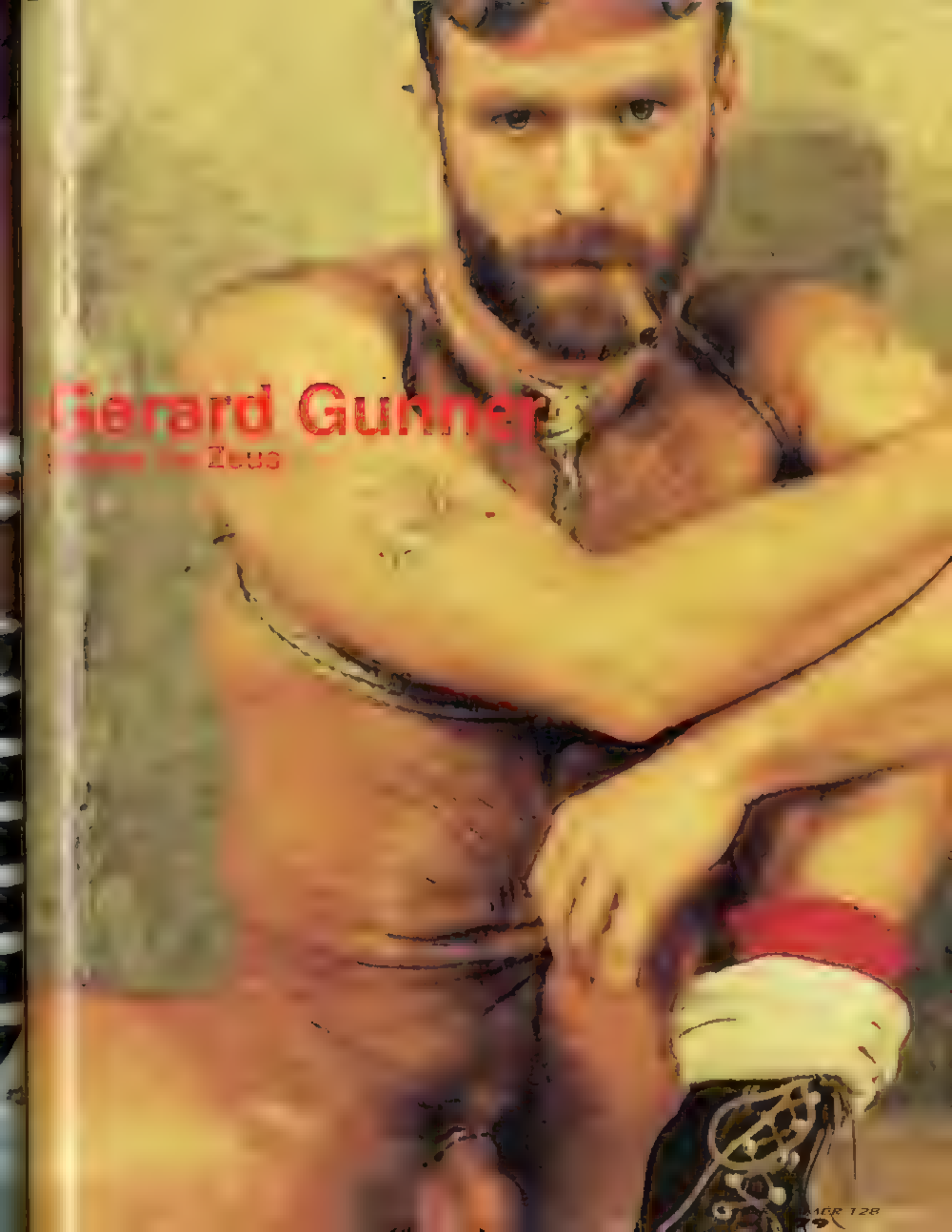
a classic from the *Drummer* archive
photos by **Jim Moss**





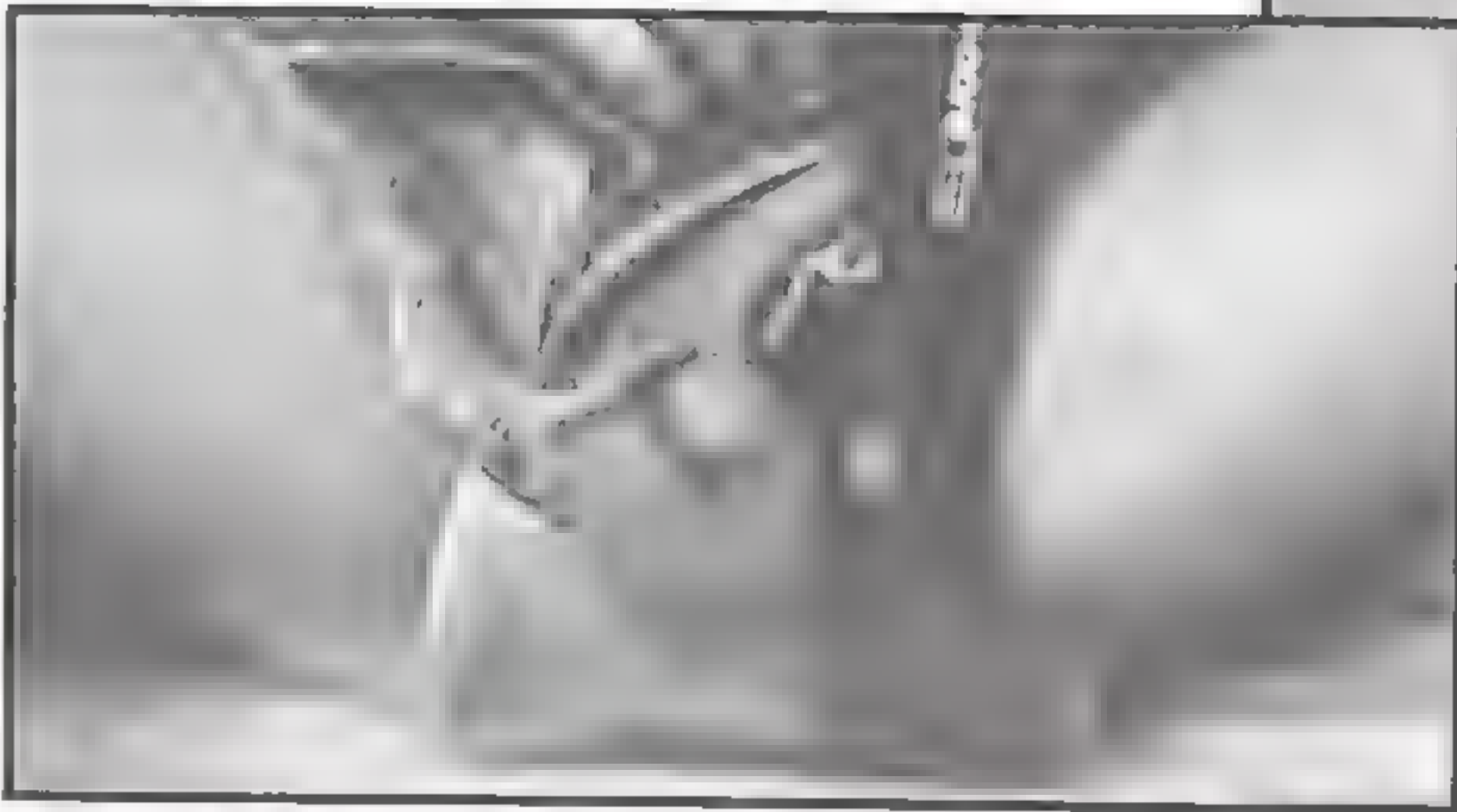






Gerard Gunner

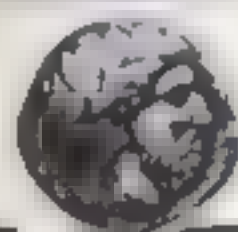
Issue







DRUMMEDIA



The Zeus Collection

TIGHTROPES V

ADMIRABLE RESTRAINT

*Walkin' on a tightrope
One side's hate and one is hope
And the altitude really gets to me*
—Leon Russell

If you thought that the dirtiest thing going on these days in the Catskills was tepid retro-hetero dancing, get a grip! Wait'll you see how those two fun-seeking ropemeisters, Mikal Barnes (Daddy tightropes) and Tony DeBlase (Fledermaus), spent their time in the mountains. "Tightropes Five," the latest in Zeus' series of bondage performance art videos, delivers a lot of bondage, two strong performers, and, as a visualization of the eroticism of struggle, can be called a work of art. Yes, and with a straight face.

Having been accused in the past (by myself, among others,) of photographing ineffectual "Designer Bondage," where extremely sexy, muscular men inexplicably choose to struggle against bonds that they could all too easily untie, Zeus took no chances this time. I found all the bondage presented in "Tightropes Five" (and there are a number of interestingly varied sequences) to be completely authentic. No fakery here.

The tape is divided into two sessions, each focusing on the agony and the ecstasy of a particular model. And here is where Zeus has been doubly blessed. In the end, the appeal of the video is going to



rest heavily on the appeal of these two men. Do they have enough originality, enough energy to transcend the static nature of being tied up, and make it compelling for an observer to watch? Fortunately, both Gerard Gunner and Rusty Behrman are dynamic, creative performers who really writhen to the occasion. (Forgive me!

The first session, entitled "Daddy Bear" features Gerard Gunner, this year's second runner-up to Mr. Leather New York. I'm sure that my colleague and world-renowned Bearologist, Paul Martin, would put Gunner (at 5'10" and 185) on the light end of his Bear Scale, but it is his perfectly patterned and abundant chest hair that wins him his Bear Credential. In this, his first professional experience with video, Gunner emerges as truly hotter than a pistol. His eyes burn into the camera, and reflect several emotions at once in a single mercurial flash. In the beginning of the tape, he's all tease in Mikal's trademark rope harness, taunting and toying with his captor. "What are you gonna do with me when you get me all tied up? Gonna suck my balls?" He slowly sheds this smug air when he finds himself possessed in Bondage by Fledermaus, spreadeagled back across a St. Andrew's Cross, his hairy muscles held by fifty feet of hemp. There is a marvelously exciting moment when, after some hopeless struggling on the rugged cross, Gunner just goes apeshit! Snarling, storming and spitting at the camera, he slams the cross around with a genuine desperation and vehemence amazing in a first-time model. By the end of his session he's begging to be fucked, and he manages to do so in a manner that will not turn off those viewers who are impressed with his bearded, butch solidity. He takes it like a man to the very end.

DRUMMEDIA



The Zeus
Collection





TIGHTROPES V



TIGHTROPES V



The second session features "personal Zeus bondage boy" Rusty Behr as "Daddy's Boy." Zeus' advertising states that "Rusty is a show boy, a boy courtesan exhibitionist trained to display himself. . . to shamelessly serve himself up to you in the most sexually audacious manner possible." This is not mere hyperbole. In fact, if I were casting a film version of Aaron Travis' erotic epic, "Beirut," I could think of no one more perfect for the Marine-turned-boyslut than Rusty Behr. He has a persona that allows him to walk that tightrope between man and pussyboy, and never to appear too coy or feline. He has, like Melanie Griffith in "Working Girl," a bod made for sin—nipples that know their way around, a fabulous ass, and flesh that photographs like a perfectly ripe, juicy peach.

The beginning sequence of Rusty's session features him naked, face-down on a "floating" bondage board. I had some trouble with this portion of the tape, largely due to Rusty's prolonged whimpering. For a few too many minutes, he runs the emotional gamut from boo to hoo and back. I know that this will be erotic to some viewers, (in fact, it is obviously a part of the erotic game between performer and director,) and yes, the kid is playing a Daddy's boy. I only know that every time I watched the tape, someone said "Stop snivelling!!!" and reached for the remote control, and it wasn't always me.

After the faucets are turned off, things improve immensely, and I was particularly impressed with the final sequence, where Rusty is bound to an "electric chair" and forced to watch an intense off-camera pain trip. He more than matches that intensity, allowing all the torment of the scene he's forced to watch to play across his face.

I found this to be a very successful innovation in style for Zeus, an outfit that deserves more credit for its recent risk-

taking. After doing the same thing very well for a while, it is not always easy to find the guts to "tamper with success." I think this is the best of the "Tightropes" series, and I look forward to the next one.

Ken Kissonoff

CLASS IN CURRENT "EVENTS"

EVENTS

I'd buy any magazine with "Iron Mike" Pereyra on the cover. Period. And I suspect I'm not alone, as sales of the premiere issue of *FirstHand Events* are reportedly going through the roof. This first effort is devoted entirely to features on the history, present and future of the International Mr. Leather Contest, and is easily recognizable on your newsstand by its handsome glossy cover of magnificent Michael flexing his hairy pecs.

FirstHand Ltd. has created this new publication to promote, in the words of publisher Jackie Lewis, "the positive image of the gay community at play. The more serious events are well documented in the gay media, but only scant attention is paid to achievements on various other fronts, impressive in their own ways. It is our sincere hope that *FirstHand Events* will fill that void."

IML is an inspired choice of subject for a publication of this kind, with its ten years of successful showmanship, and its unique tradition as a debut for men who have eventually become powerful spokesmen, activists and fundraisers for not only the leather community, but the entire gay community as well. This is, after all, the event that has given us Patrick Toner, Scott Tucker, Colt Thomas, and "Iron Mike" among others. We're talking very positive role models here, folks.

The highlight of the magazine for me is the extended and highly readable interview with Michael Pereyra on the many unexpected paths that led him from senior class president to leather titleholder. Far from the usual fluff piece, this interview conducted by Lou Thomas and Bob Lewis really acquaints the reader with the rewards and the consequences of being IML. At the same time it is a revealing closeup look at a young man who is the perfect man for his job, and who is having the time of his life providing a positive image of leathermen to the world at large. Mike's personal philosophy matches the thrust of this publication perfectly: "Each of you needs to be very proud of who you are, no matter who you are, and that you are perfect today, just the way you are. Love yourself and the people around you, and be the very best that you can be." Accompanying the interview are a number of luxe color photos of Mike (a few are a little dark and shadowy, but as a staff writer for *Drummer*, I'll be the last to criticize

anyone's photo reproduction!) and the conversation and photos alone are worth the \$4.95 cover price.

But there's a wealth of material here for those who've never been to IML, and wonder what all the fuss is about, as well as for the contest devotee who already knows who was Mr. Podunk Leather in 1982. Dom Orejudos once again demonstrates that he can articulate in words the objectives of the contest he co-founded with the same artistry he brings to designing the IML poster as the artist Etienne, and with the same keen eye for talent that serves him annually as head judge for the event. Perhaps only one other individual could speak as definitively about the origins and ambitions of IML, and that is Chuck Renslow, the celebrated Chicago entrepreneur who for ten years has been the driving force behind the contest. While Chuck himself does not contribute an article or memoir on the experience of seeing IML grow over the years, there is a highly intriguing piece on the entire "Renslow Family." As a perspective on a successful alternative lifestyle arrangement and as a picture of the harmony and creative fulfillment that can exist in gay business, I found this to be fascinating reading. In addition there are articles on B stro Too, the new venue for IML, on the point of view of a judge in a leather contest, and on the Village People, who entertained at the 1988 contest and are back for another fifteen minutes of disco fame.

FirstHand Events has a lavish assortment of color photography (Jack Star's shots of contestants and luminaries at IML 1988 are particularly gorgeous.) Besides the aforementioned spread on Mike Pereyra, there are great color shots (showing dick!) of Brian Dawson, 1988 second-runner-up and of Dan Davis, a contestant who did not place, but who remains a riveting photo subject in any event. I count thirteen full pages of advertising space, which may seem like a lot for a 68-page publication, but since this is an entertainment magazine, it seems like a perfect place for gay recreational businesses of all types to advertise. More to the point, the mag is so full of variety, great pictures and stimulating reading, that I think it's a real bargain at \$4.95.

The next issue of *FirstHand Events* will be devoted to the International Gay Rodeo and should be available in Mid-April. Succeeding issues will focus on Mardi Gras, IML '89 and next year's Gay Games in Vancouver, B. C. After seeing the superior job they've done with this premiere issue I have high hopes for their coverage of these events. To be frank, I would never have dreamed that an entire magazine could be devoted to a single event, and not descend into trivia. I am very glad to be proven wrong. This is a concept that works beautifully.

Ken Lackey □

Mr. Drummer 1989



A hint of things to cum Ron Zehel, Mr. Drummer 1988-89, shows a hint of things to cum in Drummer 130 which will be available in July

The March begins in Montreal

Ron Zehel is still enjoying his reign as Mr. Drummer 1988-89 and we are still enjoying watching him do it. But the process of selecting his successor has already begun with the first regional contest of 1989 held in Montreal on January 28 when Danny Beck was selected as the first Mr. East Canada Drummer.

The contest, sponsored by MC Faucon as a part of its annual Twelfth Night Banquet was the first in eastern Canada and only the second Mr. Drummer Regional ever held in Canada (last year's Mr. Northwest Drummer in Vancouver was the first). In the Montreal contest the entire audience served as the judges, awarding votes in three areas: Jock-Strap, Attitude & Personality, and Erotic Fantasy.

Second runner up was Romeo Castinette, who presented a fantasy in which he was walking in the forest by night, met a man lurking behind a tree and started getting to know him better. Then a third man joins in and the two overpower and rape our contestant. The second runner up, Jacques Oliveau presented a long demonstration on how to use a slave in saran wrap.

Danny Beck's fantasy began with a construction worker cutting a 2x4 when his foreman (Beck) came up and began yelling at him. They fought and as a result the worker ends up tied to the sawhorse with his t-shirt and jeans ripped. The ever popular Family Jewels were freed and the foreman began to suck them as the worker begged to be spared the humiliation. At this point the foreman became angry with a heckler in the audience and turned his attention to that man dragging him to the stage, ripping off his clothing and replacing the construction worker on the sawhorse with the heckler. The hot scene was appreciated by all!

There were few contestants for this first Mr. East Canada Drummer because it was new to the leather men of Ontario and Quebec and they were not yet ready to go onto the stage and act out their fantasies. But in time, they will! MC Faucon is now working on that!

MC Faucon also sponsors the Mr. Montreal Leather contest and were the sponsors of Michel Rousse in the Mr. Mid-Atlantic Leather contest in 1987. Michel won that contest and Centaur MC sent him on to Chicago where he placed as first runner up in International Mr. Leather. So watch out Drummer readers, for the MC Faucon and their winners!

We thank Denys Onil Allaire, President of MC Faucon, for the above report.

The Family Jewels & the REAL THING

The Family Jewels referred to are the amazingly lifelike dildos formerly manufactured by Elite of Kansas City. One of these was used with great success by Mr. Drummer 1987, Mark Alexander, in his cop cruising fantasy and another served the same purpose last year when Ron Zehel enjoyed his role as pledge master on stage for the Mr. Drummer Contest audience.

You can compare the Family Jewels to the REAL THING, at least with respect to these two Mr. Drummers. Mark had an exclusive contract with Colt so we could not have our way with him, photographically that is, and the photos Colt made available to us kept this desirable bit of anatomy under cover. However, there is one revealing photo of Mark and many of other great leather hunks in *Colt Studio Presents* issue #11, subtitled "A leather tour de force" (available from SSCo for \$12.50 + \$2.50 S&H). As for the current Mr. Drummer, Ron Zehel will expose the rest of his amazing set of physical attributes in Drummer 130, an issue dedicated to "A New Generation of Leather" which will be available in July. Since I've had a chance to examine the photos in detail (and only the photos Damn IT!) I can give you fair warning that Ron's REAL THING is a very close match for the spectacular Family Jewels!

Regional Mr. Drummer Contests

Regional Mr. Drummer contests are being organized all over the place. Many have not yet fixed dates and/or sponsor's contracts are not yet finalized. However, the tentative lineup is given below so you can plan to enter, or to attend

Mr. New England Drummer will be selected in Boston

Mr. Northeast Drummer will be selected at the DK Zone [Paddles] in New York City on June 24

Mr. Mid-Atlantic Drummer will be selected on July 29 & 30 at the Palladium in Wilmington, North Carolina. Again this year this will be part of a four day fund raiser including a Leather Fashion Show and Auction on July 27, Educational Seminars and a Mid Atlantic Drummerboy contest on July 28 more seminars and the first part of the contest on the 29th and the contest finals, followed by a Mandance on the 30th. Again RES Productions is sponsor for the weekend and various events are being hosted by C.O.M M A N D. of Baltimore, Conquistadors MC of Orlando, and Menamore MC of Wilmington MC will be current IML, Michael Pereyra, and IML 85 Patrick Toner. The judges will include eight of the current Mr. Drummer regional titleholders as well as Ron Zehel and renowned erotic artist, The Hun. It sounds like a HOT time in the southland this July! For information send a SASE to Drummer Contest, c/o A. Francis, 8605 Eaglewind Dr. Charlotte, NC 28212, or call Robert at 704/339-0679

Mr. Southeast Drummer will be selected this year in Atlanta in a contest sponsored by the Eagle on June 18

Mr. Florida Drummer is a new title created this year for a pendulous state full of leather men and leather organizations. The contest will be sponsored by the Parliament House in Orlando on July 10

Mr. Midwest Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals sponsored by Spurs and held at The Dock in Cincinnati

Mr. Great Lakes Drummer will this year be selected at the regional finals in Chicago

Mr. Great Plains Drummer will again be selected at the regional finals at the Windjammer in Kansas City

Mr. Texas Drummer is another new title created for a state full of men who wear leather, both black and brown. While the name is Texas we welcome men from Louisiana, Oklahoma and anywhere else to also enter and show that they are up to the Texas competition. The Mr. Texas Drummer contest will be sponsored by Shades of Grey leather shop in Dallas.

Mr. Southwest Drummer is a long established title but this year it is moving further to the southwest and will be awarded at a contest sponsored by and held at the Bum Steer in Phoenix. We welcome the Bum Steer and the leather men from Arizona and New Mexico into the Mr. Drummer march

Mr. Rocky Mountain Drummer will for the second year be selected in a contest in Denver sponsored by Galerie Leon

Mr. Southern California Drummer will be selected on April 22 at Probe in Los Angeles

Mr. Northern California Drummer will be selected on June 11 in a contest sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions and held at Dreamland in San Francisco

Mr. Northwest Drummer will be selected in Seattle on Aug 12. This year the contest is sponsored by the Seattle Dungeon Guild. Local contests in Vancouver, Seattle, Portland, and possibly Boise are also in the works

Mr. East Canada Drummer is Danny Beck, selected on Jan 28 in Montreal at a contest sponsored by MC Faucon. (see above)

Mr. Europe Drummer should be selected later this year at the Eagle bar in Amsterdam

Mr. Australia Drummer still has no sponsor but we are again hoping to convince Australian leathermen to organize and send a "down under" representative to the "up over" competition



photo by Tim August

Mr. East Canada Drummer Danny Beck was selected on January 28 as the first representative of eastern Canada in the Mr. Drummer contest finals

Mr. Drummer Finals

The Mr. Drummer contest finals and show are again scheduled for Leather Pride Weekend in San Francisco, September 21 through 24, 1989. Festivities will begin with one of Alan "Mr. S" Selby's fantastic Fetish and Fantasy nights, this year scheduled for the Endup, a much larger location. On Friday night there will be a Leather Pride dance sponsored by Up Your Alley Productions. On Saturday night the Regional Mr. Drummer winners, the hottest leather men from around North America, will present their wildest fantasies for you at the Mr. Drummer finals contest and show. Then on Sunday as a grand finale thousands of leather men and women will mingle on leather's main street for the Folsom Street Fair.

To receive detailed information on Leather Pride Weekend and the Mr. Drummer contest finals as soon as it is available send a SASE (self addressed stamped envelope) to Leather Pride Weekend, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101

-AFD



THANKS, TOM
FOR INVITING ME
TO YOUR CLUB.
I HAD A
SWELL
EVENING!

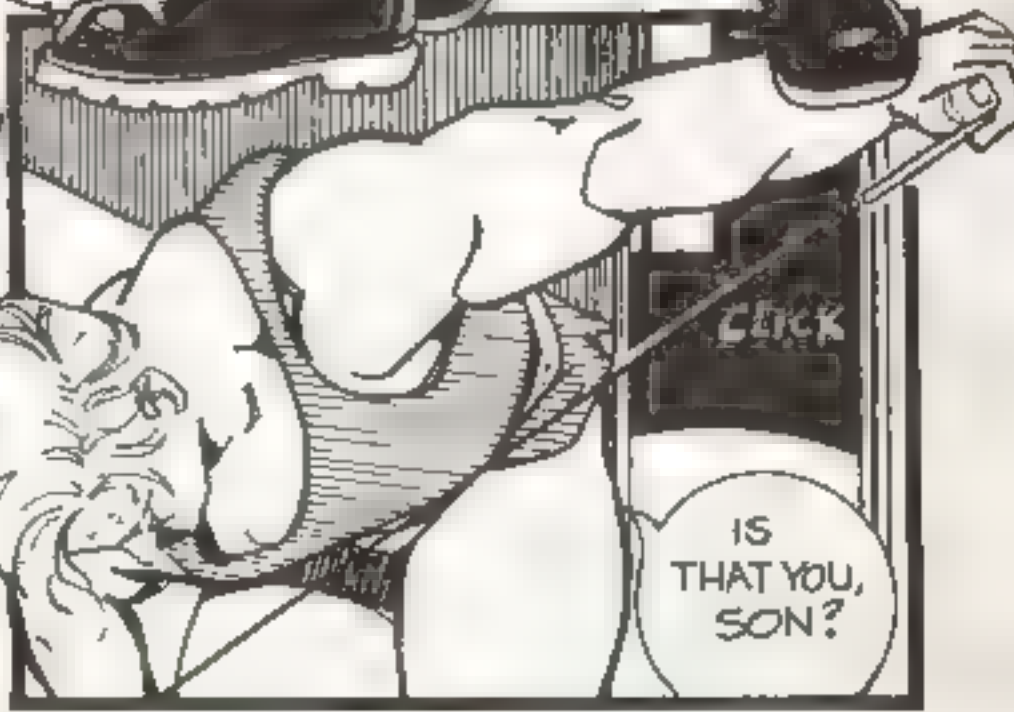
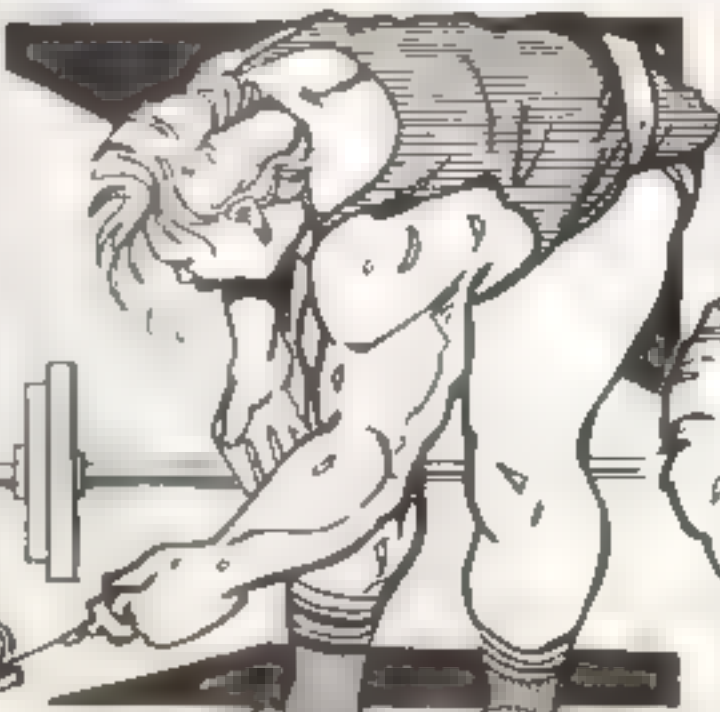
SEE
YOU
AGAIN
SOON,
DRUM!



GREAT
BUNCH OF
GUYS.



I'LL GET PA TO GO
WITH ME NEXT TIME



IS
THAT YOU,
SON?



DRUM?

DON'T
MOVE!

UP AGAINST THE
WALL, MISTER-
MONEY I WANT
MONEY!

I'LL SEE HOW
MUCH IS HERE
BEFORE I
EXPLORE
ELSEWHERE...

STAND STILL - KEEP
YOUR HANDS ON
THE WALL...DON'T
MOVE - WHERE'S
YOUR WALLET?

MY WALLET
IS IN THE BACK
POCKET OF MY
TROUSERS OVER ON
THE CHAIR...THERE IS
ALSO SOME LOOSE
CHANGE...

WHAT'S THIS?
A BADGE! A COP'S
BADGE! YOU'RE
A FUCKIN'
COP - A PIG!

SPREAD THOSE
LEGS WIDER,
PIG!

ALL COPS
ARE
ASSHOLES!

BUT I'VE NOT
SEEN A COP'S
ASSHOLE UNTIL
NOW!

A FUCKIN
COPPER... I GOT
MYSELF A
PIG!

TAKE
EASY,
PIG!

I AIN'T YOUR
SON, PIG!

TAKE THAT
ROD, PIG! HOW
WOULD YOU
LIKE A COUPLE
OF BULLETS
UP YOUR
SHIT-HOLE?

ON YOUR KNEES,
PIG! MAKE LIKE
A DOG!

I'M GONNA FUCK
YOU, COPPER...
DON'T TRY
ANYTHING OR I'LL
BLOW THE BACK
OF YOUR HEAD
OFF!

...OR BETTER STILL,
MY COCK UP YOUR
TUNE. YEAH, SOME
THING TO TELL MY
MATH'S ABOUT... THAT
I HAD SOME LOUSY
COP ON THE END OF
MY COCK BEGGING
FOR ME TO...

TO BE CONTINUED!!!

LEATHER NOTEBOOK

Dear Larry,

I am a university graduate student, working on a doctorate. Although Psychology is not my field, it is for several of my friends. Thus, on those cold winter nights, we have had a number of discussions involving our diverse fields of endeavor (All involved are gay men, by the way.) I was appalled by the recent assertion of one psych candidate, to the effect that "women are basically masochistic," going into some detail to argue his point, that their "normal" position in sex for instance, is subservient, and therefore any woman who enjoys sex must at the same time enjoy submitting, etc. I was so surprised at his statement that I did not know how to answer him, and even after giving his remarks some thought I find it difficult to counter them on the grounds of his own logic. Would you be able to enlighten me?

Still Learning / NYU

Dear Still,

Although I have stated on many occasions that I know very little about women, my own reaction to this type of statement—which I first heard several years ago, was much the same as yours. I was sure it couldn't be true, yet found it a difficult point to argue in light of Freud's having expressed the same opinion—based on much the same logic as your friend (who was probably quoting him.) Well, any prominent shrink who expressed such views today would certainly be in deep shit. I would remind you that Freud lived in Austria during an age when women's place was summed up as "Kinder, Kirchen, Kuchen," (German for "Children, Church, and Kitchen".) He never had to face a Gloria Allred, or even a Nancy Reagan. While one might argue that the reversal of roles, wherein the woman dominates the man, is simply a perversity of our society, I think that this same social evolution has worked its effect on both men and women. We know for sure (as *Drummer* readers if for no other reason,) that not all men are sadists; thus it is difficult to claim that the reverse of the coin is also going to be true. For a good argument on this, try Paula Caplan's *Myth of Woman's Masochism*. Or drop a line to Pat Califia at *The Advocate*. She'll straighten you out!

Dear Larry,

I have encountered the word "androgynous" several times recently, in various pieces of gay writings, and I've looked it up in the dictionary. So I know it means having the characteristics of both sexes. But I'm wondering if the writers are using it correctly when they apply the term to a person who is physically normal; i.e., he has all the proper male parts and none of the female. Doesn't the term also imply that the subject is hermaphroditic?

Curious / Milwaukee WI

Dear Curious,

I think most writers in using the term are making reference more to the person's psychological make-up than to his physical being. The *androgyne*, of course, was the bearded woman of Greek myth, so by this very narrow definition one might expect some physical anomaly as well. I don't think the general usage implies this any more, and words mean only what the users perceive them to mean.

Dear Larry,

I'm 26, and sexually active in quasi-SM type sex. I have recently been approached by a small film maker, who wants me to star in a new flick (tape) he wants to do. Although he is not asking me to do anything I don't normally do, and he assures me that he will observe all the safe-sex guidelines, I'm concerned that I might get infected with the AIDS virus. After all, I don't know ahead of time who he is going to pair me with, and I'm not all too sure that once he gets me on the set he might not try to embarrass me into doing things without the proper precautions. What do you know of the practices generally accepted as standard on a porn filming? Would I be within my rights to walk out on the whole thing if I don't like what they are asking me to do?

Actor / Los Angeles CA

Dear Actor,

Your body is yours to do with as you please. If you really want to do this tape, I'd say to go ahead and do it, but make sure your producer understands ahead of time that you will insist on safe sex in every aspect of the filming. Then, if he fails to keep his promise, get out. I'm not

sure, reading between the lines of your letter, if you have some fear that you may be physically restricted and unable to cut out. If that's the case, insist that some trusted friend also be present, who can get you out of any situation you can't handle yourself. I will say, though, that all the producers I know anything about are very concerned with health safety. You'll notice the use of condoms and germicides in most new tapes being released today.

Dear Larry,

I have been employed as a technical writer for most of my working life, and I enjoy what I am doing. But for a long time I have had a yen to do some S&M stories. I don't know much about the market, whether I'd make much money at it, assuming my things were good enough to get published. I really don't care so much about that, since my greatest pleasure would just come from seeing my stuff in print. My biggest concern is whether the re-election of a conservative administration—with its power to appoint judges and thereby twist a number of laws—is going to put me in legal jeopardy if any of my things do get published. Can you advise me on this, at least from the basis of your own experience, not as a lawyer—which I know you're not.

Jerome / Tampa FL

Dear Jerome,

The powers that be have not succeeded in busting the written word since the infamous James Joyce persecutions several decades back—which isn't to say they might not try again, and might not pull it off. However, the danger to a writer seems to me to be minimal. It's the guy who publishes the material—especially if he illustrates the publication with photos—who is going to be in greatest danger. Even so, there is some very gross material up front that no one does anything about. I don't see that a guy who simply writes an erotic story should have to worry much. But I can tell you, you won't get rich.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him c/o *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.

LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

USA/CANADA CLUB LISTINGS A-L

Club names marked with an asterisk (*) are new to this listing or have an address change or correction. Club names listed in regular type not bold face have had no returned from the address listed, if you can provide a correction please do so.

S/M indicates a men's club with a primary interest in S/M. W indicates a women's leather S/M club. Mixed S/M indicates an S/M club that includes men and women, heterosexual and bisexual. J.O. indicates men's jerk off or masturbation clubs. F indicates a special interest or fetish club, such as ones specializing in fisting, uniforms, bondage, wrestling, mud, etc. IFN is used for clubs that are primarily national or international, whose main activity is publishing ads or a roster. They may or may not have periodic meetings. FC is used for clubs that primarily meet locally for activities, even though they may have a national or international membership. The nature of the special interest is usually evident in the name. No special indication is placed beside Leather Levi-motorcycle or social clubs for men only.

M/W indicates the club has both men and women members. X indicates those organizations that we want to list, yet which do not fit into any of the above categories.

If any club wishes to change its listing, please let us know. Send new listings or updates to Club Lists, P.O. Box 1114, San Francisco, CA 94111. Corrections of incorrect addresses or defunct organizations will be appreciated.

The USA & Canada Clubs S/M & W are listed in the following order:

- | | |
|--|---|
| *Ace
PO Box 261
Annen Station
Providence, R 02901 | Atlanta Skin Solidarity
(A.S.S.) SM
PO Box 56074
Atlanta, GA 30341-0074 |
| Adventurers—Suncoast MC
PO Box 8043
St. Petersburg, FL 33718 | Atlantic Motorcycle Coordinating Council
160 Overlook Ave.
The Devonshire, #1A
Hackensack, N.J. 07601 |
| American Leather Federation
PO Box 5074
Phoenix, AZ 85010-5079 | Atlanta MC
PO Box 54748
Atlanta, GA 30308 |
| American Uniform Association (AUA)
PO Box 1007
Rising Green Station
New York, NY 10274 | Atoms of Minneapolis
PO Box 2012
Dodge Center, MN 55402 |
| *American Uniform Association (FL)
Chicago Brigade
PO Box 804675
Chicago, IL 60680 | Avalar S/M
7869 Santa Monica Blvd, #316
Los Angeles, CA 90046
213/669-3102 |
| American Uniform Association (FL)
PO Box 86086
N. Vancouver BC
V7L 4J5 | Ball Club (FN)
PO Box 1501
Pomona, CA 91769 |
| *Aquila MC
PO Box 4097
Agnews Station
Santa Clara, CA 95054 | Barbary Coast MC
PO Box 14251 Station G
San Francisco, CA 94114 |
| Argonauts MC
PO Box 1131
Los Angeles, CA 90078 | Baton Rouge/New Orleans Wrestling Club (FL)
840 Hearshstone Dr.
Baton Rouge, LA 70806 |
| Argonauts of Wisconsin
PO Box 1285
Green Bay, WI 54305 | Battalion Motorcycle Corps
PO Box 19 227
Dallas, TX 75219 |
| *Arizona Power Exchange
Mixed SM
Formerly PEP Arizona
58, N. 6th Avenue
Suite 113-76
Ginnale, AZ 85301
602-848-8777 | Beer Town Badgers
PO Box 166
Milwaukee, WI 53201 |
| Arizona Rangers MC
PO Box 13074
Phoenix, AZ 85002 | B.C. Wrestling Club (FN)
B.C. Enterprise
PO Box 529
Huntington Beach, CA
92655-5291 |
| | *Black Fire S/M
Box 964
Downtown Station
Syracuse, NY 13211 |



Rob Neyts, Mr. Northwest Drummer '88, displays the Dr. Tom Waddell Trophy which he has commissioned as a donation to the Gay Games. The trophy will be awarded for the first time to the most outstanding participant at Gay Games III in Vancouver, B.C. and will be passed on to similar honorees at future Games.

ORGASM

Oregon Activists of S/M (ORGASM) formed in March 1989 with the stated purpose of serving the entire S/M community, including providing a well-equipped well-organized, Safe, Sane and Consensual

Sexual Dungeon space in the Portland area. Fundraisers are scheduled for April and May and for information on further ORGASMic activities, contact Andy Mangas at 503/228-6935 or Maggie Briggs at 503/284-4174.

USA CANADA CLUB LISTINGS A-L

Black Guard
PO Box 8989
Minneapolis, MN 55418

Blackhawk MC
125 12th St
Rock Island, IL 61201

Black Star MC
c/o The Loading Dock
1111 S. Orange Blossom Tr
Orlando, FL 32809

**Blazers Leather/Levi
Association**
PO Box 3166
Venice, FL 33493

Blue Max Cycle Club
PO Box 233 Main Station
St. Louis, MO 63166

Blue Max MC
PO Box 39522
Los Angeles, CA 90039

Boots (FN)
PO Box 48577
Hemlock, BC
595 Burrard St.
Vancouver, BC
V7X 1A3 Canada

Border Riders MC
PO Box 21152
Seattle, WA 98111

Bound & Determined (W)
PO Box 602
Hadley, MA 01035

Branding Iron Club
PO Box 190471
Dallas, TX 75219

Briar Rose (W)
PO Box 44
Westerville, OH 43081
Brotherhood of Man MC
PO Box 57
Hollywood, FL 33022

***Brotherhood of Pain (SM)**
PO Box 66183
Houston, TX 77266-6183

Buccaneers MC
1901 Waters Edge Dr.
Carter, MS 39553

Bucks MC
PO Box 99
Buckingham, PA 18912

Button Up (FN)
501 Levis Club
PO Box 65643
Los Angeles, CA 90065

***California Cyclemen MC**
c/o George Teschendorf
343 53rd Street
San Diego, CA 92104

California Eagles MC
PO Box 14665
San Francisco, CA 94114-0665

California Motor Club
Box 981
San Francisco, CA 94101

***Capitol Leathermen**
13 San Jacinto
Austin, TX 78701

Castaways MC
PO Box 1697
Milwaukee, WI 53202-1697

***Celestial Kneede Cuir**
50 Haight Street #402
SF, CA 94102-5743

Centaur MC
PO Box 24
Washington, DC 20009

Centurions IL MC
c/o Tradewinds
717 Franklin Rd
Roanoke, VA 24061

Centurions of Columbus
PO Box 09208
Columbus, OH 43209

Cheaters MC
30 Hancock St
San Francisco, CA 94114

Chicago Cossacks
PO Box 2512
Chicago, IL 60690

Chicago Hellfire Club (SM)
(Windy City Hellfire Club, Inc.)
PO Box 5426
Chicago, IL 60680

**Chicagoland Discussion
Group**
(Mixed SM)
PO Box 25009
Chicago, IL 60625

Cigar Studs (FN)
PO Box 742513
Houston, TX 77274-2513

Cincinnati Chaps
PO Box 3104
Cincinnati, OH 45201

Cin City Cycle Club
PO Box 1151
Cincinnati, OH 45202

City Bikers MC
PO Box 4816
Denver, CO 80209

The Club (SM)
PO Box 1292
Omaha, NE 68101-1292

Club Mad (FN)
PO Box 277
Rio Nido, CA 95471

C.M.S.
2635 Collier
San Diego, CA 92116

**Cockroaches Club of
America (FN)**
PO Box 723
Sun Valley, CA 91353-0723

***Cogent Warriors (W)**
2261 Market, #250
SF, CA 94114

Colorado MC
441 Knox Ct.
Denver, CO 80204

**Colorado Gay Rodeo
Association (X)**
PO Box 2558
Denver, CO 80201

Coh 45a
PO Box 66804
Houston, TX 77006

**Committee to Preserve our
Sexual & Civil Liberties (X)**
PO Box 1592
San Francisco, CA 94101

Companions Club
PO Box 2301
Philadelphia, PA 19103

Conductors Leather Levi
PO Box 40261
Nashville, TN 37204

Conquistadors MC Inc.
PO Box 5591
Orlando, FL 32805

Constantines MC
PO Box 4964
San Francisco, CA 94101

**Copperstate Leathermen's
Association**
PO Box 44051
Phoenix, AZ 85064

Corshaulers
416 1/2 E 5th St
Des Moines, IA 50309

Corps of Rangers
PO Box 1952
Los Angeles, CA 90028

Corpus Christi MC
PO Box 3512
Corpus Christi, TX 78463-1512

***Corpus Christi Rebels**
PO Box 3921
Corpus Christi, TX 78463-0921

***Comic Order of KA**
1907 Elm St #1811
Dallas, TX 75201

Country Men
PO Box 1362
Dearborn, MI 48126

***Cowtown Leathermen**
PO Box 3494
Fort Worth, TX 76119

C.S.C.M.C.
1320 N. Stanley
Los Angeles, CA 90046

D.A.D.S. (FN)
PO Box 573
Winfield, IL 60190

DAD/S (Mixed SM)
PO Box 76
Denver, CO 80020

DC Wrestling Club (F)
PO Box 1205
Washington, DC 20004

de Sade and Men
PO Box 71426
New Orleans, LA 70172

***Deal Leather Outreach (X)**
231 S. Brandt Ave
Santa Cruz, CA 95062

***Defenders of Mithra**
2605 SE Woodward
Portland, OR 97216

Desert Leathermen
PO Box 1586
Tucson, AZ 85702

Diablo Devils (SM)
PO Box 27672
Concord, CA 94527

Diaper Pail Fraternity (FN)
Suite 164
1020 Bridgeway
Sausalito, CA 94965

Disciples of de Sade (SM)
1920 Cedar Springs
Dallas, TX 75219

Drizzles (SM)
PO Box 1486
Boston, MA 02111

***Dukes MC**
PO Box 3111
Durham, NC 27704

Eagle MC
3311 Luddy Ave
West Palm Beach, FL 33416

Empire City MC
PO Box 2543
New York, NY 10001

***Entre Nous MC**
PO Box 984
Boston, MA 02111

ENLGM (FN)
2329 N. Leavitt
Chicago, IL 60647

The Eschewer Society
(Mixed SM)
PO Box 2783
Grand Central Station
New York, NY 10013

Excelsior MC
PO Box 1386
New York, NY 10274-1130

***EX-COPS (Former Law
Enforcement Officers)**
PO 16813
San Diego, CA 92116

Falcons MC
PO Box 23023
Kansas City, MO 64141

**Fall Festival Association,
Miami Chapter (F)**
PO Box 500
FL Lauderdale, FL 33302

FFA, Tampa Bay (F)
1230 East Mopac Ave
Tampa, FL 33604

FFA, Washington DC (F)
PO Box 461
Washington, DC 20044



Photo by Tim Mullen

The reigning Mr. Montreal Leather, Andre Lemieux, will pass on his title May 6. The contest is sponsored by MC Faucon and the winner will represent them in Chicago at IML over Memorial Day weekend.

TEXAS DOINGS

The Brotherhood of Pain, The Ripcord, and Leather By Boots have announced they will sponsor Wes Decker, Mr. South-west Drummer 1988 and this issue's coverman, for this year's International Mr. Leather competition

NY "LEATHER PRIDE NIGHT"

Kicking off New York City's Gay Pride Week '89 is the 6th Annual "Leather Pride Night" benefit, to be held Sunday, June 18th, 1989, at Paddles, 540 W. 21st St., NYC

Sponsored by Gay-Male-S/M Activists (GMSMA), Heritage of Pride, The Gay and Lesbian Alliance Against Defamation, and many local Leather-S/M organizations, bike clubs, and businesses, "Leather Pride Night" is a benefit for Stonewall's 20th Anniversary celebration and GLAAD's media walk/hiding project

For information, call the GMSMA Information Line, (212) 727-9878

S/M-LEATHER CONTINGENT

All Leather/Levi/S/M organizations and individuals are invited to join New York City in celebration of the 20th anniversary of Stonewall and its message of pride. The S/M-Leather Contingent in New York calls on members of the S/M-Leather community to be highly visible in the celebrations, especially New York's Gay Pride Parade on Sunday, June 25. Wear your club insignia, leather, uniform, or whatever is appropriate, and make sure your group is represented with its banners and signs. Bike clubs, both male and female, should register their vehicles with the parade organizers to ride in a special section at the front of the march. The S/M-Leather Contingent can be reached at Suite 4118, 1120 Avenue of the Americas, NY, NY, 10036, or call Barry Douglas at (212) 989-4692. Celebrate diversity as well as pride!

DREW NICHOLAS—JIM WARD

Drew Nicholas, photographer and writer, and Jim Ward, master piercer, celebrated their love and mutual bond in a Wiccan ceremony, including the signing of a permanent slave contract, at San Francisco's SM House February 24, 1989. In attendance were many men and women of the leather and fairy communities. The reception included cake and S/M, as those present were invited to stay and play.

We at *Drummer* wish them joy and continued happiness

EXCOPS CORRECTION

The address for EXCOPS was incorrectly listed in our Club Listing. The correct address is: EXCOPS, PO. Box 16813, San Diego, CA 92116. Those responsible have been disciplined. □

USA CANADA CLUB LISTINGS A-L

Falcon MC
C.P. 433 Station A
Montreal, PQ
H3C 2V5 Canada

The 15 Association (S/M)
PO Box 42130
San Francisco, CA 94141

***Firefighters LCC**
PO Box 190117
Dallas, TX 75219-0117

***Florida Brotherhood of Clubs**
c/o Behr Tucker
51 Flamingo Road
Venice, FL 33593

***Phyng W's (W)**
PO Box 345485
Dallas, TX 75234-5485

The Foot Fraternity (FN)
PO Box 24102
Cleveland, OH 44124

Footmates (FN)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson St., 4
New York, NY 10014

***4 Players (L)**
4 wheel drive truck club
PO Box 100204
Denver, CO 80201

Gateway MC
PO Box 14055
St. Louis, MO 63118

***Gaucho MC**
1219 W. Obispo St. #8
Tampa, FL 33609

***Gay Games III (X)**
Metropolitan Vancouver
Athletic & Arts Association
1170 Bute St.
Vancouver, BC V6E 1Z6
604-684-1101

Gladiator MC
PO Box 2194
Toluca Lake, CA 91664

GMSMA (S/M)
Attn: 112 West 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
Meetings: 208 W. 13 St.
CA/S/MC (Gay Male S/M
Cooperative)
PO Box 58694
Philadelphia, PA 19102

Gaucho MC
1219B W. Obispo St.
Tampa, FL 33609

***Golden Gate Guards**
PO Box 421915
SF, CA 94142

Golden Gate Wrestling Club
R.
63 Whitney St.
San Francisco, CA
94111-42

**Golden State Gay Bodeo
Association, Inc. (X)**
PO Box 90871
Long Beach, CA 90809

Griffins MC
PO Box 7566
Newark, DE 19714-7566

Gryphons
PO Box 181 Mid City Sta.
Dayton, OH 45402

**GSA (Golden Showers
Association) (FL)**
132 W. 24th St. Box 112-DMS
New York, NY 10011

***Handballers of the Rockies**
(FL)
PO Box 9086
Denver, CO 80209
Harbor Masters, Inc.
PO Box 4044
Portland, ME 04101

Harley Stokers MC (FN)
Harley-Davidson Owners
c/o Barn
PO Box 06-06
Portland, OR 97208

Hartford Colts MC
Blue Hills Station
PO Box 12211
Hartford, CT 06112

***Heart of Texas MC**
PO Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541

Hearts of the West MC
PO Box 674
Santa Fe, NM 87504

***Highwaymen MC**
c/o John Sebastian
4671 Pender St.
North Burnaby, BC
V5C 2N2
Hijos del Sol
1014 Truman N6
Albuquerque, NM 87110

Hot Ash (FN)
Attn:
PO Box 20147
London Terrace Station
New York, NY 10011
Houston MC
c/o Mary's Lounge
112 Westheimer Rd.
Houston, TX 77025

Illustrated Men (L)
Box 709
Rutland, CA 91310
Inn MC
428 Riverside Dr.
Albion, OH 44310

***Interchain (FN)**
PO Box 410
112 W. 24th St.
New York, NY 10011
International Mr. Leather, Inc.
5025 N. Clark St.
Chicago, IL 60640

***International Mr. Leather, Inc.**
PO Box 460504
San Francisco, CA 94141
International Roadmaster
1144 Division
Ferndale, MI 48220
Iron Cross MC
PO Box 1721 Sta. A
Montreal, PQ
H3C 3A5 Canada

Iron Guard NYC
PO Box 291 Village Station
New York, NY 10014
Iron Tigers MC (FN)
Harley-Davidson Owners
International Headquarters &
California Chapter
PO Box 7091
Burbank, CA 91510

Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Arizona Chapter
1406 E. Br II
Phoenix, AZ 85016
Iron Tigers MC (FL)
Ohio Chapter
PO Box 572
Worthington, OH 43085

It's 'Bout Time
616 N. 4th Ave.
Tucson, AZ 85702
Joint Venture (FN)
(Prisoner Contacts)
PO Box 26-8680
Chicago, IL 60626

***Kansas City Pioneers**
PO Box 413025
Kansas City, MO 64141
Kingmasters MC
PO Box 236
Los Angeles, CA 90028

***Knights D'Orleans**
PO Box 50812
New Orleans, LA 70110
Knights of Leather (W)
PO Box 060
Minneapolis, MN 55458
Knights of Malta MC
737 N. Edinburg Ave.
Los Angeles, CA 90046
Knights of Malta MC
Central Valley Chapter
PO Box 4162
Fresno, CA 93744

Knights of Malta MC
Pony Express
18 B P St. #12
Sacramento, CA 95814
Knights of Malta MC
Stockmen Chapter
PO Box 9186
Denver, CO 80220

Knights of Malta MC
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541
Knights of Malta MC
Cascade Chapter
PO Box 8175
Portland, OR 97205
***Knights of Malta MC**
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541
Knights of Malta MC
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541

Knights of the Second Liberty
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541
Knights Wrestling Club (FL)
PO Box 16
Jackson Heights, NY 11371
***LA Janus Association**
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541
**Lake Ontario Leather
Association**
Box
Rt. 1, Box 15
Killeen, TX 76541
***L & L Society (Mixed SM)**
PO Box 2145
Bay City, MI 48701
Lashmates (N)
c/o RS Enterprises
496A Hudson St., 4
New York, NY 10014
Leather and Lace (W)
PO Box 54646
Los Angeles, CA 90054
***Leather and Lace (W)**
2554 1st Street
Sacramento, CA 95811
The Leather Fraternity (FN)
Des Moines, IA
PO Box 11114
San Francisco, CA 94111
The Leathermen
PO Box 857
Atlanta, GA 30306
Links Mixed SM
Box 989
San Francisco, CA 94111
***Lion Regiment**
PO Box 325
Boise, ID 83720
LL Steelworkers
PO Box 4111
Nashville, TN 37204
Loboc MC
PO Box 833
Long Beach, CA 90801-0833
Long Island Spuds MC
PO Box 26
Massapequa Park, NY 11762
***Lost Angels**
c/o DC Eagle
619 New York Ave. NW
Washington, DC 20001
***LSM (Lesbian Sex Mafia) (W)**
PO Box 993
Murray Hill Station
New York, NY 10156 □

DRUMMER CROSSROADS

WHERE
LEATHERMEN
MEET



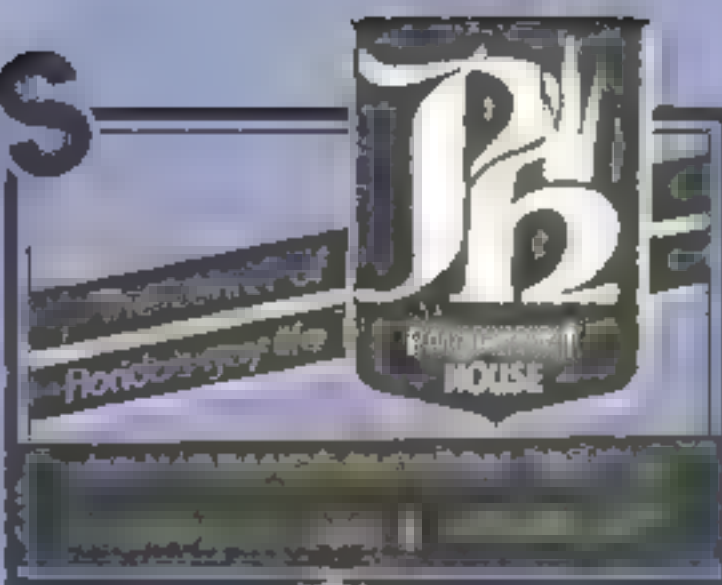
CROSSROADS

Where Leathermen Meet

By placing an ad in this section a bar or leather business is telling you that they welcome Leathermen.

By a long history Drummer's let you know that the bar has been around for a long time. SM and O are recognized in the community as a good place to meet and socialize with other leathermen. In paper form these words tell you that they are a leatherman's place. They are a place where you can find a good time and a good place to meet.

When you are a leatherman and traveler, it is the right place to go to meet other leathermen. You can find a good time and a good place to meet. Send us your ad, name, address and talk to the right person. We will place your ad in the right place. If you see a business that you think should be in the Crossroads, let us know about that too. Fiedermans



Touché

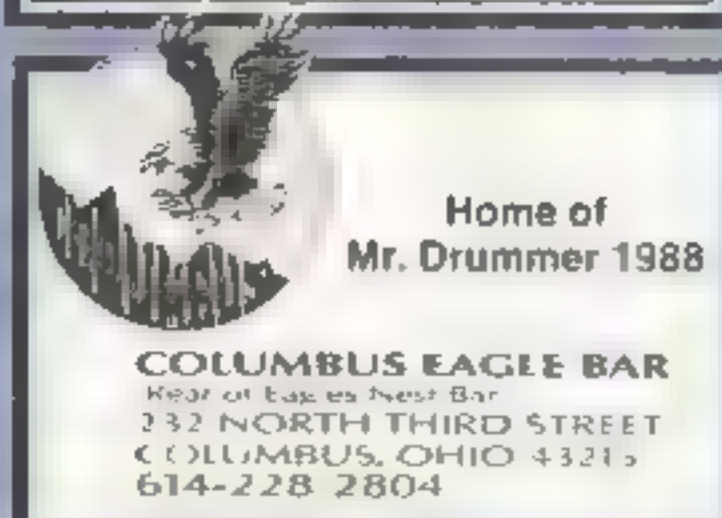
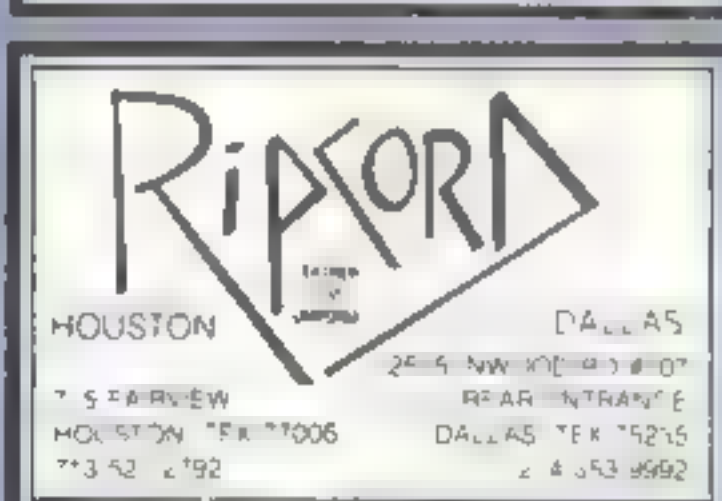
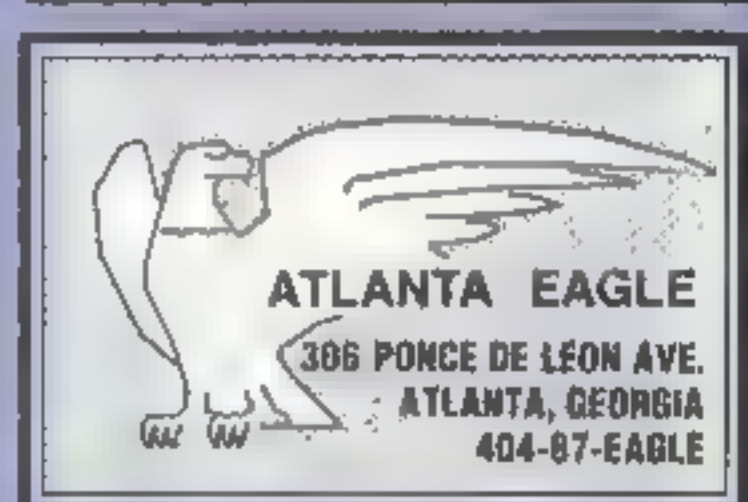
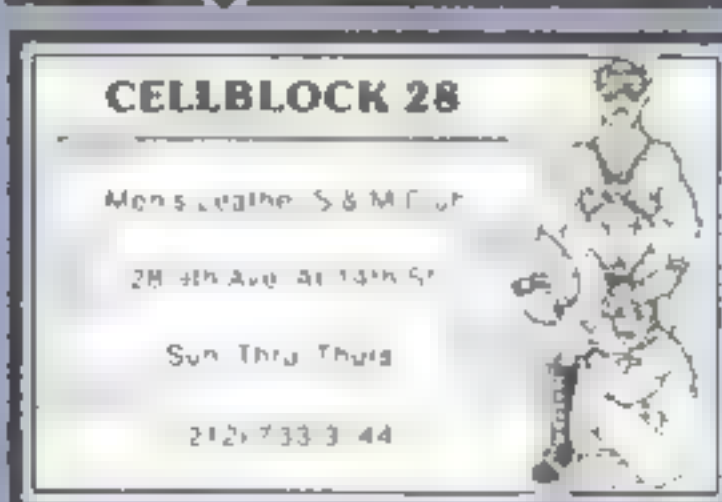
Chicago



PHOENIX'S ONLY
LEVI
LEATHER
VIDEO BAR

279 3033

8620 NORTH SEVENTH AVENUE



LEATHER CALENDAR

If you'd like your organization's events listed here, send us the appropriate information at least two months in advance.

- APRIL**
- 28-30 • May Day III & Mr. & Ms NLA Contest—NLA—Seattle
- National Advisory Committee Meetings NLA—National—Seattle, WA
- The Salute—Regiment of The Black & Tans—LA
- Three Rivers Five—Pittsburgh MC—Pittsburgh, PA
- Mr. Idaho Leather—Lion Regiment—Boise
- MAFIA Bolls Detroit—MAFIA—Detroit
- 28-May 1 • Maitreffen—LC Stuttgart—Stuttgart
- 29 • Dungeon Demo—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- Mummification Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 30 • Shakedown Run—Rocky Mountaineers & Knights of Malta—Triangle, Denver
- MAY**
- 1 • SMU: Esoteric Bondage—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 3-7 • Kamp Limburg—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 5-7 • For a Winning Time!—Satyricon MC, 8th Anniversary Run—Las Vegas, NV
- Trademark III—Tradesman of Charlotte, NC
- Anniversary Celebration—Utica Tr's—Utica, NY
- 11th Anniversary—Highwaymen INT—Washington, DC
- 6 • AIDS Benefit w/Wind, Mr. DC Eagle—T. Bolts—Westport, CT
- Ride for Pride, Lesbian & Gay Pride & Civil Rights March—Madison, WI
- Mr. Missouri Leather Contest 1989—Gateway MC—St. Louis, MO
- Mr. Montreal Leather Contest 1989—AK Fun on—Montreal, PQ
- 7 • Fifth Anniversary—Tridents MC—119 Merrimac, Boston
- 8 • Bondage—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 9 • NY Bondage Club—The Locker, NYC
- 10 • S/M and the Law—GMSMA—EGCC, NYC
- Working with Wax—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 12 • Basic Bondage Workshop—GMSMA—NYC
- 12-15 • Zurich International—Lodge 70—Zurich
- 13 • Lightning Strikes—Disciples of the Sade—Dallas
- Esoteric Bondage Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- Rochester Rams at Leather Stallion—Cleveland, OH
- 14 • Blacksmith Tour—GMSMA—NYC
- 4th Wally Sherwood Look-A-Like Contest—Celestial Krew de Cuir—The Transfer, SF
- 17 • Tops & Bottoms—SM Gays—London
- 19-21 • Sweet Sixteen—Trident International—Provincetown, MA
- Nordic Rubber Weekend—SLM—Stockholm
- 20 • IML Regional Sendoff—NLA:Seattle—Seattle, WA
- Armed Forces/Military Night—The 15—SF
- 21st Annual Poker Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- Mud Olympics II—Club Mud—Rio Nido, CA
- 24 • Pain, Power and Limits—GMSMA—EGCC, NYC
- 26-28 • 17th Anniversary Celebration—Iron Cross—Montreal
- 26-29 • Falcon Flight 5—Wasatch Leathermen MC—Salt Lake City
- Bike Christening & Picnic—Empire City MC—NYC
- 27 • Whipping/Flogging Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- Lone Star B—Buzzards Peak, TX
- 27-29 • International Mr Leather Contest—Chicago
- JUNE**
- 2-4 • Knights Tournament Two—Knights of Leather—Hinckley, MN
- Lake Party—MSC Belgium
- Viking Games, 15th Anniversary—SLM—Copenhagen, Denmark
- 7 • SMU: Whipping—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 9-11 • Cruising with the Thunderbolts—T-Bolts MC—Hartford, CT
- 5th Anniversary—Two Wheelers—Omaha
- Roaring Camp Retreat—Pacific Coast MC—LA
- Baltic Battle XII—SLM Stockholm, Sweden

- 10 • Gay Pride Parade & Rally—Boston
- Whipping Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 10-11 • 18th Anniversary—Thunderbolts MC—Hartford, CT
- 11 • Ride Against AIDS—City Bikers—Denver
- MR NORTHERN CALIFORNIA DRUMMER CONTEST—Dreamland, SF
- 12 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 14 • Who we are/What we do—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 14-16 • Get To Gether—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 16-18 • Acorn II—Oberons LI—Milwaukee, WI
- Kumpeltreff, Riverboat Party on the Baldeneysee—LFRR Essen, West Germany
- Sommerfest—A/Mens Club Aarhus, Denmark
- 17 • Corporal Punishment Night—The 15—SF, CA
- 17-18 • Viking Games—SLM—Copenhagen, Denmark
- 18 • Pride Festival—NLA/Washington—Seattle, WA
- 6th Annual Leather Pride Night—GMSMA et al—NYC
- 21 • Tits & Balls—SM Gays—London
- 21-25 • Leather & Lace Cape Escape—Provincetown, MA
- 200th Anniversary of the Revolution—ASMF Paris, France
- 24 • MR NORTHEAST DRUMMER CONTEST—DN Zone (Paddles)—NYC
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- Pride Party—NLA/Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24-25 • GAY PRIDE WEEKEND
- Midsummersnightsparty in the Eifel—MSC Viking Cologne
- 26 • Bondage—GMSMA—Paddles, NYC
- 30 July 2 • Schuetzenfest—MSC Hannover, West Germany
- ECMC Bike Run—LMC Munich—Elbigne Alps in Tirol
- JULY**
- 1-4 • Golden Fleece 18—Rocky Mountaineers—Camp Jason, CO
- 4 • 5th Anniversary—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 5 • SMU: Auto S&M—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 7-9 • Cologne Leather Meeting on Tour—MS Panther Cologne
- Leather Connection—MSC Barcelona, Spain
- 8 • Annual Picnic—GMSMA—Hauska House, Piccono Mts, PA
- Auto SM Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- Phantom II—Zeus—LA
- FLUKC Meeting—The London Blues—London
- 9-11 • 18th Annual Black Mountain Run—Pacific Coast MC—LA
- 10 • Catheters & Sounds—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 12 • Enemies—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 15 • Bondage Night—The 15—SF, CA
- 16 • Auction—NLA/Washington—Seattle, WA
- 19 • 10th Birthday Party—SM Gays—London
- 21-23 • Kumpelparty—LM Dueseldorf—West Germany
- 22 • MR. B.C. DRUMMER CONTEST—VASM—M's T's Cabaret, Vancouver, BC
- 22-23 • Tour to Liege Belgium—MSC Viking Cologne
- 27-30 • MR MID-ATLANTIC DRUMMER CONTEST—The Paladium—Wilmington, NC
- 28-30 • Finlandization I—MSC Finland—Helsinki
- 28-31 • Leather Pride Weekend—Mr./Ms Vancouver Leather Contests—NLA:BC—Vancouver, BC
- AUGUST**
- 2 • SMU: SSM Relationships—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 9 • Mummification—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 1-11 • Europe's Leatherparty—MSC Hamburg—West Germany
- 12 • MR NORTHWEST DRUMMER CONTEST—SDG—Seattle
- S&M Relationships Dinner and Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago

- 12-15 • Mollie Brown Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 14 • History of Torture—SigMa—Washington, DC
- 18-20 • Weekend Run—Constantines—SF
- 19 • Spanking Night—The 15—SF, CA
- All City Picnic—NLA: Washington—Seattle, WA
- 24 • Aspen Run—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 25-27 • Hallow Wennie—Crystal Balls—Rochester Rams 14th Anniversary—Rochester, NY
- Grillparty am Rhein—Black Angels Cologne—West Germany
- 25-28 • Leather Summit—MSC Island—Reykjavik, Iceland
- Brighton Bound '89—Sussex Lancers MSC—England
- 26 • Demo—VASM—Vancouver, BC
- 11-Sept. 4 • AGM—MAFIA—Chicago
- SEPTEMBER**
- 1-4 • Left Ericson 1989—Vikings MC—Merrimac, NH
- Beachhead IV—Corpus Christi MC—Corpus Christi, TX
- 7-10 • Inferno XVIII—Chicago Hellfire Club—Douglas, MI
- 11 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 13 • Inferno Report—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- SMU: Verbal Abuse—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 16 • Branding—The 15—SF
- T. Bolts at the Bike Shop—Philadelphia
- 21-24 • Leather Pride Weekend in SF
- 21 • Fetish & Fantasy Night—Alan "Mr S" Selby—SF
- 22-25 • Mining the Gem—Lion Regiment—Silver City, ID
- Oktoberfesttreffen—MLC Munich—West Germany
- 23 • MR DRUMMER FINALS CONTEST & SHOW—SF
- Demo—VASM—Vancouver
- 24 • Folsom Street Fair—SF
- 30 • La Nuit "Cul de Sac"—MCRA Lyon, France
- 10-Oct. 1 • Mr. Gay U.K.—Blackpool, England
- OCTOBER**
- 1 • Rally—MSC Viking Cologne
- 4 • SMU: Genital/Tit Torture—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 6-8 • 15 Anniversary—Knights d'Orleans—New Orleans, LA
- Mystery Run Anniversary—Desert Leathermen—Tucson, AZ
- ECMC-AGM Jahrestauptversammlung—MS Panther Cologne
- 6-9 • Living in Leather IV—NLA—Seattle, WA
- 9 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 11 • Suturing—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 11-15 • Provincetown Run—Entre Nous—Provincetown, MA
- 14 • Genital/Tit Torture Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 20-22 • Sweet 16—Gateway MC 16th Anniversary—St. Louis, MO
- 21 • Cock, Ball & Tit torture Night—The 15—SF
- 21-22 • 21st Anniversary—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 21-23 • 16 Anniversary—MSC London, England
- 28 • Fetish & Fantasy Ball—NLA:BC—Vancouver, BC
- NOVEMBER**
- 1 • SMU: Pinching—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 3-5 • Associate Applicant Weekend—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- Fox Hunt—The Rurals—Roermond, Netherlands
- 8 • Meeting—Dreizehn—The Paradise—Cambridge, MA
- 8-10 • Fast Mercia Christmas Show—East Mercia MSC—Leicester, England
- 11 • Piercing Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 13 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 18 • Mad Doctor Party—The 15—SF, CA
- 19 • Leather & Lace Brotherhood Feast—119 Merrimac, Boston
- DECEMBER**
- 6 • SMU: Potpourri—Chicago Hellfire Club—Touche, Chicago
- 9 • Christmas Dinner & Party—Chicago Hellfire Club—Chicago
- 11 • Meeting—SigMa—Gay Community Center—Washington, DC
- 15 • Christmas Party—Rocky Mountaineers—Denver
- 16 • Christmas Party—City Bikers—Denver
- Christmas Party—MSC Viking Cologne

TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**THINK YOU'RE A HOT DRUMMERMAN?
CAN'T FIND THE RIGHT STUD
OR THAT PERFECT BOTTOM?**

Each month we pick the hottest candid photos for Tough Customers. Send your black and white photos (color photos are acceptable but do not reproduce well) with your name and address printed on the back, state that you are of legal age, sign your name and we will assign you a confidential TC Box number. (Photos are not returnable.)

To answer a TC ad, put correspondence in an envelope, seal, apply postage and write (in pencil) the TC number on the back flap. Put this inside another envelope along with fifty cents for handling, and mail to Tough Customers, PO Box 11314, SF, CA 94101-1314.

Left: PAGING MR. DAWSON

TC 1340 didn't tell us much about himself, except that he's from St. Louis and is looking for "Brian Dawson-type Daddies". Aren't we all? If you fit the bill, and like your boys long and lean (we do mean long) give this TC a try.

Below:

YET ANOTHER MIDWEST STUD

Perhaps it's just our imagination. Maybe it just SEEMS like Ohio has more than its fair share of hot men. Here's another, and he's our kind of couch potato. Your photo gets his. Write TC 1339.



Above: FRANKFURTER WITH RELISH

This German hotdog is 38 years old, six feet tall and weighs 156 lbs. He hopes to visit the States and Canada in September '89. He has a hefty uncut weiner he'd like to share, particularly with Black men, Latin men and hairy, muscular White men, 20-45. Tourists and servicemen are also encouraged to get in touch. Reply with photo to TC 1341.

CUMMING UP

DRUMMER 129

FATHER FIGURES, SONS AND LOVERS, DADDIES AND THEIR BOYS



Like Fathers? Like Sons?

You'll welcome the return of one of Drummer's all-time most popular features: DRUMMER DADDIES, complete with authentic reader-contributed statements on how the Daddy/Son relationship fuels their fantasies, or is the dominant force in their daily lives.



Leathermen and women join in tribute to the memory of Mack McKinnon, a Daddy to countless members of our community and a "Drummerman" who is sorely missed.



George Dureau

Michael Agreve's "Chester" is a Daddy story with a poignant twist. Drummer is honored to accompany this story with photography by the critically acclaimed Mr. George Dureau.

DRUMMER 129: Ask you Daddy (or your son!) to bring you home a copy!

DRAGON

Gerard Gunner
A Hairy Hunk in Bondage